The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

VOL. XXVIII--NO. 5. SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1887. PRICE FIVE CENTS

OUR STORE

WILL BE FOUND

Open Every Eve'ng

UNTIL

CHRISTMAS.

ALL DEPARTMENS FULL

of goods, in which you can find

Just -:- the-:-Thing

FOR A

PRESENT.

GEORGE DEWALD

& CO.

Cor. Calhoun & Columbia

LOCAL NEWS.

Hon. Allen Zollars came home for Christmas.

We wish all our readers a very merry Christmas.

Flora, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Perrigeny, 224 Hugh street, died this morning.

James D. Paine sues Julia H. Kingsley et al, to foreclose a $2,600 mortgage. Randall & Vesey are attorneys.

Charles W. Cross and Minnie E. Newell, George E. Bruner and Grace E. Newell have been licensed to wed.

Sheriff Viberg telegraphs from Kalamazoo that he lost trace of the horse thief, and must return home. It was a fruitless search.

Judge O'Rourke this afternoon decided that Levi Koontz must pay to Maud Stuck $350 for the support of their illegitimate child. The girl is rather pretty, and the ungrateful fellow ought to marry her.

The Lottie Church party appeared at the Academy last evening, and gave "Leah, the Forsaken," as a matinee performance this afternoon. They appear again this evening in "The Dark Side of New York," an interesting and thrilling play.

Mr. George L. Clayton, of Covington, Ky., and a popular and successful salesman for the Dayton Spice mills company, will, January 12 next, wed Miss Kittie, the pretty and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Eckert. The ceremony will be solemnized at the bride's home by Rev. S. A. Northrop, of the Baptist church. THE SENTINEL extends its choicest congratulations.

The Second Presbyterian Sunday School Entertainment.

A very interesting entertainment and treat was given the scholars of the Second Presbyterian Sabbath school last evening, a program of which appeared in THE SENTINEL. The church had been handsomely decorated and festooned. On the platform a representation of a ship under full sail, had been erected, and this was exquisitely ornamented and trimmed with evergreens. The ladies of the church had made neat sacks of different colored tarlton goods, and these were filled with candies, nuts, figs, etc., and the ship was loaded down with these. This formed a very neat, and to the children, inviting picture. After the literary portion of the program, each person of which so admirably performed their duty that it would be impossible to particularize, the children present were each presented with a bag of goodies, and left for their homes with such joyous hearts that those who had worked so hard to make it a success, were amply repaid for their trouble and labor.

SOUVENIRS GIVEN AWAY TO-DAY ONLY.

A handsome panel picture presented to every purchaser of a pair of Ladies' or Gentlemen's Shoes or Slippers, this day only.

REDLICK'S

NEW SHOE STORE.

Free Turkey.

Extra fine free lunch to-night and a turkey for free lunch Monday night at "Dutch Bill's" place, corner Maumee road and Harmer street.

Very Latest by Telegraph.

FOUR O'CLOCK P. M.

THE CIGAR MAKERS.

A Lively War Imminent Between the Cigar Makers International Union and the Manufacturers.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Just now it looks as if there was going to be a red hot war in a few days between the cigar makers' international union and the tenement cigar manufacturers. There is a rumor afloat that the manufacturers will not only return to the tenement house system, but that a general reduction will be made about the first of the year, and that the union is prepared to fight both. It is feared now that there may be a general strike, and that thousands of cigar makers will soon be out of work and depending on the union.

The treasury of the union, however, can stand a long struggle, as the union is one of the largest in the United States and is conducted on a most admirable system. The employes of the two factories have already been notified that their wages will be reduced from $1 to $4 per thousand after January. The strike will have the support of the American Federation of Labor, as the Cigarmakers' International union is a member of that body.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The Knights of Labor are now busily engaged in circulating petitions, which, when filled with signatures, will be sent to congress and which calls on that body to take steps to establish a government telegrapy. Blanks have been issued by the general executive board. From all reports the blanks are being rapidly signed.

DANIEL MANNING.

His Vitality Nearly Exhausted and His Physicians Say He Cannot Live Another Night.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 24, 11 a. m.—Mr. Manning is still living, but his vitality is so nearly exhausted that his physicians say that while he may survive the day, he cannot live through another night.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Dennis Carbett, one of the most prominent and active members of Clans-gael, died yesterday morning at his residence in this city. He had suffered nearly two months with a cancer on his tongue. Mr. Carbett was one of the fenians who sougnt to invade Canada and was always ready to contribute to the measures for the freedom of Ireland.

The Prohibitionists.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—The newly elected chairman of the Cook county committee of the prohibition party is William F. Singleton of Evanston. His acceptance of the position was conditioned by him upon a proposition to admit women as members of the committee, and invite them to county conventions as delegates in proportion of one for each W. C. T. U. After a week's consideration the proposition was accepted, and Major Singleton is chairman.

Prof. Palmer.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Dec. 24.—Dr. A. B. Palmer, L. L. D., dean of the department of Medicine and surgery and professor of pathology and practice of medicine in the university of Michigan, died last night; aged seventy-two.

BAD RUNAWAYS.

Mr. D. D. Lipes, of This City, and Farmer Jacob Felger are Injured in a Runaway.

The horses attached to the delivery wagon of the Peters' Box and Lumber company ran away this afternoon, while the driver stopped to take a drink in a saloon, on Calhoun street. The horses collided with a buggy just in front of Hover's photograph gallery. Mr. D. D. Lipes, an aged gentleman, living at 303 East Lewis street, was in the buggy. It was overturned, and with the horse and buggy, he was dragged on the pavement for half a square. He was picked up and taken into a store room, and it was found he was pretty badly cut about the head, but there were no serious injuries. The buggy was a perfect wreck.

At the corner of Main street the horses ran over Jacob Felger, a Lake township farmer and almost killed him. Some of his ribs were broken and he was hurt internally. Dr. Rosenthal says he will recover.

The horses turned west on Main and ran into the alley near the furniture store. Up that narrow passage way they dashed and at Wayne street they wrecked the wagon. After a while the animals stopped to survey their work.

A farmers team ran away on East Lewis street and smashed the wagon.

A horse attached to an express wagon ran away in the alley between Ewing and Webster streets and spilled Christmas presents all around.

Excursion Rates For the Holidays.

The Fort Wayne, Cincinnati & Louisville and White Water R. R. will sell excursion tickets on Dec. 24th, 26th and 31st, 1887; and Jan. 2d, 1888, at one fare for the round trip; children half fare. Tickets good until and including Jan. 3d, 1888. S. A. WICKEL, G. T. A.

PADDY RYAN!

Has a Fight With Joe McAuliffe and Throws up the Sponge in the Fourth Round.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 24.—Paddy Ryan and McAuliffe met in an eighteen foot ring of the California Athletic club last night. Both men appeared in fine condition. McAuliffe won in three of the worst fought rounds possible to imagine. In the second round Ryan was knocked down twice. The third round was all a scramble. Ryan was groggy and McAuliffe was too awkward to hit him. Ryan threw up the sponge in the fourth round, time being called.

REV. T. J. BACHER.

His Congregation Make the Pastor and His Wife Elegant Christmas Presents.

The Sunday school of the Grace Reformed church held interesting Christmas festivities last evening in their parlors and supper was spread to about forty of the children of the Reformed orphans' home. A very pleasant program of songs and recitations were rendered, and in the midst of the festivities a genuine surprise was given the pastor, Rev. T. J. Bacher, and his wife.

Rev. G. H. Sonders, of Bellevue, O., interrupted the festivities and claimed the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Bacher. In a few well chosen words, in behalf of the congregation, he presented Rev. Bacher with a handsome study chair and Mrs. Bacher with a beautiful sewing chair, with a quantity of elegant table linen. The beloved pastor and his wife were surprised, but Mr. Bacher in his usual happy style responded to the presentation and thanked the donors for their gifts. The pastor of the Grace church is held in high esteem by his congregation, and this is but one of the many marks of their affection for him.

THE DEAD OF A WEEK.

Death Continues Its Work in the Midst of Life's Joys.

The following deaths have been reported to the city undertakers during the week:

Henry Volz, 2 years, measles.

Mrs. Christina Stein, 72 years, old age.

Sophia Branning, 10 months, bronchitis.

Caroline Conrad, 3 years, lung fever.

John Tigar, 45 years, pneumonia.

John Barrie, 60 years, general debility.

Roy Wohlford, 11 years, tumor of brain.

Williard P. Spalding, 86 years, old age.

Albert Schwartz, 1 year, brain fever.

Gilbert C. Evarts, 52 years, debility.

Child of H. D. Winch, 1 day, premature birth.

Child of George Johann, one day, debility.

J. M. Dafoe, the photographer at Saltzman's, left to-day for his home, at Alpena, Mich., to permanently reside.

C. D. Pennel, the handsome prescriptionist at Meyer's drug store, will take Christmas turkey at his home in Van Wert, Ohio.

Business Inventions.

To many people the prominent characteristic of the present age is the great advance in mechanical invention. The steam engine, railroad, telegraph, telephone, printing press and type writer cover an endless variety of inventions affecting every field of human activity. Yet, great as has been the progress in the lines indicated, there has been at the same time a hardly less important advance in other directions. While railroads and telegraphs have revolutionized the methods of communication, a similar change has taken place in business methods in general. The greatest advance has been made in the subdivision of labor. Formerly the merchant sold his own goods, kept his own books and conducted his own correspondence. Now the sale of goods is divided into a number of departments; the bookkeeping is delegated to others, and distributed among them according to the nature of the work; and valuable time is saved by dictating the letters to stenographers, who, by the aid of the type writer, accomplish an amount of work once deemed impossible. It would be difficult to overstate the limit of this tendency of progress in the subdivision of labor. The training of young men and women for these special branches of business is therefore an important work in order to render their labor more effective and remunerative. A good business school is a necessary factor in preparing for the requirements of active life, and it is the aim of McDermut & Whiteleather's business college to meet these requirements. The course of study is designed to cover every branch of bookkeeping and office work, the principles of commercial law, business arithmetic, penmanship, correct business forms, practical grammar, shorthand, type writing, etc. The practical experience obtained here will be invaluable in real business life. Many of the former students of this institution are now holding positions in the largest business houses and offices in Fort Wayne, and parents desirous of fitting their children for the best branches of employment to which they are adapted will find this college helpful in carrying out their intentions.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Will Ring Merrily in the City To-Morrow as the Birth of the Saviour is Celebrated.

The happiest of all the days of the year is Christmas. No event in the calendar of the world's festivities is fraught with more universal joy and gladness than this anniversary of the Saviour's birth. It is confined to no land or people. It is universal throughout Chistendom, and where'er the sun in its successive journeys shines in upon a Christian home or a Christian Bible, there the coming of Christmas is looked for in joyous anticipation and celebreted with hearts overflowing with songs and rejoicings.

To the old as well as the young it is a day of gladness, and well ought it to be, for on that day God gave to the world a Saviour, and to Him the praises of the world's teeming millions should ascend as they participate in the pleasures and enjoy the blessings which He in His goodness has showered on them.

To all it has this christian significance, and while it ought to be observed in a religious manner, it has so much of joy connected with it that the people of the world are apt to make it a day when pleasure and feasting are confined to no bounds, and intoxicated joy leads them to sorrow rather than gladness. Let not the morrow be celebrated in this manner. Let christian temperance govern our rejoicings and make the day one of unalloyed happiness.

Christmas is emphatically the day of the children, and their happy faces will encircle the world as they lift their joyous voices in innocent, trusting exultation of the Santa Claus remembrances. He is their Christmas idol. He comes unknown to them and leaves them what their hearts most desire. He is not confined in his labor of love, but all the world over, where there are little children, he celebrates once more the birth of that child eighteen hundred years ago. He is what you will—a type, a symbol of unselfish love, bestowing goods that cannot be returned in kind. He is the great Almoner, to whom all the mysterious workshops are open, and for whom all of Nature's laws are suspended. It is a blessed thing to teach these children all that this myth, this legend teaches—love and peace. Remember the little ones, for there is more music in the voice of a happy child than a world of poetry and song.

Let us enter into the day with the joys of youth, be merry with the children and wind the greens and deck the mottoes with all the enthusiasm we can muster. In making other hearts glad our own heart will grow warm and happy. But amidst all the scenes, the festivities and the joys of Christmas day, let us remember the deserving poor. There are many unfortunates to whom the sun of Christmas day will not shine brightly. They should not be forgotton, and amidst our feasting and rejoicing, let us remember them. But Christmas will be here with the morrow; meet it with a hearty good cheer and make it a merry, merry day for some one.

The Services To-morrow.

Attend some church.

Read Talmage's sermon. It will do you good.

The Trinity church choir will rehearse this evening at 8 o'clock.

A Christmas entertainment will be given at St. Paul M. E. church this evening.

Sabbath services at usual hour, 3:30 p. m., for men, at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. rooms. All are welcome.

Regular service to-morrow morning and evening at the First Presbyterian church. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

Christmas sermon for the children at First U. B. church to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. Regular service at 7:30 p. m. Come, you are welcome.

You are cordially welcome at Grace church at 10:30 a. m. Christmas theme, "God Incarnate." Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. No evening service. T. J. Bacher, pastor.

Christmas tree festivities will be held this evening at the Emanuel, Zion's and St. Johns Lutheran churches, and to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock at the St. Pauls Lutheran church.

The young ladies society of the St. Paul's Lutheran church will give a supper Monday night at the school building on Barr street. The proceeds will go towards paying for the new church organ

Congregational church. Services appropriate to Christmas are arranged for the morning at 10:30, and in the evening at 7:30, services appropriate to the close of the year. All are welcome. J. C. Cromer, pastor.

The Sunday school of the First U. B. church will give a Christmas entertainment at their church on East Lewis street this evening. A good time is anticipated. All the children of the school are requested to be there.

Christian church, corner of Jefferson and Griffith streets. Preaching by the Pastor M. L. Blaney, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "The Glory of Christ's Humanity," a Christmas service. Evening subject, "Necessity of Immersion." Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.

St. Paul M. E. church: Preaching to-morrow forenoon at 10:30, by Rev. Dr. C. B. Stemen, and at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sabbath school at 2:30 in the afternoon. All will be made welcome.

There will be a Christmas service at Prairie Grove chapel to-morrow evening at 7:30 p. m. Christmas sermon by G. M. Bainbridge.

Second Presbyterian church, West Berry street. Sunday school at 9:30, morning service at 10:45, and in the evening at 7:30, will be the missionary Sunday school service.

Trinity M. E. church, north side. Christmas exercises to-night. Preaching to-morrow morning and evening by the pastor. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Come and welcome.

At the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m.; theme: "The Swaddling Clothes and the Manger." 7:30 p. m.: "The Thunder and Lightning." All welcome. David Kennedy pastor.

Come to the Simpson M. E. church at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. C. H. Wilkinson, pastor. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Morning theme: "The Wonderful Saviour;" evening theme: "Fifty Miles Stones."

Pastor Northrop wishes the readers of THE SENTINEL a "Merry Christmas," and heartily invites all to the Baptist church at 10:30 and 7:30 to-morrow, when he will preach two Christmas sermons.

"Christ, the Saviour," will be the subject of a Christmas sermon at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow at 10:30. Sunday school at 2 p. m. "The Joy of Salvation" will be the subject at 7:30. Welcome. F. G. Browne pastor.

Harden, the pastor, will preach at the Free Methodist church on Christmas day, 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Morning subject: "Jesus, the Son of Man;" evening subject, "Mary, the Mother of Our Lord." Sunday school at 2:30.

Berry Street M. E. church; Rev. D. C. Woolpert, the pastor, will occupy the pulpit both morning and evening.—Morning theme: "The Merry Christmas of the Year One," evening: "The Dying Embers of the Old Year." At the close of the morning service the ordinance of baptism will be administered, and probationers received into full fellowship. An after service will be held in the evening. Sunday school at 2:15 p. m. Let the entire membership be in attendance.

Trinity church, Rev. W. N. Webb, rector. Services on Christmas day, 7:30 a. m., Holy Communion; 10:45 a. m., festival service, sermon and Holy Communion. No evening service. Strangers cordially invited. Order of music for festival service, processional hymn, Adeste Fidelis. Venite, chant, Glorias, Mozart, TeDeum, Warren, Benedictus, Fairbanks, Introit, "Behold, I bring you good tidings," Gospel hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," Ascription, Gloria, twelfth mass, Mozart; offertory, "While Shepherds watched," Best; Gloria in Excelsis, Schilling. The soloists will be Messrs. Hinks and Burdick and Messrs. Horace Hanna, Seebold, Breckenridge and the rector. The Sunday school celebration will take place on Wednesday evening (Holy Innocents' day) at 7 o'clock.

In all the Catholic churches there will be early service, beginning at 5 o'clock in the morning. At the Cathedral the bishop will officiate, both at 5 o'clock and at the 10:30 services. He will be atttended, as is prescribed, at pontifical high Mass by a retinue of clergy. The bishop will preach at the early service and the vicar general will address the congregation at 10:30 o'clock. At first service the choir will sing Von Webber's mass in C. At 10:30 the masterly composition by Gounod will be rendered. The Cathedral congregation has finally fallen into line with the long established custom of exhibiting a fac-simile of the cot of Bethlehem in which the Saviour was born.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, December 24.—Indiana, warmer, except light snows along the lake, followed on Sunday by rising temperature.

Seldom have our people been offered such a complete display of gents' and boys' gloves and mitts as Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max are showing as holiday novelties.

An Indian boy wanted to hang himself after seven school girls had kissed him. He didn't "all the same," for he found the dreadful feeling was caused by a cold, which was speedily cured by the immediate use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, which is known far and wide as a great remedy for coughs and colds.

Fresh Baltimore Oysters.

O. K., good stewing, 18c.
S. & W., Standard, 25c.
Large Selects, for frying, 33c. can.
FRUIT HOUSE.

McDermut & Whiteleather's Business College will reopen Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1888.

Butter and Eggs Down.

Best roll Butter, 20c.; good 18c.
Fresh Eggs, dozen 23c.
FRUIT HOUSE.

SOUVENIRS GIVEN AWAY TO-DAY ONLY.

A handsome panel picture presented to every purchaser of a pair of Ladies' or Gentlemen's Shoes or Slippers, this day only.

REDLICK'S

NEW SHOE STORE.

ECHOES OF THE DAY

As They are Gathered and Come From the Railroad and Manufacturing Centers of the City.

The Kerr Murray foundry are taking their regular annual inventory.

All the railroads opened out with a big holiday trade this morning.

Gus Drabach, an employe in the Kerr Murray foundry, is suffering with an injured finger.

Theodore Wichman, the machinist in the Bass works, has gone to Roanoke to spend Xmas with his family.

C. Cramer, the machinist in the Pittsburg shops, has gone to Decatur, Ind., with his wife to visit her parents.

N. McKinnie, a line repairer on the Pittsburg road, has gone to Lima, O., and will visit Pittsburg before his return.

W. O. Bassett, a machinist in the Pittsburg shops, has gone to Van Wert, Ohio, with his family, to spend a few days.

John Wichman, of the Bass machine shops, has gone to Flat Rock to see Congers' celebrated Plymouth Rock chickens.

John Chandler and John Longacre, formerly brakemen on the C., W. & M. railroad, have taken positions on the Pittsburg.

Mr. Victor A. Sallot, the superintendent of the Olds wheel words, informs our reporter that their firm have turned out 76,000 sets of wheels this year.

C. Zimmerman, of the Kerr Murray manufacturing company, returned from El Paso, Texas, last night, where he had been putting up gas tanks for the firm.

Will Lerch, of the Bass machine shops, will spend Xmas at Payne, Ohio, with his best girl, and Fred Walbaum will go to Jay county on the same mission.

Calvin S. Wheaton, grand chief conductor of the Order of Railway Conductors, is in Washington looking after the conductors' and engineers' license bill which is to be pushed in congress.

On the 1st of January several western roads adopt the per diem method of paying for foreign cars when on their road, and will charge in the same manner when their cars are on a foreign road.

Mr. J. F. Pieper, the well known machinist in the Wabash shops, who has been confined to his home on West Jefferson street for the last two weeks, with a severe case of fever, is improving. It will probably be some time, however, before he will be able to resume his position in the shops.

Herman Ragol, the machinist in the Bass works, was presented with an unique present by his friends, last evening, prior to his departure for Pottsville, Ind., to spend Christmas with his girl. It consisted of a variety of articles, among which were two colored dolls, which, of course, Herman will have some family adopt.

Each of the yard men in this city on the Pittsburg and Wabash roads were presented by Mr. J. H. Bass, the president of the Bass Foundry and Machine works, with a Christmas turkey. This is a custom that Mr. Bass has observed for a number of years among the men on these roads, who handle his large freight shipments. He distributed forty-two turkeys among the men.

Mr. Robert Harrison, the popular foreman at the Pittsburg car shops, and Mr. C. L. Daseler, the handsome clerk, extended the Christmas greetings to our railroad reporter this morning by sending him a nuge dressed turkey. Reporters are human, they eat turkeys and appreciate gifts of such a substantial character as this. As we eat our Christmas dinner we shall remember their kindnesses and just now we can do nothing more than to thank these gentlemen for their big specimen of turkyship.

Miss Gracie Eaton, of Crestline, is the guest of Mr. Will Davis.

The bells in the new St. Mary's church were hung in their places to-day and at 6 o'clock to-night will chime a merry Christmas to all.

Special importations of gents' gros grain heavy silk negligе and smoking garments and house coats, shown only by Sam, Pete & Max, holiday providers.

Horace Hanna's Good Luck.

Yesterday Horace Hanna, lumber dealer, No. 239 W. Berry street, purchased some tea of the Globe Tea Co., 87 Calhoun street, and found in one of the cans a gent's solid gold hunting case jeweled Elgin watch, stem wind and set. Every can sold by this company contains something besides the tea, such as genuine diamond, emerald, ruby, saphire and pearl jewelry in solid gold settings and ladies and gents' solid gold American watches and other articles of jewelry. This is certainly a novel way of advertising. Remember the number, 87 Calhoun street.

SOUVENIRS GIVEN AWAY TO-DAY ONLY.

A handsome panel picture presented to every purchaser of a pair of Ladies' or Gentlemen's Shoes or Slippers, this day only.

REDLICK'S

NEW SHOE STORE.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

BY LARRY LINNET.



N editor rapped at the golden gate,
On Christmas morn did he;
A fringe of hair hung round his pate,
Where hair once used to be;
But that was back in the days gone by,
Ere the quill had told its tale,
The midnight lamp had dimmed his eye,
Or the sanctum wrought him pale.

A voice within spake loud and clear,
Amid a clink of keys:
"What trembling mortal might be here,
Disturbing Peter's ease?"
The editor spake: "Ah, thou good saint,
I've left a world of care,
Nor seventy years have found complaint
Laid up against me there.

"I've toiled from time of the tallow dip,
On, on, as the years went round,
Until I started upon this trip
For the Heavenly regions bound."
Saint Peter peeped without the gate
And asked in whisper mild:
"What wert thou in the mortal state,
Poor weary-laden child?"

The editor told his business then,
Of how he had placed his trust
In genius and a willing pen,
To find his pie was crust;
Of how he had battled for truth and right,
In flowery prose, to win,



While petty punsters labored light
And gathered the shekels in.

So quite disgusted he left below
And steered for the Golden Gate;
Now here he was, and would like to know
Why he should thusly wait.
Good Peter tarried with careful peep
At the old man worn and thin,
Till a cry of "copy" rang loud and deep,
Then he dragged the editor in!

"NOBODY AND ME."

BY BURT ARNOLD.



ED RUBE was a tramp printer. He had a red nose, but whether he acquired his nickname from the color of his nasal organ or the fiery hue of the auburn spikes he wore for hair, none of his co-workers ever knew. He would disappear all at once without warning; then as suddenly appear, after three or four months' absence, as if there was nothing out of the ordinary in his peculiar behavior. He was a silent worker when he "held down" a case, and could "stick" faster and show a cleaner proof than any man in any office wherein he worked. None of his acquaintances seemed to know from whence he came any more than they could guess how long he was likely to stay in any one place. Every printing office knew of him, and recognized his ability as a first-class compositor; but beyond the fact that he answered to the sobriquet of "Red Rube," and was an unreliable drunkard, nothing was known of his true name or the status of society from which he emanated. He was always clothed in ragged garments that were many sizes too large for his lean body, and as no one ever saw him wear a new suit it was surmised he had a chronic leaning toward hand-me-downs. Despite his red nose, which was as glossy as a street-stand apple, his face was comely. His pompadour bristles environed a forehead that betokened an intellect of no mean order, while his drooping mustache and dreamy eyes added to the general picturesqueness of his appearance. His hands, when clean, were as shapely as a lady's, and hinted that he might have been cradled within the patrician circle of Quality-corners. But everything was simply surmise. He was "nobody," so he said himself, and in his maudlin colloquies with himself he would say, "I care for Nobody and Nobody cares for me. We're great chums, Nobody and me."

One Christmas morning he crawled from under the lea side of a hay-stack, where he had stowed himself in a drunken stupor on the night previous, and gazed around him with bleary, blinking eyes, while he tried to collect his scattered senses and recollect how he came to "put up" at such a queer hotel.

"I wonder where I am and how I got here!" he ejaculated, as he drew his rags closer to his shivering form. "I wonder if to-day is to-morrow or yesterday! I feel rather peckish. If I haven't slept too long, to-day should be Christmas. Merry Christmas, Nobody! Let's shake hands. That's right, Nobody; you havn't gone back on your pard yet, have you? Now who's going to treat, you or me? And how much have we left to treat? Christmas, too! We should treat each other royally to-day."

He dived his purple hands deep into the recess of his tatters and brought forth two cents and a printers' union card.

"Rather a slim outlook for me, Nobody; there isn't even enough for you." And he made another fruitless search. "Nothing! Well, I'll stand treat to a frozen cocktail," he resumed, as he placed an icicle in his mouth.

"Sizzled, did it, Nobody? Mine did, too. It isn't the sort of an eye-opener we like, eh? Whew! how the cold bites. We'll hunt a Christmas feather and try our luck. Perhaps something will turn up."

Several geese feathers were frozen to the ice in the wagon ruts near the spot on which he stood, and he broke the flossy tip from the largest and held it between his thumb and fore-finger.

"A merry Christmas and good luck with it," he said to the feather:

"Now, vagrant plume from downy breast,
Like us thou'rt doomed to roam,
A straggler, poor, without a nest,
Or place to call thy home.
So, wand'ring nomad, be thou kind,
And guide us on this day;
For whither thou art blown by wind,
We'll thither make our way.
Blow ye west or blow ye east,
Blow to us a Christmas feast!"

He leaned back and holding the tip above his lips blew it towards the sky. At first it floated upward in a direct line above him, as though anxious to get as far as possible from the tainted breath of its newly formed acquaintance, then changed its course and fluttered toward a church-spire from whose belfry the tinkling chimes of St. Nicholas rang forth merrily on the frosty air.

"Nobody, that's a poor place to hunt a Christmas feast; but we'll try it. Perhaps we may get a bite of evergreen with a few holly berries for dessert. Cheer up and jog along smart, for its very cold this morning, and we must step quickly to keep warm. It's a shame, Nobody, that your tailor doesn't keep your coat in better repair. Even your pockets are moth-eaten. How does he expect you will ever have money to buy new clothes when he lets the pockets of your old ones get so full of holes that they won't hold money? You had better hand your gold to me and I'll be



"Blow to us a Christmas feast."

your banker. I'll spend it for you before you have a chance to lose it. You know you can trust me, Nobody? That's right," he continued, as he shifted the two cents to a different hole in his coat. "Now your load is lighter, we will walk faster."

In this manner he held a conversation with himself for half an hour, whistling merrily between times, as he pursued his way.

"It appears to me, Nobody, that our road is getting no shorter very fast. But cheer up, will reach there soon."

As he rounded an angle and turned into the plank road which led to the village center, he met a little maid whose face was aglow from trying to carry a well-loaded basket that was far too heavy for her childish strength. On seeing Rube she laid her basket on the walk and sat down to rest herself.

"A merry Christmas to you, my lass!" exclaimed Rube with a polite bow.

"The same to you, sir," responded the little girl, as she glanced in his face with an expression that reflected the mixture of intuitive faith and dread inspired by his salute.

"And why do you breathe so short?" questioned Rube in a kind tone.

"I wish I was a man!" impetuously ejaculated the wee miss, and she knocked her tiny heels together as though out of patience because she was not a full-grown member of the other sex.

"And why do you wish it?" he inquired, much amused at her annoyance.

"My toes is cold, and it's too heavy," she snapped.

Then she removed her mitten and dug out the snow from the gaping tips of a pair of shoes that were much too large for her.

"The basket is rather heavy for a little tot like you."

"I ain't a 'tot.' Don't you call me names."

"How far, my little lady, must you carry your load?"

"To granny's, up yonder."

"If you'll not mind me, because I'm ragged, I'll carry your basket for you and you, too."

"And you won't let anything spill?"

"O, no; just put your arm over my shoulder. That's it; now show me the way," he said, as he perched her on his arm and took the basket in his other hand.

It was a curious sight. Red Rube and the pretty child. It suggested a strange combination, or an Ino and a Bacchus, as it were, but a much battered Bacchus.

"I like you!" suddenly exclaimed his live parcel. "You're dirty, but you're kind. Where did you get that red nose? It don't look nice at all. I wouldn't have a nose like that!"

"It cost me a great deal of money," said Rube.

"Well, if you can buy one with money, you better sell that and buy another. It looks like a lobster claw. Granny's got one for a funnel; a claw, I mean. What you crying for?"

"It's the cold, my dear," replied Rube, in a voice that trembled slightly.

For years he had stood the jeers and jibes of the printing fraternity as they jested about the "red-danger-light over his whisky tomb." He had stood them in silence like a stoic and cared nothing; but this sharp-tongued midget's words cut him to the quick, and for the first time in his recollection he felt sensitive about the color of his nose.

"Do you hear that, Nobody?" he asked of his chum. "She's poking fun at your smeller after all the trouble and pains you have had to get it painted. She says it don't look well. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Nobody?"

"Who are you talking to?" asked the mite, leaning down and looking into his face with an earnest glance.

"With Nobody," he replied.

"That ain't anybody, is it?"

"Nobody is my chum."

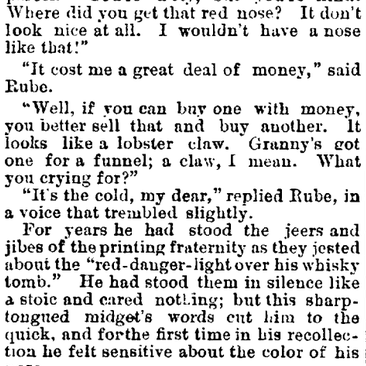
"Where is he?"

"In my mind."

"Oh! Say, I shouldn't think you would like to talk to anyone who can't talk back."

"Nobody and me were never known to quarrel, my dear, for that very reason."

"Why do you call me your dear?" queried the child, abruptly; then, without waiting



He perched her on his arm.

for an answer, she asked: "Did you buy your hair where you got your nose? Does the color come out when you wash 'em? My dress was red once, before granny washed it;" and she held up a well-patched skirt whose original bright color had faded beyond recognition.

"She's talking about your nose again, Nobody," muttered Rube, in a mournful tone.

"Why don't you talk to me, instead of nobody? I wish I had two cents!"

"What would you do with them?"

"Buy sick Willie a monkey that will jump over a pole. See 'em in that window?" And she doubled her diminutive fist so that its index finger protruded through a hole in her mitten, then pointed in the display window of the village toy-shop.

"I've got two cents of Nobody's somewhere. I'm his banker, and I guess he won't mind our spending them," he said, as he placed her on her feet and produced the two pennies he had. "Now run in there and get the monkey."

"I'd kiss you, if 'twasn't for your red nose; I'm afraid of that. No, I guess I won't. Your face is dirty, too. You can wash it when you get to granny's."

Then she shook her little head emphatically from side to side, and disappeared within the shop.

"Your nose again, Nobody. I'm really getting ashamed of you," he muttered, ruefully, while he caressed the cause of his chagrin. "I really am."

"I got it! I got it!" exclaimed his tantalizer, as she ran out the door working the jump-jack. "Willie will be so pleased. Poor fellow! I am sorry for him! His feet are burned, and he can't walk."

Rube took up his charges and walked along the road communing with Nobody. People had just begun to appear on the streets, probably going to market to buy little things they had neglected to purchase during the hurry and bustle of the day previous. Many curious glances were directed at the ragged tramp and his fair burden; but he noticed none of them. He was having his first quarrel with Nobody.

"Here's granny's. Whoa! you're going by the gate!" were the words, accompanied by a pinch of his ear, which disturbed the tenor of his mental quarrel. "Now, set me down and come in," she said, as she grasped his hand and led him within the gate, whither he mechanically followed like one in a dream. "You are cold and tired. You must warm yourself." He carried me home, granny," she explained to the care-worn old lady who appeared in the doorway of the tumbledown cottage.

"A merry Christmas to you, madam," said Rube. "Here is a basket the little girl found too heavy for her, so I carried it."

"Come in, sir; come in," invited granny. "Take a seat by the fire. Bring him a chair, Bessie."

Rube entered the house, uncovered his shock and placed the basket on the table; then sat on a low stool by the stove and spread his numbed hands before it. The kettle began to sing and as the warmth of the fire penetrated his chilled body it made him so drowsy that he leaned against the chimney-piece and slept while granny prepared breakfast. As he slept he dreamed, and, in his dreams he went back to his childhood days before he ever tasted intoxicants; back to the days when his angel mother used to warn him of the evil of intemperance and tell him how it caused his father's death. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he slept. He traced the beginning of his comradeship with Nobody up through his past until the present, and his tears were those of remorse for a misspent life. Suddenly he was awakened by the touch of a damp cloth to his face, and on opening his eyes he discovered Bessie standing on tip-toe and trying to wash his nose.

"What did you paint it with? It won't come off," she said. "I've got your hands washed clean and the most of your face, and I'll kiss you for being good to me if I can get your nose clean. What are you laughing at? Here's the towel. I do believe he's crying, granny." And as she spoke poor Rube buried his face in his wet hands and gave vent to sobs that made his



He sat at the table.

whole frame quiver with emotion. Then, with a sudden shake of his head and a dash of his hands, he stood straight and pressed his finger-tips to his eyes as if to shut out some disagreeable recollection.

"Better sit down to breakfast now," said granny, taking no notice of his peculiar actions.

He washed and dried himself and ran a comb through his bristles for the first time in ten days, after which he sat at the table.

The breakfast was passed in comparative silence on Rube's part; but the old lady asserted a woman's prerogative, her tongue, and chatted of bygone days, when she lived in affluence and plenty, before the time when her husband and only son drank themselves to death and drove the rest of the family to the obscure poverty that now surrounded them. She told how Bessie's mother died of starvation in a large city and left Bessie with no one but her old granny to care for her. Little did she know the struggle that was going on between Rube and Nobody while she talked, and she was completely astonished when he stood up at his seat with a suddenness that threatened entire demolition of the repast, and exclaimed:

"Granny, I've been a drunkard ever since I arrived at the age of manhood. I am dressed in rags; but I am not a bad man. I can earn enough to care for a small family, and I have not a relative whom I care to know in the world. Let me be as a son to you and I'll never drink again."

"And you'll be a papa to me and buy a new nose?" questioned Bessie, later in the day, after he had told the story of his life to granny and his proposition was accepted.

"Yes, little one."

"Well, I'll kiss you now, then."

And she did.

That night, when Rube stood outside the house alone in the starlight, he held an impressive conversation with Nobody.

"Nobody, we've been fast comrades for many years and seen a world of trouble together. We've cheered each other through thick and thin, but we must part. We are not safe companions for each other. I must choose someone who respects himself more than either of us have been wont to do, and form a new partnership. Although you've been a convivial friend, I cannot feel sorry that we are to separate for good. Together we cause woe, each to the other. Good-by! good-by—forever! When you hear of me again the firm shall be Somebody and Rube—and Rube will be somebody, too; but it can never again be Nobody and Me.

O God above, on bended knee
I pray Thee aid me now;
Lend me Thy help and give me strength
That I may keep my vow.
I will each day Thy guidance seek,
While life burns in my lamp,
And thank Thee for Thy mercy to
Nobody, Christmas tramp.

Beyond His Comprehension.

"Merry Christmas to you, Podsheimer!" exclaimed Dallywag, as they met.

"Yah; der same mit yoursel."

"Well, what did you find in your stocking this morning?"

"Py shimminy! How you vas know dot? Tonder, I go me righdt ervay home gweek und got Katrina do dook dot hole der sdocking oudt. I tond see how you vas know poud dot holo."

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY.

Sleep, baby, sleep, the mother sings;
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

With swathes of scented hay thy bed
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

At midnight came the shepherds, they
Whom seraphs wakened by the way.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar
Ere dawn came, guided by the star.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

They brought thee gifts of gold and gems,
Pure Orient pearls, rich diadems.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

But thou who liest slumbering there
Art king of kings, earth, ocean, air.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The shepherds sing;
Through heaven, through earth, hosannas ring.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—*John Addington Symonds.*

THE FAMOUS FEUD;

OR,

THE STRANGE FORTUNES OF WAR.

A Christmas Story by Flora Haines Loughead.

To say that the O'Grady's and Callahans were enemies but feebly expresses it. For years the feud between them had been kept fuel being added to it in one way or another every week. The men quarrelled every time they met, and as they lived neighbors this was very often—the women quarreled, and as for the children the O'Grady's and the Callahans were in one continual fight. Indeed, so far had this feud gone on at the time our story opens, Tim Callahan had sued Patrick O'Grady in the courts.

One day a youthful Callahan was discovered in the act of belaboring a young O'Grady with a five gallon oil can, while a bloody nose and a scratch on the assailant's face attested the ability of the O'Grady to give as good as the Callahan sent.

The two mothers watched the battle with pride in the prowess of her offspring. Neither attempted to interfere. It was salve for a secret grievance that each nourished in her heart. For upward of a year their two eldest had suspended hostilities. Nay, more. Tim and Annie exchanged shy glances of sympathy and affection whenever they met. They had been seen walking together across the Hollow at night. Annie, a pretty, blue-eyed little creature, who was really modest and ladylike, had lifted up her voice in defence of the Callahans in her mother's house. Tim, a sturdy young fellow, who had spent the best days of his youth dodging the police authorities and the Industrial School, but had turned out a very decent machinist after all, had left the paternal mansion the night before, slamming the door behind him in resentment of some slighting allusion to the O'Gradys. The neighbors were beginning to say that it was a pity such a likely young couple should be kept apart by family differences; but the parents preserved an uncompromising front.

So absorbed were both women in watching the outcome of the combat that they did not at first observe a crowd that had gathered further down the street, nor the people running thither from all that quarters. Evidently something of interest was transpiring; possibly a fire. The Callahans and the O'Gradys, young and old, never missed a fire if they could help it. With one accord the two women started for the scene of excitement, and as Mrs. O'Grady's short limbs were somewhat more agile than Mrs. Callahan's longer ones, they kept well abreast, and never paused until they had reached the outskirts of the ever-increasing crowd. Then Mrs. Callahan stopped with prophetic instinct, one hand pressed closely to her panting breast.

"It's the sewer. Something's happened in the sewer; an' my Bill's a-goin' to work there the mornin'."

Norah O'Grady gave an exclamation of disgust. The idea of one of the Callahan crowd being singled our for any special disaster was so absurd on the face of it that the very suggestion awoke in her a sense of impatience.

"An' what's happened?" she said, in a debative tone, accenting the second word, addressing a man who stood at her elbow.

"Bank caved in. Men under it."

"No, some men fell into an old cesspool that they uncovered."

Bridget Callahan did not wait to hear more, but pushed her way through the crowd. Norah O'Grady, without waiting to think, or reason that it was none of her concern, followed in her enemy's wake. In spite of oaths, and resistance, and angry words, they threaded their way to the margin of a narrow circle, where banks of loosely heaped earth surrounded a yawning black hole. There they learned the details of what had happened. In extending the system of sewerage along the street, an old cesspool had been uncovered and three men had been sent down to examine it; two of them had beaten a quick retreat, but the third had succumbed to the foul gases generated there. Two successive attempts had been made by other workmen to rescue him, but neither of the men who went down after him returned. Three men lay dead or dying at the foot of the ladder, and no workman could be sound foolhardy enough to venture down.

"An' who were the men that went down?" asked Bridget Callahan.

"Walsh and William was the men that went last. Bill Callahan was the first."

"Me husband an' the father of seven children. A man that is as honest as the day is long; that never lost a day's worruk in his life. May the Lord an' all his blessed an' holy saints have pity on me!" wailed Bridget Callahan.

Even in her wildest cry of grief she managed to sting the woman who stood silently before her, and Norah O'Grady felt the thrust and winced under it. No one had ever accused Patrick O'Grady of being honest, and as for doing a day's work—since the day some eight or ten years since, when O'Grady had abandoned the calling of an hostler and taken up the profession of a ward politician, he had never condescended to soil his hands with a day's manual labor. Yet, strangely enough, Norah O'Grady felt no inclination to triumph over her enemy, but a new and tender feeling crept into her heart.

Meantime Bridget Callahan filled the air with the sound of her lamentations, now pleading, now sobbing, now railing at those about her.

"An' are ye men, an' stand there idle, with three poor fellows perishin' so near, an' not a hand that lifts to save him! Shame on ye for weak hearted cowards! For the love of heaven, boys! Oh, ye lazy vagabones! Let a woman show ye your duty!" And quick as a flash, before any one could anticipate her movement, in spite of her corpulent and clumsy figure, she had swung herself over upon the ladder and was preparing to go down.

In the first excitement of their appearance of the scene neither of the women had noticed a big, muscular fellow, wearing a flashy checked suit with an air of awkard rakishness, who stood on the bank of fresh earth but a few paces away, smoking a short pipe and gazing speculatively into the black pit below. As the woman's shrill cry of denunciation reached his ears he might have been seen to remove the pipe from his lips for a moment and smile grimly to himself like one who hears a compliment intended for him, and hastened to acknowledge it. But Mrs. Callahan had no sooner set foot on the ladder than a heavy hand fell on her shoulder, and a gruff voice sounded into her hears.

"Back!"

She looked up and recognized him, and her face grew red as a lobster with contending emotions.

"Oh, it's you, Patrick O'Grady, is it?" she asked, in a shrill voice. "Let go of me. Oh, you worthless loafer! You good-for-nothing, do-nothing, dog-poisoning r-rascal! Let me go to save my man. My man, whose little finger is worth more than your whole lazy body. Oh, Bill, Bill!" And she broke out in a fresh storm of sobbing; but she suffered herself to be led back without further protest.

Meanwhile the man she had so bitterly denounced, but to whom she had, nevertheless, yielded an unwilling obedience, felt a light touch upon his shoulder, and turned to face his wife. His eyes asked a question, and her eyes answered.

"All right, if you say so, my girl."

In an instant his attitude had changed. New life seemed infused into him. His huge, brawny frame, but the moment before a torpid, inert mass, became the embodiment of activity and force. The sluggish blood bounded through his veins. Recollectious of old times, when he had been a miner on the Comstock and had fought the miner's battles with foul air and fire damp, came back to him. He flung off his coat and unbuttoned his collar, baring his huge, muscular body.

"Some rope!" he shouted.

A coil of rope fell at his feet. He caught up a hose, hanging over a bed of mortar close by, and turned a spray of water into the dark pit, at the same time saturating his handkerchief with the water and binding it tightly about his mouth and nostrils. Then, with the rope knotted around him, a word to the men who were to pay it out, and a parting kiss to his wife, he stepped upon the ladder and commenced the descent.

Norah O'Grady, her heart wrung with terror, stood on the brink and saw him go. To his death, she thought, and tried to frame some prayer for him, but her white lips refused to move. Standing there, on the threshold of what she felt must be the tragedy of her life, she became suddenly aware of the curious eyes bent upon her and of the absurd spectacle she presented in her calico wrapper and with the child's hat on her head. She knew that she had sent her husband to his doom, and she must not leave the place where she could see his dead body when the men pulled it up; but she tried to settle the jaunty hat into some expression of propriety, and, fumbling with her belt, strove to arrange the folds of her wrapper.

In the midst of her awkward struggle a mantle seemed to descend upon her from the heavens. Gazing in astonishment over one shoulder, she found herself arrayed in all the glory of the Paisely shawl. Looking up, she saw her enemy awed into silence by the strange turn events had taken, looking down upon her with quite a new expression, and she realized that it was no chance impulse that had prompted her to divest herself of the garment, but tender womanly consideration.

"I don't need it," whispered Mrs. Callahan. Then she quite broke down. "Oh, Norah O'Grady!" Catching the latter's little nervous hand between her large, strong ones, she sobbed over her in penitence and compassion.

There was a cry from those who stood about the ladder.

"Here he comes?"

An instant later, O'Grady's herculean figure appeared, bearing in his arms a slender young fellow who tried to stand, and would have fallen had not strong arms come to his aid.

A shout went up.

"It's Williams!"

A gray-haired woman came forward, and half-led, half-supported her son away.

The next time O'Grady appeared, he stumbled and fell, as he was relieved of his inanimate burden. A whisper ran around.

"It's Walsh."

They laid him on the ground.

A girl stole timidly out from the crowd, and wept over her dead lover. All eyes turned questionally upon O'Grady who was leaning up against a box, pale and shaky, making a weak gesture of protest as the swaying of the curious threatened to shut off the air from him. Then he arose and faltered toward the mortar-box where the hose was playing. He had loosed the handkerchief from his mouth and nose, and now untied it with trembling hands.

"He's going to give it up," some one said.

O'Grady heard the words, and was reminded that he had already done all that could be expected of any man; that if he stopped now, he would still be a hero in the eyes of those who were looking on; that neither duty nor reason demanded his return to the poisonous den from which he had escaped, but he looked toward the quarter from which the words had come, and replied with a savage sneer: "Not much."

He stopped just long enough to take a cool, invigorating draught from the nozzle of the hose and to saturate the handkerchief again, before binding it across his face. He called for another length of rope and, as he instructed the men to haul up at a given signal, they knew that his strength was giving out. Then he leaped upon the ladder and descended, hand over hand, with the swiftness of one who is about to take a desperate risk. No one in the pure, wholesome air above could guess what it was to plunge into this noisome hole, the reeking repository of filth and corruption, from which poisonous gases exhaled, blotting out the light of day that essayed to creep through the narrow opening above, making it impossible for so much as the flame of a candle to survive. Nor did O'Grady find any comfort in the reflection that he was doing a magnanimous and gallant deed, risking his life to save his enemy. To him, Callahan had from the first lost personality and identity. He was simply a fellow-being suffering, failing, dying!

As O'Grady reached the lower rung of the adder and stooped to the foul ooze below, the horrible vapors seemed to rise like spectral forms, crushing his chest in a vice-like embrace. His eyes were blinded, something roared in his ears like the thunder of incoming breakers. Sightless, deafened, choking, he groped about him, and found what he sought.

The men above felt a faint pull on the rope O'Grady had carried in his hands, and hauled it in with a will. A moment later Callahan, unconscious, but with his chest heaving in slow, convulsive movements, lay stretched upon the ground beside them. Everybody looked to see O'Grady's resolute face and broad shoulders appear at the opening. Cheers were on their lips, praise in their hearts. Somebody pulled gently on the rope he had tied about his waist when he first went down. Heavy, inanimate weight was the only response. Two of the workingmen swung themselves down the ladder until only their heads and shoulders were visible, and gripping the rope, they brought the heavy burden into position to be raised.

"Now, boys!"

Slowly and more carefully than before they pulled upon the rope. When Norah O'Grady saw the lifeless form she sprang forward with a little cry.

A week later two convalescents sat up in bed and demanded to be dressed. Bridget Callahan hastened to obey her husband's behest with a willing heart and trembling hands. Norah O'Grady scolded and expostulated, but to no effect. O'Grady stormed and swore, and went angrily off without his breakfast, putting in his appearance at the police court fully ten minutes before his antagonist.

He had actually got in a savage plea of "Guilty, an' it plase your honor!" when the plaintiff appeared on the scene. The two men met for the first time since the day when Callahan had been drawn back from the jaws of a frightful death by his enemy. O'Grady would not look toward him now, but repeated his plea, rather more loudly and decidedly than before.

"Guilty, your honor."

Callahan held a hasty consultation with an official of the court.

"Nolle prosequi," announced the latter in a careless tone.

"Case dismissed. Call the next," said the Judge.

O'Grady had to be twice informed before he comprehended the turn affairs had taken. Then he left reluctantly, unhappy and dissatisfied. The fact that he had laid his enemy under the heaviest obligations to himself had only served to whet his zest in the role of injured innocence, which he had been ready to enact. He had been making ready his powers of oratory all the way down town, rehearsing the pedigree of the game cocks Callahan's dog had slain, counting his decimated flock of ducks, raking up a score of old injuries which he meant to rehearse if an opportunity was presented. He went out of court crestfallen. Somebody awaited him outside the door.

"O'Grady!" said Callahan, in a voice at once conciliatory, pleading, argumentative, holding out his hand at the same time.

If O'Grady had been the man who had lain at the bottom of the cesspool and Callahan the man who had saved him, he would have struck aside the proffered hand. But all at once it came to him that one who confers a favor has obligations far more binding than those of the recipient. The man who has once done a noble and unselfish act has a character to maintain. It is the old principle of noblesse oblige, among high and low, rich and poor.

They walked down the stairs together, and out into the street. For a long time they did not speak a word. Then Callahan timidly remarked:

"They do say our Tim be coortin' av your Annie."

O'Grady smoked his pipe for some seconds without replying. Then he took it deliberately from his mouth.

"Tim's a likely lad."

That evening Tim Calahan walked up to the front door of the O'Grady cottage. Annie O'Grady, her face a genuine April of smiles and tears, was there to receive him; and in this merry Christmas season there are no happier neighbors than the Callahans and the O'Gradys.

Christmas in Many Lands.

HOW DIFFEBENT NATIONS ENJOY THE HAPPY TIME.

Christmas customs and traditions! What pleasant associations cluster round the words. What memories of bygone pleasures, mellowed by time and delightful to look back upon in after years, they bring to the recollection. In every land where the King of festivals is observed the records of the past, away back to the time where the mists of paganism first gave way to the dawning light of Christianity, teem with Christmas myth and legend.

In some of these can be traced the remnants of Pagan observances which became blended with the Customs of the Christian age at a time when paganism was succeeded by the nebulous gloom that foretold the dawn of the new dispensation, and which in some form or other have survived till the present day. The traditions and legends connected with Christmas have an earnest peculiarity of their own, and it is worth noting that the spirit of charity and goodwill, which is the leading characteristic of the happy time, pervades them all. Some of the more interesting of these customs we will endeavor to briefly describe.

In England the custom of staying up to midnight to hear the Christmas "waits" is still observed, although many good people if asked the question would find it difficult to give a reason for doing so. The tradition that Christ was born at midnight originated this custom. At one time bands of singers used to go about from house to house singing Christmas carols. Those were the "waits," and by degrees the quaintly beautiful carols which they sang degenerated into mere doggerel and the custom for a time fell into disuse. Latterly, however, it has been revived somewhat, as also the custom of singing Christmas carols in Protestant Episcopal churches.

In the feudal times when the old baronial halls gloried in vast fireplaces, the bringing in of the Yule log, an entire trunk of a tree which was burned whole, was a great event and attended by peculiar ceremonies and great rejoicing. Then feasting followed; the mighty wassail bowl was introduced and the solid pleasures of the table followed and were kept up with a zest and ability to put away vast quantities of provisions that would astonish most people of the present generation. The central dish was the boar's head, flanked by other spoils of the chase. At the present day the crowning ideas of Christmas pleasures in England, as, indeed, in everywhere else throughout Christendom, are still the grosser joys of eating and drinking. The "roast beef and plum pudding" of Old England has a Yuletide smack about it and solid plenty is the characteristic of Christmas cheer at English tables. First comes the savory roast goose, which is the recognized Christmas dish among all classes, peers and commoners alike, and the plum pudding, which is brought in steaming with burning brandy surrounding it, causing young hearts to rejoice and bringing in a vista of future stomach ache and physic to small boys. The merchant decorously drinks wine with his sons and daughters and, under the generous influence of sherry, tips them handsomely. Throughout the land Charity expands her wings, and in all the large cities a general movement is heartily made to let the poor have at least one good dinner.

In America the custom of hanging up the stocking is as heartily observed as ever, and little boys and girls in town and country for weeks before Christmas speculate on what Santa Claus will bring them. The North German custom of the Christmas tree has been largely revived of late years, and in many households has become a regular observance every year. Both the Christmas tree and the Santa Claus custom are the relics of the days when Thor, Woden and Frica were worshipped, but modified by Christianity till they are now emblematic of the charitable feelings of the day of gladness.

In France, many years ago, it was the habit of the people to go through profane parodies of the Christmas mass. Those have been abandoned by common consent. It was the practice for people to stop all kinds of labor at noon on the day before Christmas, and masters kept open house and feasted their employes. It was also the fashion for the people to assemble on the outside of churches and cathedrals long before midnight, and the time was passed away by the singing of Christmas carols, the Monks teaching them how to sing the carols as well as the Latin canticles of the Church. As the Saturnalian element began to come uppermost, the carols became scurrilous and obscene, and no regret was felt when the custom was done away with.

In sunny Italy the most visible characteristic is the excessive love and devotion felt for the Virgin, which shows itself in many quaint ways. The whole scope of the teaching of the Church tends to make the people realize the birth of Christ as an actual yearly occurrence. This has led to the manifestation of the pifferari, the bagpipe players, who are all from the mountains of Calabria. The pifferari divide themselves into the three bands, which march down the streets, stopping at every shrine and pouring out wild music characterized rather by loudness than melody. This is one of the sights of Rome at Christmas time. It is the mission of the pifferari to go through the city and pray before all the shrines to the Virgin to cheer her spirits while undergoing the anguish of accouchement.

In Germany Christmas is observed with peculiar heartiness. There Santa Claus has an abiding home, and the Christmas tree, with its cheerful light, is found in every house where money can be raised to procure it. Like the people of England, the Germans place eating and drinking among the foremost pleasures at Christmas-tide.

The Russian observances at Christmas are peculiar in one important respect. They lag behind the other Christian nations. Their Christmas Eve falls on our 5th of January, as the Russians never surrendered the Julian Calendar. The Christmas festivities are marked with quaint games in which parts are assigned for youths and maidens, and a strict code of etiquette is observed through them all.

In the Spanish-American cities of Central America solemn observances take place in the churches on Christmas Eve. Among the customs is the exhibition of miniature figures of wax illustrating the Nativity and colored according to nature. This representation is called nacimiento, and every family of consequence prepares one which is set in the best room.

The Goose Brought Him Luck.

Thirty-six years ago William Welch got a job on the New York Central Railroad as a flagman at Warren street crossing, in Syracuse. His post was in the very heart of the town and every resident came to know him. As soon as he began to draw his salary Welch took unto himself a wife, bought a little house on the outskirts of the city and established a white goose as monarch of the dooryard. Success dwelt at Welch's hearth. Little Welches came one after another, and went forth to buy homesteads of their own. Welch senior and his goose waxed old together. Christmas after Christmas came, but no temptation of appetite could make the old man sacrifice his mascot goose for a holiday dinner. Welch being well off, wanted several years ago to retire from service, but registered a vow that he would work on until the old bird died. Last Monday morning the postal clerks saw a new man, resplendent in blue and brass, waving the flag at the crossing.

"Where's Billy?" they cried.

"His goose died Saturday night," was the answer, "and Welch has quit work."

A JOLLY CHRISTMAS LOAD.

'Twas cold outside, an' so, says I,
I can res' me, now the chores is done,
The wind is sharp; there's a threatenin' sky;
A snowstorm's just begun.

I gave the logs a livenin' poke,
An' settled down for an easy spell,
My cider near, an' my pipe to smoke,
The fire a-burnin' well.

When all at once, I thinks t' myself
Of the parson's dues I'd ought to pay,
A-lyin' here or there on the chimney shelf—
I got the last to-day.

So out I went. The old ox team
Was standin' there on the nigh crossroad.
You should ha' seen them critters steam;
The wind it sang and blowed.

So off we went. 'Twas precious slow,
I gave the parson his quarter's pay.
"I'm glad to get it," says he, "you know
To-morrow's Christmas Day."

I kissed the young 'un, said good-bye,
And back I started the other half.
When all at once—may I hope to die
If I didn't hear a laugh!

"Hello!" says I a-turnin' round;
"Who be ye, sir!" an' I up an' smiled—
For there was standin' on the ground
The smallest little child.

He laughed again, "I want a ride,
I'm not alone; can you take us all?
Can you take me in and the rest beside?"
I grinned, "'Twill be a haul."

So in I packed 'em, every one,
I tell ye what, 'twas a jolly load,
'Twas no time goin', with all the fun;
We's home before we knowed.

Ma stood a-waitin' at the door;
And Sallie cried, "Why, the darlin' things!"
And kissed 'em all, while I said, "Oh, lor',
D' you see? they've all got wings!"

It stumped me so I laughed out loud,
When lo'n behold! the hull thing was gone—
The old ox team, an' the jolly crowd—
An' I woke up some forlorn.

But ma said, when I told my dream,
"Well, folks don't reckon the loads they brings;
You took your'n cheerful, an' so, t'd seem,
You saw your blessin's wings."

—JULIE M. LIPPMAN.

A CHANCE MEETING.

A Pleasant Christmas Story.

John Challoner was feeling utterly miserable. He was a brown-bearded, sturdy-looking man, with every outward appearance of health and prosperity; but as he sat there in the corner of the railway carriage, with his hands thrust deeply into the capacious pockets of his fur-lined coat, and with his traveling cap pulled low over his eyes, I doubt if there were so wretched a man in the whole of that London express.

There was a terrible storm on, for it was the Christmas Eve of '78, and destined to be a memorable night in the annals of the weather almanacs; but as he sat there watching the snow being hurled in compact masses against the windows, John Challoner felt a certain grim satisfaction that nature should be in accordance with his own tempestuous thoughts.

He was not very sure of their present whereabouts, but as far as he could judge the train was already some hours late, and was progressing at a very slow rate indeed. Well, what did it matter after all, whether or not he were home in time for the Christmas Day? The big dreary house, that a girl's young presence had seemed to flood with sunshine, would appear even bigger and drearier, now that that girl had left it forever. There would be Sarah, of course, the silent elder sister, who had watched over John's motherless boyhood, and who loved him with so jealous a devotion; but then—Sarah wasn't Madge, and it was Madge he wanted. Not that he would have admitted as much for a moment; that would have been too ridiculous, when it was only last night, after a somewhat prolonged visit to the Scottish metropolis, that he had been talking to a lawyer in Edinburgh, and giving him instructions about the drawing up of the paper which was to separate the husband and wife. John was to go his way, and Madge was to go hers. And this was the end of those four years of married life which had opened so brightly and well; this was the end of that first tiny quarrel, when Challoner had forgotten the promise to take his girl-wife to an especial dance, and had spent the evening among the books which had been the sole companions of his hitherto solitary life. Whose actual fault was it that things had come to this pass? In what had the trouble consisted, that there had been such jarring in the home that they had ultimately decided to live their lives apart?

The train went slower and slower; the freshly fallen snow lay in high banks on either side; but John Challoner's thoughts never wandered from the old sore subject. One by one he recalled the various landmarks of those four years. How bitterly Sarah had resented the advent of the young bride; how impossible he had found it to live a society life with Madge and yet get through the necessary literary work which meant his livelihood; how eagerly his young cousin, Charley Thorne, had volunteered to take her to dances and so on in his stead. Then he recalled their little daughter's birth and the glad hopes that had sprung into life as he took his tiny Rose in his stalwart arms and tried to trace the mother-look in the baby features. But the baby had only lived to see her second birth-day, and with her death "the rift within the lute" had slowly widened, and the faint music which she had echoed in their daily lives was turned into jangling discord. "Madge was fonder of young Thorne than of John himself," Sarah had averred; and the poor fellow had been forced to acquiesce, when barely had the dead child been laid to rest before her mother had taken up the old whirl of dissipation, with Charlie Thorne in constant attendance.

There was nothing, I think, which John Challoner felt so bitterly as this same apparent hard-heartedness. It is not often that men care for very young children, but this curly-headed little daugter had been simply worshipped by her father. The fact that this man was a poet both by nature and profession may perhaps have helped him in his love and comprehension of what Theodore Watts so beautifully calls "the music of human speech—the beloved babble of children;" but certain it is that he had set high hopes upon this little one. The highest of all was that she would bind his beautiful wife closer to him; but the baby had died and was under the snow, and the dead hopes were buried in the scrap of lawyers' parchment which another week would see signed and attested.

How bitterly cold it was to be sure! the hot-water cans had been useless long ago, and the windows were coated with frozen snow; but yet he never regretted having taken the journey. Albeit they were English folk, Madge's home and belongings were in Edinburgh, and Challoner had preferred leaving the question of settlements with those who would be careful for Madge's interests, rather than in less friendly hands. Of course there had been no obligation to go north in person; but Challoner, jealous of his wife's reputation, had dreaded the matter being discussed by unnecessary tongues. The separation was purely a personal affair, and was being settled by the family solicitors without any further appeal to the law.

There were only two other passengers in his compartment, and to rouse himself from his gloomy abstraction he began listening to their conversation. They were both young, rather sporting looking men, and one had evidently been describing to the other the personal appearance of some unknown lady.

"She is a thorough little beauty, I tell you, and I flatter myself I'm a good judge," was his enthusiastic conclusion. "Shouldn't mind traveling up to town with her myself."

"Why don't you, then?" came in answer.

The first speaker laughed. "I daren't, my boy. She has a Gorgon of a maid with her, who is even more freezing than this beastly weather. Tell you what, though, at the next station I'll try to get her some tea or something that will pave the way to a little chat."

Challoner frowned involuntarily. Such talk was peculiarly distasteful to him; and for the first time it struck him that for the future his Madge would be open to any and every chance insult which men such as his fellow-travelers might choose to put upon her. The very thought of it made his blood boil. Madge was so pretty, so young, and in many ways so thoughtless, that, even more than another, she might be made to feel her unprotected state; and whatever might happen, he himself would be powerless to shield her. He became so absorbed in this new thought that he hardly noticed when the creeping train came to standstill; and it was only when a sudden blast of cold air made it apparent that his companions had thrown down the window and were leaning out to inquire the cause. He was putting his head out of his own window to look about him when the guard came along the footboard, feeling his way laboriously in the blinding snow and shouting at the top of his voice that all passengers were to descend.

Instantly all was in confusion. Cries of Why? What's the matter? Are we in danger? and Guard! guard! resounded on all sides. Immediately the youngar of his companions unfastened the door and ejaculating, "Now for that pretty girl!" jumped out; while the other more slowly collected his wraps and observed that he "supposed the snow had been too much for the engine."

This indeed proved to be the case; and, after some pardonable grumbling, Challoner got out of the train and followed in the track of those who were picking their way toward a roadside station at some forty yards' distance. As he did so he caught the rough, persuasive tones of his late companion: "Really, now, you had better take my arm; we shall get on first-rate."

The door of a first-class carriage was swinging open, and standing before it—so directly in his path that Challoner almost fell over him—was the young gentleman who had vaunted his appreciation of feminine beauty. Naturally Challoner's glance followed his, and although he could not distinguish the lady's features he was becoming dimly conscious that the brown velvet coat was strangely familiar, when she spoke a few words in a tone which sent the blood rapidly coursing through his veins: "Thank you; I will not trouble you; my maid is with me."

Madge's voice! Challoner dropped his rugs and scrambled up on the footboard, and held out his arms. "Come down at once!" he cried authoritatively. "It may not be safe for you to stay there. Jump and I'll catch you. May I trouble you to get out of the way, Sir? This lady is my wife."

Madge flung herself instantly into the outstretched arms, and burst into hysterical sobbing. "Oh John! Oh John! I have been so cold and so frightened. And the light in our carriage went out, and I thought something might happen to the train and hurt you!"

"Why, Madge?"

Never before had Challoner seen his wife so thoroughly unhinged and frightened, and his heart gave a great leap as he echoed her last words: "Hurt me? Of course not. But how came you to be traveling to town? Why didn't you stay in Edinburgh? Do you think you have taken cold?" He asked the questions all in a breath; but when she began explaining that she wanted to spend Christmas in town with her aunt he hastily cut her short.

"There is no time to talk; we must get on to the station. Parker (this to the maid), follow me closely and try to walk in my footsteps. I shall carry your mistress; the snow is too deep for her."

While speaking, he took the trembling girl in his arms, and began slowly plodding along in the direction the guard had indicated. Of course it was only a chance meeting, and Challoner was too free from superstition to look on it as anything else, but even while he was reminding himself that it was a terrible pity they had met—that their tempers were wholly incompatible—and that it would be misery to live again through the last few months, he was still holding the girl very closely and tenderly, and wishing in spite of himself that the distance could be doubled.

When they reached the little country station they found it to be better provided with shelter than is usually the case, and though there was only one man in charge he was a sensible, good-natured individual, who did his best for the poor travelers thus thrown upon his hands. Either the sight of Madge's white childlike face, or the pleasant assurance that the gentleman would make it worth his while, induced him to open a little box of a room which appeared to be his especial property and to motion to Challoner to enter.

"Your lady will be more comfortable there, Sir, than in the big room along o' the third-class passengers and all," he suggested; and as neither husband nor wife could think of a sufficient excuse for preferring the company of their fellow-travelers, they were obliged to follow the man's lead.

"I will not intrude upon your privacy," said Challoner stiffly, as soon as the station keeper had left them alone. "You and Parker will be quite comfortable here, and you'll soon get warm by the fire."

Madge watched his broad form disappear through the doorway with a sinking heart. "He hates to be with me even for these few minutes," ran her thought; "and yet," with a piteous little quiver of her lips, "Oh! how delicious it was to be held in his arms! If he had held me like that oftener, we shouldn't be hating each other to-day! If he had but kissed me in the snow!"

The dismal train of thought was suddenly broken by the discovery that one of her trinkets was missing, and Mrs. Challoner was instantly on her knees. "Come and help me look for it, Parker," she cried. "I have lost my locket. Oh, what shall I do? I have lost my locket."

The excitement both of mistress and maid seemed considerably more than the occasion required; but only Madge herself and the faithful women who nursed her as a child knew of the serious trouble such a loss would entail.

"Could you have dropped it outside, Ma'am?"

"Not possible. The chain couldn't catch on anything when I had my cloak fastened. No; it must be on the floor. Do look for it, Parker."

And look for it they did, but without success, and when the long, fruitless search was over the expression on the girl's face was very woebegone indeed.

"The mistress has lost her gold locket," whispered Parker when John Challoner came again to the door. "It's my belief, Sir, that she dropped it on the floor of the carriage. Can't you send somebody after it, Sir?"

"What locket?"

"The little gold one she always wears round her neck," explained the maid, regardless of the urgent "Parker! You are not to trouble Mr. Challoner," which came from behind her. "She is fonder of it than of anything else, Sir: it seems a pity it should be lost."

"Parker!" again broke in the pretty girlish voice, "I desire that you will not trouble Mr. Challoner."

The man's lips twitched involuntarily. It seemed to him that his young wife was only playing at dignity when she preferred addressing her remarks to him through the medium of a servant.

"Don't be so foolish," he said, peremptorily. "Of course I'll go after your locket. I only came back to tell you that I am afraid you will have to spend several hours here. The snow has broken down the telegraph wires, so the men can't send on a message to the next place for assistance. They must wait until this storm is over, and then get help from the village to dig out the train and clear the lines. But, of course, it will be the work of a good many hours."

"Thank you," said Madge, meekly. "What is the time?"

"Nearly ten." He was turning away, when something in his wife's voice struck him, and he re-entered the room. "You are still cold? Wear this," he said, shortly, rapidly unbuttoning his fur-lined coat; and in spite of her remonstrances, he wrapped it round her, and then went hastily out into the bitter night air.

Left alone, Madge leaned back in her corner and sat for a long time crying softly to herself. Being thoroughly unstrung by terror and fatigue, she was in just the impressionable mood which made her husband's little act of kindness very precious in her eyes, and she nestled into the thick warm fur as though cheating herself into the belief that it was John himself who was holding her. She remembered a time—it was during the happy weeks which followed the wedding day—when she and John seemed to be all in all to each other; but when they were finally settled in the staid London house, over which Miss Sarah's chilly influence hung like a pall, it had all been altered then. John had gone back to his beloved books, in apparent forgetfulness of the solitary little wife in the big drawing-room upstairs; and if she proposed invading his precincts, it was only to be met with Miss Sarah's reproachful stare and the words: "My brother never allows even me to disturb him." And then baby's birth, and—baby's death! In nervous terror of her own great grief the poor young mother had flung herself into every kind of dissipation, for the dead child seemed hardly further from her than the silent man who was buried in his books, and to face her sorrow alone was more than she could do. Oh, dear! the life that henceforward would be lived apart might have been so happy!—and the tears flowed on.

Meanwhile Challoner had started for the railway carriage. The blinding snow, the flickering lantern and the difficulty of picking his way made the short journey a long one; but his busy wonderments made the time pass quickly. For the first time in his life John Challoner was feeling curious. What made his wife so fond of that particular locket? What did it contain? He was still pondering on the mystery when he reached the carriage. Parker had been right—the little engraved locket lay open on the floor; but beside it lay something, at the sight of which the man's heart gave a great throb. A little curly head, a pair of sweet blue eyes, a soft, uncertain voice trying to stammer the word "Ma-ma!" They all rose vividly before him as he stood there with the tiny ring of silky brown hair lying on his open palm. And it was Madge who had cherished the curl which his own lips had seemed to press so much oftener than had hers! Madge, who had thought to keep the token that he had forgotten and since had regretted so vainly. Well, before they parted he must ask her to halve her treasure with him.

There were very tender memories stirring within him as he plodded his way slowly back to the station, and when he as last reached his room his face was very gentle, albeit very grave. "Yes, I have it, Parker. Thank you. If you will go into the larger room I will sit with your mistress," he said in answer to the maid's anxious greeting; and when he and Madge were alone he pulled his chair closer to hers and began gravely: "Here is your locket."

"Thank you," she said coldly. "I hope it was not a very difficult matter to get to the carriage."

Challoner bit his lip. "Do you think I minded the difficulty?" he retorted passionately. "Don't you know I'd have risked my life for the sake of rescuing this?" He had laid the locket on the table, but as he spoke he opened his clenched hand, and the soft curl glistened brightly in the firelight.

Madge started violently. "You opened it?"

"No; it had opened itself by falling on the floor." He leaned foward and looked at her curiously. "And you cared to keep it, Madge?"

"Did I—care?"

Only three words, but the tone went straight to her husband's heart. So she had cared after all, and yet—"You went out so soon," he said doubtfully.

"And could I help that?" The girl clasped her hands and looked steadily at him with great sorrowful eyes. "You were always alone with your books; and could I bear to live alone in these rooms, where every chair that her hands had touched, every picture that her eyes had seen, spoke to me of my lost darling? No; I would go to dances, theatres, anywhere where she had never been, and therefore could not haunt me."

"You might have come to me."

"To you?" The dreary little laugh with which she echoed his words was not good to hear. "You had your work. You had never asked me to go to the library; you had always left me alone."

Challoner's face had grown very white. "Madge," he said solemnly, "God is my witness that if I have wronged you, it was through a mistaken love, and not through carelessness. When we—married [the loving stress he laid upon the word was not lost upon the girl, although her face was turned from him,] Sarah impressed upon me that if I pursued a plan I had already suggested to her, and asked you to act as my secretary, I should be dealing unfairly in letting you expend your youth and spirits on me and on my work, instead of on the amusements and society life which was natural to your age."

His very anxiety was making him speak in a stiff, unusual fashion, but the little clasped hands moved restlessly at his words. "I should have loved the work."

The murmur was too soft for the other to catch, and he went on slowly: "Rightly or wrongly, I believed her. I said to myself: 'You are a poor man and must work hard; but however great the strain may be it must never touch your wife. If you cannot take her out yourself let your cousin do so in your stead. Let—'"

"Don't talk like that—don't talk like that!" Madge had risen to her feet, and the words came with an irrepressible sob. She waited a full minute and then added: "It makes one wish that things had been different—almost."

When Challoner spoke again it was after a long pause. "When did you cut this curl?"

"On your birthday," said Madge with an effort to speak easily. "I brought her into your room and she was dressed all in white—"

"I thought it was blue."

"No, John; all in white, with coral beads."

"Ah! yes, to be sure, I remember. The the young rogue broke the string, and you were so proud of her strength that you would not have it mended," and Challoner actually laughed at the remembrance of the scene.

"You took her in your arms," went on Madge bravely, "and kissed this very curl, and then you gave her back to me, and said—"

She broke off suddenly; but though Challoner's face was flaming as hotly as her own he went on steadily: "I said: 'God bless my wife and child, and spare them to me for many, many years.'"

"But baby died in the autumn, and—"

In the intense stillness of the little room John Challoner finished his sentence. "And you are leaving me," he said hoarsely. "Ah, Madge! for baby's sake give me half that curl."

Her gloves were off, and as she silently leaned forward to loosen the silk that held the pretty hair their hands touched. She drew back for a moment, looking at him piteously, and the next, with a long sobbing cry, she fell forward into his outstretched arms.

It was a long, trying night for many people at that little snow-bound station. The men worked hard to clear the lines, but it was only when the first gray glimmer of light was stealing over the darkened skies that they were able to pronounce progress possible. The passengers in the waiting room—with the exception of a little chorister who was due at the Abbey for the coming Christmas service, and who vowed the delay to be "capital fun"—had kept up a perpetual chorus of grumblings and abuse; and when the boy had suggested that they should wish each other "A Merry Christmas," there were but few who were in sufficiently good spirits to respond to his request.

But in the little room where the station keeper had placed his two most favored guests there was nothing but deep thankfulness for the enforced wait. During the long night hours, with only a tender memory to share their vigil, husband and wife had grown very close to each other. The long series of jars and misunderstandings which had grown up from their two several mistakes—from Challoner's erroneous belief that they could follow two distinct and separate courses and remain united, and Madge's half-wounded, half-defiant pride, which forbade her to take the initiative in drawing nearer to each other—one and all they had been discussed—discussed gravely and penitently, as became two souls in whom fresh hopes were springing, and who, but for an apparently chance meeting, would have broken with each other forever. But when the sad reviewing of their past failures was at an end, and with full hearts they dared speak of a brighter and more trustful future, the tears that rose to their eyes were tears of happiness. "It shall be the talisman of our love," Challoner had said, as he divided the tiny ring of hair; and the kiss that followed was fraught with all the solemnity of a renewal of marriage vows.

When they went out into the clear, frosty air they half shrunk in their present mood from the gay bustle and laughter which was accompanying the getting up of steam, and the husband and wife walked together to the far end of the platform. As they stood there in silence a faint rosy flush lighted the far east, and as Challoner bared his head at his wife's whisper, "'Tis Christmas Day, and our darling's birthday," the little chorister's sweet shrill voice rose suddenly on the morning air.

"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled,"

sang the pure childish treble. And watching with heartfelt thankfulness the rapt expression on his young wife's face, John Challoner joined reverently in the swelling chorus:

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King."

It is needless to add that the services of the Edinburg lawyer were not required.

A BUD OF HUMANITY.

A TOUCHING LITTLE STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS TIDE.

It was Christmas Eve, a year ago. All day long the snowflakes had been piling themselves along the great city's thoroughfares, and now, at nine o'clock at night, they lay half a foot deep in St. Paul's churchyard. It was just nine as I passed St Paul's. I had been kept at the office until near that hour, helping to unravel the dying year's tangles. As I passed the lower end of St. Paul's I noticed, about twenty paces ahead, sitting on the foundation which supports the fence around the churchyard, a little boy, alone, gazing into space, as if counting or trying to count, the snowflakes which were flying in every direction. It wasn't very cold, but it was too cold for this little boy to be alone in such a place at such an hour. If he had been a newsboy or a boot-black I perhaps would have passed on, but he was neither one nor the other. He was apparently five years old. He was dressed as only loving hands can dress a child. He had on a sealskin cap, a warm little coat, a tippet, brown worsted leggings and stout little copper-toed shoes. I halted in front of him with: "Well, I like this! What are you doing here?"

"Looking," he answered, with his soft, blue, innocent eyes upturned to mine.

"Looking for what?" I gently asked.

"For the place the snowflakes come from, and for the lady; but she said she wasn't coming any more."

"What lady?" I whispered tenderly, as I took the dear little fellow on my knee.

"Oh, the lady who took me away from ever so far and brought me here, and kissed me so many times and cried, and told me that she was going where the snowflakes come from, and to sit here until some nice gentleman came for me. Are you him?"

"Which way did the lady go, my dear—what is your name?"

"Sonny."

"Sonny? What a queer name. Is that all of it?"

"Why, yes. That is all the ladies in the big house, ever so far off from here, used to call me. And the nice men, too."

"What nice men?"

"Oh, the nice ones that used to come every night when the lights were lit, and dance with the nice ladies, and give me money and ever so much nice things. Say, is you crying, too, like the lady was?" and I felt two little arms steal around my neck, and felt two warm little lips pressing against my beard. "Say, don't you cry any more like that lady did; 'cause it makes me hurted here," pressing his tiny mitted hands over his heart, while he cooed the words into my ear.

"Oh, I'm not crying, my boy. But which way did 'the lady' go?"

"Just around that corner," pointing to the corner of Vesey street, and bending the fingers of his left hand backwards.

"Are you quite sure that she isn't coming back?" I asked, as a wild hope sprang up in my soul.

"Oh, yes," he answered confidently; "'cause she said so."

I arose, with Sonny in my arms, and entered a carriage at the Astor House. All through the drive up Broadway I held him to me as tenderly as his mother could have done. His mother! Poor woman. Poor little chap. I noted his face. He was the most beautiful boy I had ever seen, on canvas or off. His hair was as soft and golden as a madonna's; his eyes were violet and blue—the softest violet, I found, as he once opened them, and looked at me with a smile of content and pleasure; his features were so delicate that one would almost fear to touch them with a great rough hand. I made up my mind as I walked up to my room from the carriage, with "Sonny" in my arms, that I would keep my Christmas present. There was only one thing to prevent me from so doing; that, the appearance of "the lady." I was, am, and always home to be, a bachelor, with two nicely-furnished rooms and a plenty of cigars and books. I am the last of my race, thank the gods. When we got to my rooms, he awoke as I was taking off his things. He remembered perfectly.

"Am I going to stay here with you always?" coming over, leaning an elbow on my knee, his face in his hands, and looking with his clear, trusting eyes into my very soul.

"Why, yes. I love you already, and if you think that you care for me enough to stay with me, these rooms are yours forever."

"Yes; I would love to stay."

"Then, my boy, it's a bargain! Let's seal it with a kiss!" And I took him in my arms, lifted him half a dozen times within an inch of the ceiling, until he crowed with delight. We sealed the bargain with more than a kiss. I had a little bed fitted up close to mine, so close that I could reach over at any minute in the night to make sure that he was there. He was very sad when he found that I had to leave him every morning; but when I introduced him to the little girls and boys of the house he brightened up wonderfully. Every night I used to hurry home, and I never found it necessary to get out my key to the front door, for open it swung ere I ever mounted the second step from the sidewalk, and there stood "Sonny," bright, beautiful and crowing, with outstretched arms to welcome me. I grew to worship the little fellow—he was so sunny-tempered, so loving, so frank, so truthful, and, I think, another bond bound us together—he was the last of his race. Everybody in the house knew, and knows, the story of how I found him. A few of the ladies were at first disposed to resent his being there—the men never did; but they soon grew to love him. Nobody could help doing that. Among the children of the house he was a little prince. There was a new face at one of the dining-room tables every night for six months, invited there to see "Sonny." I grew to be very much alarmed about "Sonny's" fame, lest it should get into the papers; for the idea of losing him was something awful to dream of. But it never did get as far as the press, till now. There is no harm now in writing about "Sonny." He is dead. Along in the autumn he began to fail—to grow thin, hollow-eyed and sleepless. He used to keep me awake nights, talking about our Sunday trips up the Hudson, to Iona Island and Newburg, our drives in the park, the lions and the birds, the lakes, and the ponies and the goat-carts. And day by day he wasted away. He was dying with the year. Everything in the world had been taken from me—father, mother, home, friends, playmates and, later in life, sweetheart. I had had nothing to live and work for till I met "Sonny." I looked upon him as a gift from God, and so accepted him. I had plans arranged for his future, knew just where and how he was to be educated, and I had clothed him like a young prince of the blood royal. And all for what? To lose him. He died just a year from the night I found him, last Christmas Eve. I was leaning on my arm, lying in bed, looking into his pale, thin face, as he restlessly slept in the little bed beside my own. Suddenly he opened his eyes, just as he had a year before in the carriage as we rode up Broadway, and looked smilingly up into my face.

"Well, what is it, Sonny, dear?"

"I guess I'm going away where the snowflakes are," he whispered. "I know where they come from now. I just saw the place. The lady was standing at the gate that looked like that stone in your ring with Shakespeare's head on. She was telling me with her hand to come up the beautiful stairs. But I came back for you. Hurry up, will you, please? Oh, do hurry up! The bed is slipping from under me! Oh, take me up in your arms and hurry! Oh, dear, dear! I am *so* tired. Let me put my arms around you. Give us a kiss. Oh, you ain't getting ready at all. I'm coming! Wait—wait—Oh, I am *so* tired."

And "Sonny" was dead.

THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In the dawn of day, when the sea and the earth
Reflected the sunrise above,
I set forth with a heart full of courage and mirth
To seek for the Kingdom of Love.
I asked of a post I met on the way
Which cross-road would lead me aright,
And he said: "Follow me, and ere long you will see
Its glittering turrets of light."

And soon in the distance a city shone fair;
"Look yonder," he said; "there it gleams!"
But, alas! for the hopes that were doomed to despair,
It was only the Kingdom of Dreams.
Then the next man I asked was a gay cavalier,
And he said: "Follow me, follow me,"
And with laughter and song we went speeding along
By the shores of life's beautiful sea,

Till we came to a valley more tropical far
Than the wonderful Vale of Cashmere,
And I saw from a bower a face like a flower
Smile out on the gay cavalier.
And he said: "We have come to humanity's goal;
Here love and delight are intense."
But, alas! and alas! for the hope of my soul—
It was only the Kingdom of Sense.

As I journeyed more slowly I met on the road
A coach with retainers behind,
And they said: "Follow us, for our lady's abode
Belongs in the realm you will find."
'Twas a grand dame of fashion, a newly wed bride;
I followed, encouraged and bold,
But my hopes died away, like the last gleams of day,
For we came to the Kingdom of Gold.

At the door of a cottage I asked a fair maid,
"I have heard of that realm," she replied,
"But my feet never roam from the Kingdom of Home,
So I know not the way," and she sighed.
I looked on the cottage—how restful it seemed!
And the maid was as fair as a dove,
Great light glorified my soul as I cried:
"Why, home is the Kingdom of Love!"

FILSEY.

A Christmas Sketch from Life in Hoosierdom.

BY ED R. PRITCHARD.



I RECKON this is goin' ter be a buster," said old Uncle Billy Botsworth, as he came into the family sitting-room of the old farm house with a great load of wood on his shoulders. With a crash he deposited his burden on the spacious hearth, where a huge fire was already blazing, and began to pile on the long dry sticks of beech and hickory, until, in a few moments, a perfect sheet of flame was roaring up the wide-throated chimney.

Grandma Botsworth, who sat in her accustomed corner by the "jamb," busy with her knitting, made no reply; while Uncle Billy proceeded to remove his coat, hat and boots, and, having filled and lighted his pipe, sat down to enjoy himself. Outside, a furious snow-storm was raging, and already the earth was heavily carpeted with white. Presently his two sons, Jacob and Milton, came in from doing up the chores, and, like their father, were soon divested of caps, coats and boots, and seated before the rousing fire talking over the events of the day. A little later Mrs. Botsworth joined them, and then the family circle was complete. No, not complete, either; a daughter was missing. Three years ago this Christmas eve she had gone out from the parental roof to marry the man she loved, but whom her father had forbidden some time before to enter his doors. But Mary had gone; and she and her husband, a poor mechanic, went out West to build up for themselves a home and fortune. After they were married, a day or two before they were to start for Dakota, Mary and her husband drove to the old home, where she got out of the buggy and started to go into the house to say good-by. She did not ask nor expect forgiveness from her father for what she had done; but she knew her mother and her brothers still loved her, and would gladly have her come to see them. So she just had her hand on the gate-latch, and, with tear-filled eyes, was taking in the dear and familiar surroundings, when her father, coming round the corner of the house, saw her.

"Don't yer come in here," he yelled, hoarsely. "Don't step your foot inside o' that gate, Mary Ellen Botsworth. You're no darter o' mine. Take yer hatchet-faced paint-slinger, an' git."

For a moment she stood as if stunned at his words; then, without a word, turned and went to the buggy. Her husband helped her in, and then standing up and shaking his whip at Uncle Billy, said: "Bill Botsworth, if you wasn't my wife's father I'd thrash you 'till you couldn't walk for a week. You object to me for a son-in-law only because I am poor; but I'll see the day I can buy an' sell you 's if you was black, darn you."

Here Mary laid her hand on his arm and said, "Stop, Will; it won't help things any to quarrel; let's go."

It was well that Will heeded her advice, for old Uncle Billy had started for the buggy with murder in his eye; and there is no telling what might have happened had not Milton and Jacob, at this juncture, made their appearance and urged him to be quiet.

So Mary went from home an outcast; and, as the buggy disappeared around the bend in the road, Milton turned to his father, and, with tears in his eyes, said, reproachfully:

"Pap, you oughtener have done it."

And Mrs. Botsworth, who had come to the door just in time to take in the affair, echoed her son's words:

"No, pap, you was too hasty," she added. "Mary Ellen was allus a mighty good girl; an', though I'd ruther she'd not a married Will Kenney, yet I hope the Lord will prosper 'em both."

"You are right, mother," said Jacob, the elder of her sons, "you are right, mother. 'Filsey' (the nickname the boys had bestowed upon Mary when she was a toddler) was the best girl in Indiany; kind an' lovin', an' a sister worth the havin'."

As for Uncle Billy, seeing his whole family up in arms against him, he vouchsafed no reply, but turning, strode rapidly away in the direction of the barn.

From that time on he had never spoken his daughter's name. And although he knew that mother and the boys got occasional letters from her, yet he never by sign or inquiry, showed that he ever thought of her, or had the slightest interest in knowing whether she was dead or alive.

But on the Christmas eve that I have introduced him to your notice, he sat by the fire thinking; and his thoughts were of her. He had long ago admitted to himself that he was too hasty when he drove his only daughter away from his home; but he still remained silent. At each family reunion, always held on Christmas day, he had missed her. And as the coming one was to be held at his house, and his brothers and sisters with their families would be there, he, with some bitterness of feeling, was brooding over the fact, that through no fault of his, he reasoned, the pleasures of the day would be marred. Everybody missed Mary; the children of his nephews and nieces would ask for her and talk about her, despite the admonitions they had received to the contrary.



"Don't you come in here!"

As he was busy with his thoughts, gazing the while moodily into the fire, and now and then punching up the fore-sticks in a spiteful sort of way, Grandma Botsworth suddenly spoke up and said:

"To-morrer'll be another white Christmas. This makes two on 'em right hand runnin'. Three years ago was a mighty mild winter, and we had a green Christmas that year."

Here the old lady paused and heaved a sigh. No one said anything, and she continued: "I recolleck now there was more buryin's that year in the Bald Hill buryin' groun' than there has been since, all put together."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Botsworth, reflectively, "a green Christmas allers makes a fat graveyard, they say, an' I never knowed it to fail."

"I reckon it'll be good sleighin' to-morrer," observed Uncle Billy, "an' all the folks'll come over in the bobs—— Eh! what's that?"

The exclamation with which he concluded his remark was caused by the furious barking of old "Maje," the watch-dog, the sound of voices in the front yard, and what seemed to be the cry of a child in fear.

The two boys started for the front door, while the remainder of the family sat intently listening, and wondering who could be their visitors. They had not long to wait; for a minute later the sitting-room door was flung open and Jacob strode in, bearing in his arms a bright and lusty two-year-old boy. Almost snatching the wraps from about it, and holding the little fellow up, he shouted: "Pap, look at your grandson; Filsey's come, an' this is her boy."

"The devil it is," roared Uncle Billy, springing to his feet, with a face as black as a thunder cloud. "Take him away; I don't want ter see him."

"Hold on a minute," shouted a clear, strong voice in the doorway. It was the son-in-law who had spoken, and who now stepped into the room, his figure erect and his eyes blazing with anger. "Hold on a minute, I say," he continued; "I want a word. Bill Botsworth, I can buy an' sell you. I am a rich man, but you don't have to own me for a son-in-law on that account. As for me, I can get along without you. But Mary here wanted to come back and see her mother and all of you once more, and I said she should; and, more than that, I said you should treat her and baby right, or I'd make you; and, by thunder, I'll do it! Understand me, I ask no favors for myself, but for this poor girl here, that you've treated so mean, and who still loves you, but who wants to come home, only for a little while, I will speak for, and fight for, too, if necesary." Even while he was talking mother and daughter were weeping in each other's embrace, and Grandma Botsworth, rising with difficulty from her seat, laid her hand on her son's shoulder. "William," she said, "now's as good a time to give in as ye'll ever have. If Mary an' Will can afford to fergive you, I don't see how you can help fergivin' them. Come now, son, do right."

For an instant he stood struggling with his passion, then love conquered. Extending his hand to his son-in-law, he said: "Billy, I knock under; I've made a mistake an' am sorry for it. Daughter, come here."

With a glad cry Mary put her arms about his neck and kissed him again and again.



"Hold on a minute!"

"There, there, child," the old fellow murmured, in a voice husky with emotion; "it's all forgot now, an'——" But he did not finish the sentence. And while Mary was kissing grandma and all were silently crying for joy, he began to hustle around and get on his boots to go out and "see about the horses." But, as Will and Mary had come to the station, only two miles distant, by rail, and had there hired a man and team to bring them over, his services in this direction were not needed.

He did, however, build up such a fire in the old fire-place as it had not seen for many a day; and, as they all sat around it and talked until long after the stroke of 12, it was indeed to them a happy Christmas.

Running a Newspaper.

Here is one of the men who thinks he can "run a newspaper," writes a scribe on the *East Washingtonian*, of Pomeroy, W. T. He stands in the saloon with his back to the bar and tells how he could run a newspaper; how he could expose corruption in high places; how he could write good, sound common sense, and none of your frivolous, try-to-be-funny stuff. Then he criticises other people's methods of running newspapers, and just wishes some one would give him the chance to show his journalistic ability. The way to cure one of these chaps is to get him to agree to write a sensible article every day for one week. Before the week is out he is sure to be pumped dry and will gape worse for an idea than a chicken does with the pip. A great many quite bright and intelligent men imagine they "can run newspapers." It costs some of them quite small fortunes to find out that they cannot. Even then they are not willing to admit that it is because they do not "catch on" to the true newspaper idea. They live and die with the notion that it is the fault of the public—not their own.

"I CAN'T see why that pretty Maud Boodle always smiles when that stick Dawdle is with her." "Why, my dear fellow, a smile is all the better when a stick is in it."—*Lowell Citizen.*

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The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. HISCOX & Co., N. Y.

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MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS. The cabinet organ was introduced in its present form by Mason & Hamlin in 1861. Other makers followed in the manufacture of these instruments, but the Mason & Hamlin Organs have always maintained their supremacy as the best in the world. Mason & Hamlin offer, as demouftration of the unequaled excellence of their organs, the fact that all of the great World's Exhibitions, since that of Paris, 1867, in competition of the best makers of all countries, they have invariably taken the highest honors. Illustrated catalogues free.

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Pianos and organs sold for cash or easy payments; also rented.

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BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

Letter From the Assistant Foreman of the Delivery Department—A Subject in Which Thousands are Deeply Interested,

About five years ago I suffered from pain, ful urination and great pain and weakness in the lower part of my back, pain in the limbs, bad taste in the mouth, disgust at food, and great mental and bodily depression.

I live at 241 York street, Jersey City, and on arriving home one night I found a copy of the Shaker Almanac that had been left during the day. I read the article, "What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?" It described my symptoms and feeling better than I could if I had written a whole book. My trouble was indeed "like a thief in the night," for it had been stealing upon me unawares for years. I sent for a bottle o' Shaker Extract of Roots, or Seigel's Syrup, and before I had taken one-half of it I felt the welcome relief. In a few weeks I was like my old self. I enjoyed and digested my food. My kidneys soon recovered tone and strength, and the urinary troubled vanished. I was well.

Millions of people need some medicine simply to act on the bowels. To them I commend Shaker Extract in the strongest possible terms. It is the gentlest, pleasantest, safest and surest purgative in this world. The most delicate women and children may take it. One point more; I have all the more confidence in this medicine because it is prepared by the Shakers. I may claim to be a religious man myself and I admire the Shakers for their zeal, consistency and strict business integrity. What they make may be trusted by the public, W. H. HALL.

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White, 45 Warren street, New York.

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Daily Sentinel

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E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1887.

LOCAL NEWS.

The *Gazette* is "guying" Col. John A. Scott.

Mrs. Will Vesey and children are visiting at Decatur.

Mr. W. L. Carnahan has returned from Lafayette.

The Fruit House will close its doors for Christmas on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Barnes are in the city to spend Christmas and New Years.

Rev Father Deuhmig publishes a paper during the progress of his fair at Avilla.

We are very sorry to learn that Mr. W. D. Page is still confined to his home by a severe spell of sickness.

The curling club met last night and decided to play the first match game at Centlivre's on Monday, for the "rink medal."

To oblige! Our stores will be kept open all day Monday. Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max are the servants of their patrons.

The Lottie Church company wanted a larger section of the earth than Captain Eastwood controls and no longer dine at the Robinson.

Say! Mr. Shopman, banker, merchant, etc., or any other man, Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max will keep their stores open all day Monday.

Capt. Allan H. Dougell has resigned the agency of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance company in this city, and will be succeeded by Mr. Henry W. J. Aikins.

Early yesterday morning the building occupied by Louis Hitzfield as a saw and planing mill and by Pierce & Co., ball bat manufacturers, was destroyed by fire, at Huntington. Loss about $2,500, with no insurance.

Mr. R. T. McDonald says he will sue Captain Hettler for slander. It seems that Mr. Hettler insinuated that Mr. McDonald and Councilman Griffith were dishonest. Mr. McDonald says he is determined to see whether men are licensed to use such expressions.

Next Monday will be observed in Fort Wayne and the country over as Christmas day. Public, and, to a great extent, private business will be suspended. THE SENTINEL will not issue a paper Monday in accordance with a universal custom.

The entire locomotive department of the Pennsylvania railroad company is now engaged in building engines of the class "R" They weigh 136,000 pounds empty, and have the largest boiler heating surface of any engine now built.

Mr. John Bothner, No. 136 Calhoun street, holds ticket No. 16, entitling him to the grand piano presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max. Mr. Bothner has been examining the different makes of pianos the past few weeks, expecting to purchase one for his daughter, and says Sam, Pete & Max are the boss Santa Claus.

The remains of the late Congressman Seth C. Moffatt, whose death at Washington was noted in the telegraph columns of THE SENTINEL, will arrive here this evening at 5 o'clock, en route to his Michigan home for burial. The funeral party will be joined at this point by S. C. Depres, L. Roberts, Perry Hannah, Thomas F. Bales, Miss Ella Wentworth and Louis Moffatt, a son of the deceased, all from Travers City, Mich., the home of the late congressman.

Messrs. James Heires, Robert Harrison, Charles Schweir, Jake Stier, Phil Luly, and foremen of all shops, knowing how valuable every hour is to yourselves and men, have concluded to "celebrate" by keeping open house on Monday (all day) to enable you all to secure the bargains we offer in our Great Removal Sale. Our superb stock complete in every department. *Cost Price* the rule. Respectfully,
SAM, PETE & MAX.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

5,000 sheets Copyright Music at 5 cts. per copy. The largest and best assortment of Pianos and Organs and all kinds of musical instruments. Music Books at lower prices and better terms than any house in the city, at D. H. Baldwin & Co., 98 Calhoun street. mwfas

Sleigh bells, skates, wringers, washing machines, pumps and everything in the hardware line at
PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S
3-eod-tf 38 & 40 East Columbia St.

New Pianos, from $245 and upwards; second hand Pianos from $25 and upwards; new organs, from $65 and upwards; second hand organs, from $15 to $50, sold on easy monthly payments, at D. H. Baldwin & Co., 98 Calhoun street, the leading music house of the city. mwfas

The Standard sewing machine make the nicest Christmas present. For sale at
3-eod-tf PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S.

Special Notice.

After January 1st, 1888, (D. V.) I will devote my attention exclusively to diseases of women and diseases of the kidneys. All who are indebted to me will please call and settle.
W. T. FERGUSON,
m-fri-sat 82 West Berry street.

Home Grown Cut Flowers, Roses, Calla lillies, Carnations, and Hyacinths. Prices have not advanced at the green houses, corner of East Wayne and Harmer streets.
23-tf FRANK J. KNECHT, Florist.

Diamonds at F. J. Voirol's, 244 Calhoun street. 22-3t

Nuttman & Co.'s bank will observe Dec. 26th and Jan. 2nd as holidays.

The Turners are rehearsing a drama to be given New Years' eve at Arion hall. Peter Racquet is the star.

Miss Bessie Burgess, of West Jefferson street, the teacher in the Hanna street school, left to-day for Danville, Ill., to spend the holidays.

The LaGrange *Democrat* says: Henry Kimmel, now in the employ of the Branch Paper Co., of Fort Wayne, spent Sunday with his old friends in LaGrange. He had an entertaining conversation with Hon. J. W. Kern, reporter of he supreme court, at Kokomo the other day.

Elaborate designs in satin and silk embroidered and hand painted braces and suspenders, shown only by Sam, Pete & Max, outfitters for the holidays.

The Pennsylvania company is turning out gondola cars, at its shops in Altoona, at the rate of fifty per day. These cars have three sets of trucks under them and in height almost equal a box car of the old style.

January 2d is the time set for the presentation of the fine top buggy, by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, to one of their patrons.

The Spanish Troubadours played to a fair house at the Temple last night. The music was peculiarly interesting and the guitar solo deserves special mention. In the party is a pretty black-eyed girl, with "a form divine," as the poets write it. This attraction is better appreciated in rural towns.

Mr. John E. Small, formerly of Marion township, and now residing in Archer's addition, on St. Mary's avenue, held ticket 4,169, and was presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete and Max, the people's clothiers, with the valuable city lot, corner Spring street and St. Mary's avenue.

The display headlines in the *Gazette* were slightly mixed this morning.

Bewildering conceits in elegant mufflers, brocade silks, and every fabric known, shown in endless variety by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, gents' outfitters and haberdashers.

The Safest Medicine

To have about the house at all times is Simmons Liver Regulator. It will harm no one. It will benefit all who may have sttacks of Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, or other ailments resulting from a disordered Liver or Stomach. Keep it always in the house, and you will have a family physician near who will save you many dollars and much suffering. The genuine always has on the wrapper the red Z Trade mark and Signature of J. H. Zeilin & Co.

Carving knives and forks, shears, scissors and Roger's plated ware at
3-eod-tf PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S.

Ladies' Gold Watches at F. J. Voirol's, 244 Calhoun street. 22-3t

Remember, for every 25 cents worth of goods purchased at the Drummer cigar store you get a chance on $25.00 worth of Meerschaum goods to be given away January 1. 22-3t

The Princess opens Saturday for one week; good music will be in attendance. Go and have a good time. 22-3t

The finest and cheapest display of Meerschaum sets at the Drummer cigar store, 81 Calhoun street. 22-3t

Encourage your wife's or daughter's taste for art by buying an artist's outfit for Christmas at 20-5t
L. O. HULL'S, 90 Calhoun street.

"Gruber's Best" is at all times considered the best ten cent Cigar. Try it. 19-6t

Dr. G. P. Barnum, the East Columbia street livery stable man, is letting funeral hacks for $3 and they are the finest vehicles in the city. Call on or telephone him. 8-tf

Don't buy a sewing machine before you see the Standard at
3-eod-tf PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S.

For a Christmas present to your friend buy a box of "Drummer" cigars. Everybody smokes them. For sale at the Drummer cigar store. 22-3t

We are sole agents for the celebrated Benary Concert and Conservation Violins and Guitars. D. H. BALDWIN & Co., 98 Calhoun St. mwfas

CHICAGO BAKERY.

For the Holidays.

Leave orders for pure ice cream, fresh fruit sherbets, Roman punch and fancy ices of all flavors. Christmas cake, fruit cake, pound cake, white cake, angel's food, German honey cake (Leb Kuchen.) cocoanut, orange, almond, fig, citron and chocolate layer cake. Macaroons, kisses and assorted fancy cakes, charlotte russe, oyster paties, pumpkin pies, peach pies, mince pies of homemade mince meat, lemon pies, apple pies, custard pies and apricot and cocoanut pies.

Fine cream candies, handmade chocolate creams, handmade cream bon bons and mixed candies.

Our candies were not made two months ago. I manufacture my own candies fresh every day. All orders will receive prompt attention.
W. F. GELLER,
23-2t Telephone No. 163.

"Frank's Choice."

A box of "Frank's Choice" Cigars would be a very acceptable Christmas present. 19-6t

Palace Confectionery.

Every purchaser of a pound of candy is given a ticket in the drawing of a huge stick of candy weighing thirty pounds. No. 29 West Main St. 19-6t

Reduced Rates for the Holidays.

The Lake Shore will sell round trip tickets to local points on its line December 24, 25th, 26th and 31st and January 1s and 2d at one fare for the round trip, limited to January 3d for return.
E. S. PHILLEY, Ticket Agent.

F J. Voirol's is where you get diamonds, ladies gold watches, jewelery of all styles and prices lower than any place in the city. 22-3t

Genuine Diamonds and Solid Gold Watches Found in Tea.

The Globe Tea Company of New York, have opened a branch store at No. 87 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne. Their teas and coffees are packed in paper cans. Every can contains a souvenir, such as ladies' and gent's solid gold hunting case jeweled American watches, genuine diamonds, pearls, turquoise and sapphire jewelry in solid gold settings, and other articles of jewelry. After thirty days these choice teas and coffees will be sold on their merits, same price, same quality and quantity, but without the jewelry. Below is a partial list of the purchasers so far.

Dr. J. W. Younge, 79 East Washington street, paid $1 for a can of tea and a genuine diamond ring; Mrs. Geo. Patterson, 32 Baker street got one of the same kind; Horace Hanna, lumber dealer, No. 239 West Berry street, found a gents solid gold hunting case Elgin watch in tea; Dr. Dinnen, 76 Calhoun street, found a genuine diamond ring in his can; M. Reynolds, brakeman, paid $5 for six cans of tea, and found in one can $50 in gold; Miss M. Nilson, Columbia City, found a genuine diamond, ruby and sapphire lace pin; L. C. Heck, cigar manufacturer, 74 Webster street, found a genuine diamond stud; J. H. Shell, Monroeville, found a genuine diamond ring in her can; Mrs. A. Dick, 54 Wilt street, got a solid gold band ring in tea; Dr. J. H. Jones, 320 West Jefferson street, found a genuine diamond ring in his can; Thomas Ryan, moulder, found a ladies solid gold hunting case, full jeweled Elgin watch in his can; W. H. Olds, 107 Berry street, Mrs. G. Henry, 96 Madison street, Mrs. H. Kimmil, 128 Chicago street, Mrs. Henry Sheehan, 202 Hanna street, each found solid gold chased rings in their cans of tea; P. Hoehsetter, dining room car, No. 190 Wabash railroad, got a genuine diamond ring in tea; T. J. Bull, Lima, Mich., found a ladies solid gold hunting case watch in tea; Samuel Chaska, Globe dry goods store, Calhoun street, got a genuine diamond ring in his can, Miss Mary Miller, clerk, paid $1 for a can of tea, and on opening the can found twenty silver dollars.

L. Hartman, president of the First National bank, paid $1 for a can of tea and a genuine diamond ring; Dr. W. H. Brooks, 107 Berry street, bought six cans of tea, and found in one can a ladies' solid hunting case gold watch and in two others genuine diamond rings; Miss S. Jones, dressmaker, paid $1 for a can of tea and on opening the can found a twenty dollar gold piece; Miss Lillie Sanborn, 51 West Superior street, Miss Carrie Kaag, 283 West Jefferson street, and Mrs. N. D. Mousir, 99½ Calhoun street, each found genuine diamond rings in their cans of tea; B. Thomas, carpenter, found a ladies' solid gold hunting case Elgin watch in his can for which he paid one dollar; S. Miller, of the *Daily Journal*, found a genuine diamond ring in his can; Mrs. Emma Hall, Warsaw, Ind., found a set of genuine solitaire diamond ear drops in her can, for which she paid one dollar. F. P. Bissel, ticket agent Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, found a genuine diamond ring in his can. Ad Link, 102 Main street, got one of the same kind. Geo. Smith, tinner, Pittsburg shops, got a solid gold ring in his can. Tillie Reilly, 36 Walton avenue, got one of the same kind.

O. L. Perry, manager Western Union Telegraph Co., purchased two cans of tea ($1 each) and found in one can $50 in gold; Mrs. N. J. Erwin, of the Farmer's eating house, corner Harrison and Pearl streets, found a genuine diamond ring in her can; Kit Carson, grocer, corner Riverside and Spy Run avenues, found a lady's solid gold hunting case watch in one can and in another, a genuine diamond ring; T. Morris, brakeman purchased three cans of tea for which he paid $1 each and found in one a gents' solid gold hunting case watch and in another, a genuine soltaire diamond shirt stud set in solid gold; Pete Certia, sample room, No. 70 Calhoun street, found a genuine diamond finger ring in his can.

Orders by mail promptly forwarded to all parts of the United States. Terms: Single can $1, 6 for $5, 13 for $10, 27 for $20. Parties getting up a club order of $10 or $20 always get a valuable article. Address, Globe Tea Company, 87 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Ind. Open evenings.

The Babies Cry for It

And the old folks laugh when they find that the pleasant California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is more easily taken and more beneficial in its action than bitter, nauseous medicines. It strengthens the liver, kidneys, stomach, and bowels, while it arouses them to a healthy activity. For sale by Thieme & Gross.

I have not used all of one bottle yet. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experiencing the nauseating dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bleed almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefi until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in the Boston Budget. I procured a bottle, and since the first days' use have had no more bleeding—the soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget formerly with Boston Journal.

The only genuine Decker Piano is made by Decker Bros.; all others are imitations and are for sale on the merits of the genuine Decker Bros.' For sale only by D. H. Baldwin & Co., 98 Calhoun street. mwfas



25¢ A BOTTLE
SALVATION OIL
KILLS PAIN

"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain." Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy: Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Stiff Neck, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Pleurisy, Sores, Frost-bites, Backache, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Sciatica, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, etc. Price 25 cts. a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—The genuine *Salvation Oil* bears our registered Trade-Mark, and our fac-simile signature. A. C. Meyer & Co., Sole Proprietors, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 cents.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." —Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.
March 12-masly



You will save Money, Time, Pain, Trouble, and will cure Catarrh by using ELY'S CREAM BALM

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free Ely Bros., Druggists, 235 Greenwich st., N.Y.

Tutt's Pills

stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and are unequaled as an

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25cts.

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

AMUSEMENT.

A HAPPY HOLIDAY FOR ALL.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Monday, December 26th

The Invincible Charocter Comedian

RICHARD O'GORMAN

Assisted by the Most Complete and Competent company travelling in the Greatest of Yankee comedies,

HUMAN NATURE!

A truthful delineation of genuine life,
New Songs, Catchy Music,
The Grace Church Quartette,
The Comical Cavoting Calf,
The Agile High-Kicking Cow,
Wonderously Beautiful Scenery,
An Accomplished Orchestra,
The Consummate
CONTINENTAL BRASS BAND.

Usual Scale of Prices—**25, 50 and 75c.** Reserved seats can be purchased at box office to-day without additional expense.

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WINTER SUIT,

do yourself the justice to examine the

Large Stock of Goods

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JAXTHEIMER

The Merchant Tailor,

32 West Main Street.

No finer fabrics are imported than he carries, and

A Fit Guaranteed

IN EVERY CASE.

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WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS
Of the body enlarged and strengthened. Full particulars sent sealed free. ERIE MED. CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Holiday Presents!

A Magnificent Display

Of the latest, the newest, the best selected stock of useful and ornamental

Christmas Presents

Prices lower than ever before. Our plush cases will be sold at any price to close out, as we shall not handle these goods again. Come early and secure bargains. Look; you may see something you want.

PRESENTS FOR LADIES - Manicure Cases, Work Boxes, Toilet Cases, Triplicate Mirrors, Odor Cases, Fine Perfumery, Purses and Card Cases.

PRESENTS FOR GENTLEMEN—Shaving Cases, Mugs, Razors, Brushes, Cigars and Cigar Cases, Whisk Brooms and Cases, Traveling Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Pocketbooks, Mirrors, etc.

THIEME & GROSS,

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

94 CALHOUN ST.

Corner Wayne.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

Now is the time to buy your Coal

At Bottom Prices

Cannel Coal, Crushed Coak. Best of Anthracite Coal and Bituminous Coal also on hand at Lowest Market Prices. Also

WOOD & KINDLING

at the "Oldest Coal Yard" in the city.

WILDING & SON

193 Calhoun Street.

Hard Coal (Pea Size) $6 per ton.

SCHEUMANN & SCHOPPMANN,

Funeral Directors and Embalmers,

No. 39 West Main Street,

Fort Wayne, - - - Indiana.

Furnish the finest Hearses and Carriages in the city. Night calls receive prompt attention. Leave orders at Winkelmeyer Bros.' office, opposite our rooms. Apr 23-6mo

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"Sunset" Cox's latest and best. "The Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey." The best and fastest selling book since our "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant."

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CHAS. L. WEBSTER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

DR. A. C. HOXSIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE

Is not a "Quack" medicine, but the tried and tested remedy of a distinguished physician, in regular standing and practice. It is

THE KING OF REMEDIES FOR
CROUP, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c.
And ACKNOWLEDGES NO COMPETITOR.
ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY-FIVE DOSES for 50c.

SCHONE & WELLMAN.



UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
39 WEST BERRY STREET.

Orders can also be left at 225 East Washington and at 44 Prichard street. Nov. 5-1y

WEAK MEN! Debilitated through Indiscretions or Excesses, WE GUARANTEE TO CURE by this NEW IMPROVED Electric Belt & Suspensory or REFUND MONEY. Made for this specific purpose. CURES OF GENERATIVE WEAKNESS, giving continuous, mild, soothing currents of electricity directly through all weak parts, restoring them to health and Vigorous Strength. Electric Current felt instantly or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. Greatest Improvements over all other belts. Worst cases permanently cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet 4c. stamp
The Sanden Electric Co. 169 LaSalle st., Chicago.

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Wanted by N. G. OLDS & SONS.

At their factory, corner of Lafayette and Toledo streets, south of the Wabash Railway track,
Second growth Hickory Butts.
Second growth Elm Butts.
Hickory, Oak and Ash Logs.
Oak and Hickory Spokes.
For particulars and prices apply at our office.
N. G. OLDS & SONS. 71-m

Wrong

To imagine that the treatment of Constipation consists merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. This is what Simmons Liver Regulator always does.

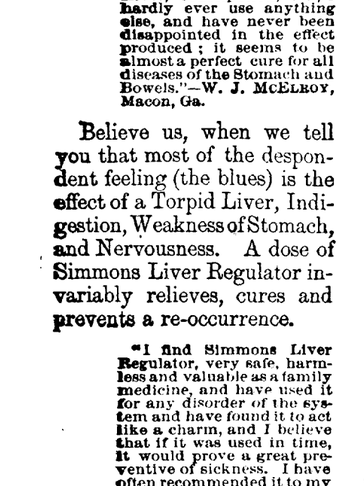
"As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels."—W. J. McELROY, Macon, Ga.

Believe us, when we tell you that most of the despondent feeling (the blues) is the effect of a Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Weakness of Stomach, and Nervousness. A dose of Simmons Liver Regulator invariably relieves, cures and prevents a re-occurrence.

"I find Simmons Liver Regulator, very safe, harmless and valuable as a family medicine, and have used it for any disorder of the system and have found it to act like a charm, and I believe that if it was used in time, it would prove a great preventive of sickness. I have often recommended it to my friends, and shall continue to do so."—Rev. JAMES. M. ROLLINS, Fairfield, Va.

Simmons Liver Regulator is given with safety and with the happiest results, in almost any ailment, to the most delicate infant as well as to the adult. For all diseases in which a laxative, alterative, or purgative is needed, it will give the most perfect satisfaction. It is the cheapest, purest and best Family Medicine in the world.

Price $1. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared by J. H. ZEILIN & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

LADIES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with

PEERLESS DYES.

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for strength, brightness, amount in packages or for fastness of color, or non-fading qualities. They do not crock or smirch. For sale by Thieme & Gross, druggists and chemists, 94 Calhoun st., and H. W. Mordhurst, druggist and apothecary, 74 Calhoun st.
mar 24-dawly.

PETER PERKIN'S DREAM.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

BY EMILY ARTHUR.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my children, ye have done it unto me."

"There is that ham, it is too old to sell, and this barrel of wormy dried apples, and a barrel of meal and one of flour, which are both a little moldy, but still good enough to give to the poor, and that half barrel of sugar that the kerosene was spilt in, and those two sacks of rice that has weevils, and you might add all that stale bread. They will make a good showing, and I guess my name will head the list, for nobody else would give so much. These things you can set aside, Mark, and to-morrow I want them carried round to the society's rooms with my compliments. Aha! This will help many a poor family to enjoy a good Christmans dinner, and will help me with my customers. Everybody likes a generous man, but few of the brethren will make as good a display as I shall to-morrow. I guess I'll go home now, Mark, and, ah, here are $2 for your Christmas. I can't afford more. You know business is slack. Well, good night."

And wizened old Peter Perkins got into his old overcoat and went home through the streets where the snow lay thick and heavy until he reached his comfortable looking three story house. After he rang the bell he muttered to himself:

"I might just as well have only given Mark $1 instead of $2. He'd a'been just as thankful, and I'd a'saved that much. And all those things there—why I could have sold them at a discount, but then after it all, I was losing ground in church custom by what they call my stinginess, and now, well, I guess after all I'm glad I give them. The poor who get them can't complain. Oh, here she comes at last! And she will expect a present, too! It seems as if everybody was beset Christmas time! I'm sick of it. Ha!"

At this instant Mrs. Warner, who was servant and housekeeper both, opened the door, her rather long face wreathed in smiles and her form dressed in her best black silk gown. Peter Perkins was astonished and surprised as she led the way to the dining room, where the old man's dinner was laid, for on the table smoked a splendid turkey, while several other dainty and toothsome dishes stood about, among them a noble mince pie that gave out a mellow, luscious odor that mortal could not withstand, and yet he turned, saying fiercely:

"Mary Warner! Who gave you authority to do this? Why, here is dinner enough for twenty, and such extravagance! I told you this morning I didn't believe in holiday nonsense, and I told you to cook half a mackerel and a potato, didn't I?"

"You did, sir, and I was going to do it; only this morning my sister in the country sent me a Christmas box, and these were in it, and as I couldn't eat them all myself I made bold to offer you half, sir, and no offense, I hope."

"Oh, well, that alters the case. Well, yes, I don't care if I do," and he allows himself to fall in the chair she pushed forward, and he fell to and in a short time had eaten a most excellent dinner, which he finished with a great golden doughnut and piece of cheese. He took these as in a dream, one in each hand, and made alternate bites of doughnut and cheese in a reflective and even retrospective manner as he thought:

"Why don't city folks learn to make crullers like this? For love nor money you couldn't buy anything like this in all this great city. They taste just as mother used to make them. Her tin cruller box was never empty and how good they were; the older they were the mellower and better they were. I remember she used to make me a boy and a mouse every time she fried crullers, and always two P's for my letters. And Christmas and New Year's she put caraway seed candies all over mine. I wonder how she did it. That mince pie was good. I think I will take another piece. It hain't cost anything and it makes me think of old times."

And so the miserly old man sat and ate until his usual bedtime came, when he lit his candle, for he never would have gas, and went to bed.

Scarcely had he got warm and comfortable when he saw standing by his bedside a stranger whose face was carefully turned away, and who wore a long, loose garment of some unknown fashion and instinctively Peter Perkins put his hand under his pillow after his revolver, thinking of robbers, but the stranger said in a low voice, which yet had such authority in it that the wretched man dared not disobey:

"Arise, dress yourself and follow me."

As in a dream the little miser followed, but they went so swiftly that he could not see where they were going until at last the stranger said:

"Open your eyes and tell me what you see."

Peter Perkins stood and gazed with his wizened face pale and frightened. He seemed to be in a vast place, so vast that it appeared to be visible illimitable space. There was no beginning nor end to anywhere, and yet he was there in the midst of this infinity of distance, and before him upon nothing stood great tables upon which was piled a heterogenous collection of everything imaginable, and while he was trying to understand this confusion, he noticed that there had appeared, rank on rank, file and file, limitless, countless numbers of cherubim and seraphim, and in the midst of this throng sat upon a crystal throne Christ, the benign, the loving, the pitiful, and his features seemed to exude sweetness and mercy from every lineament, and his smile was ineffably tender.

The cherubim and seraphim sang "Glory, glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will to men," and as Peter Perkins watched this beautiful countenance he saw its expression change. Sometimes it became that of a little child, sweet and infantine, again it was tender and pitiful, then it looked as it must have done when he said, "Come to me, all ye weary and heavy laden," then it was filled full of sorrow and merciful goodness, and then it grew stern and awful.

Then Peter Perkins noticed that there was a throng ever increasing and reaching far below them so that the end of them was far out of sight, and these people came singly to the foot of the Saviour and there laid a gift which was instantly taken by the angels and laid upon a pair of scales, which did not measure by the weight of the gift itself, but the motive, which lay, like a living heart, inside it.

Then Peter Perkins saw that all who had not yet offered their gift, had a burden to carry, large or small, and he suddenly became aware that the burden fastened upon his own back was enormous and was very heavy. But he turned to the stranger and said: "When will it be my turn?"

"When all of these shall have passed."

And he had to stand there with the great unknown weight upon his shoulders for long hours, or days, or years, he did not know which, while all these people came by.

He noticed a man who staggered by and laid a heavy weight of gold chalices and church candlesticks and other emblems at his feet, and Peter Perkins saw with surprise that they flew up in the balance as if of air. Another offered a church, which was as so much paper, and then a poor, old woman in rags staggered along with a cup of cold water as her only offering. This sent the scales down, down, as if it weighed a ton, and then a pale, thin man came and offered only a tear. This, too, weighed heavier than gold. Some times an old broken toy, or some old, worn garments, and even a crust of bread was laid at his feet, and these, too, were very heavy on those wonderful scales.

Peter Perkins noticed, too, that those whose gifts were light disappeared from view, and he watched until he saw them fall into space and fade away in distance, while the angels sent pitying glances after them.

Suddenly the Saviour said:

"Now, Peter Perkins, what gift have you brought to the Lord on this, His birthday?"

"Oh! I am willing to give you all I have, but this bundle upon my back was not intended for you, but for the poor. If you will let me go back I will return with something more worthy of you."

"But what have you in that bundle?"

"Only some flour, and meal, and sugar, and ham, and rice, which are not quite fresh and good, but I thought they would do for the poor"——

"And have you never heard of my words, when I said: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, my children, ye do it unto me?', Look, that cup of water was given by a sick and suffering woman to one who suffered worse. That holy tear was given from a pure heart that had nothing else to offer, but you, out of your abundance, offer only that which is unfit for food, and in offering that to the unfortunate poor you have offered it to me."

"I did not know! Oh! please let me go back and I will do differently?"

"Alas, you have lived your life, and you must, like all that throng you have seen; take your deeds with you to plead for or against you. You can return no more than they. All men bring their passports of good or evil actions with them here, and once they have come naught can change. They must bear their fate. Some of them did not know, but you had a mother who taught you aright, but you forgot her words of wisdom or put them aside. So, now, go your way."

And with these words Peter Perkins felt himself falling into perdition, weighted down by the mouldy flour and spoiled bread and sugar. Down, down, he went, faster than many others who were on the way, and he cried out in his agony of fear, when suddenly with that cry, he awake and sat up in bed. This then had been a dream! But it had opened his eyes, and he began to see things as he never had done before. He remembered his mother's teachings, and he slept no more that night. But as soon as daylight dawned he dressed and went to the store, where poor, faithful Mark, who had slaved ten years for him, was packing those wretched things into the wagon.

"Mark," said he, "throw all that stuff away and take double the amount of the best, and take poultry and fruit and tea and coffee and bread and sugar and butter, yes, and anything else you fancy, and make them up into separate parcels and give one good, generous basketful to every poor family you know. Yes, Mark, and then, if your mother is able to bear it, take her in a carriage and come down to my house this evening to dinner, and we will discuss our new sign with Perkins and Hancock on it. Yes, God bless us! Oh, no, I'm not crazy! I've just came to my senses," and he hurried home and astonished Mrs. Warner by a handsome crisp note for $50 and ordered a dinner which would have staggered her if she had not had so good a beginning from her sister's farm.

Ten years have passed since that time. Peter Perkins is a round, happy man. To see his jolly, benign face glow at you from over his counter makes you involuntarily look around for the other Cheeryble brother; and now if he was called he would not go empty handed before his Lord and Savior.

Salt Rheum

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's own true laxative. This pleasant California liquid fruit remedy may be had of Theime and Gross, druggists, large bottles at fifty cents or one dollar. It is the most pleasant, prompt, and effective remedy known to cleanse the system; to act on the Liver, Kidneys, and bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to cure Constipation, Indigestion, and kindred ills.

FITS: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila. Pa.

INFANTILE

SKIN DISEASES

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched, and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion your valuable remedies saved his life, and today he is a strong, healthy, child perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.

GEO. B. SMITH,
Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashland, O.
Reference: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN.

Are born into the world every day with some eczematous affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf, or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning and disfiguration of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and a single application of Cuticura, the Great Skin Cure, with a little Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Hence, no mother who loves her children, who takes a pride in their beauty, purity and health, and in bestowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance,—a skin without a blemish and a body nourished by pure blood—should fail to make trail of the Cutiura Remedies.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Cuticura Soap, 25 cents; Cuticura Resolvent, $1.00. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Medicated Soap

CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing the human voice, the mind,—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vitial force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is t me, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, price $1.

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Kidney Pains,

Strains and Weaknesses,



Relieved in one minute by that marvelous Antidote to pain, Inflammation and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster. Especially adapted to instantly relieve and speedily cure Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weakness. Warranted vastly superior to all other plasters. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston Mass.



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BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrow root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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WANTED—A girl to do general housework. Must be a good cook. References required. Call at Skelton & Watt's wholesale grocery, 141 Calhoun street.

WANTED.—AN ACTIVE MAN (ONE OUT of employment) to begin on fair salary and work himself up, representing, in his own locality, an old established house. References exchanged.
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WANTED.—To rent a house, with all modern conveniences. Call or leave word at this office. 7-tf

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FOR SALE.—Two good show cases, for sale cheap. Apply to H. H. Barcus. 19-tf

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FOR RENT.—One furnished room at 81 West Washington street. Call at residence. 16-tf

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FOR RENT.—A brick house with eight rooms and basement. Good barn for three horses. Water and gas all through the house. A good location for a physician. 123 E. Main street. Enquire of J. D. Dickerson, No. 19 Lafayette. 5 tf

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And do not decay like stone. Investigate before purchasing.
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Opera Glasses, Statuary, Vases, Card Receivers, etc. From 25 to 40 per cent. Reduction in Silverware. Finest Assortment Exhibited in the city, such as Tea Sets, Water Sets, Ice Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Castors, Cups, Spoon Holders, Butter Dishes, Jewel Cases, Nut Picks and Crack, Fruit Stands, Table Cutlery, Plated, Ivory and Pearl Handles, Forks and Spoons of every Pattern, Solid Gold and Silver Headed Canes, Fine Silk Umbrellas, with Gold Silver and Ivory Mounted; also a full Line of Oxidised Silver Jewelry, which I am Offering Very Cheap for

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My stock is the most complete of any ever offered in the city. Having made my selection from stocks in New York, myself, has given me the advantage of procuring the newest and most elegant goods at the lowest prices. The public is requested to call and examine my assortment before making their holiday purchases, as I will make it to their interest to do so. I am selling goods cheaper than ever before.

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HOLIDAY PRESENTS

Diamonds, Watches,

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The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars (a letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2811 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.

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Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

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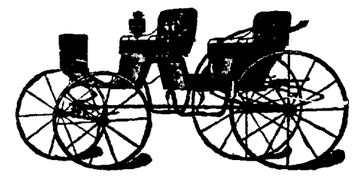
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DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

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$6 a Day--A Gold Mine

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Oolong, Black, very fine.
Young Hyson, very fine.
Japan, strickly uncolored.
English Breakfast.

COFFEES!

Old Government Java.
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Roasted fresh every day.

Pyke's Grocery,
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Aug. 15-1y

BLAINE'S ARGUMENT REVIEWED.

An Old Republican Recalls His Official Report on the Cotton Trade.

He Says if the Republican Party Opposes Tariff Reform He Will Vote for Cleveland.

The following letter from a life-long Republican, living at Dayton, Ohio, is printed in the Chicago *Tribune:*

Mr. Blaine's "bugle blast" seems to have a hollow sort of echo. Yet many call it an unanswerable reply to Mr. Cleveland, without seeming to perceive how superficial it is. For instance, his reply to this question:

"Then you think the question of labor underlies the whole subject?"

"Of course it does," replied Mr. Blaine. "Whenever you can force carpenters, masons, iron-workers, and mechanics in every department to work as cheaply and live as poorly in the United States as similar workmen in Europe, we can of course manufacture just as cheaply as they do in England and France. But I am totally opposed to a policy that would entail any such results. To attempt it is equal to a social and financial revolution—one that would bring untold distress."

These are portentous words, and, were they based on a real condition approximating that which he assumes to exist, they would be well worth considering; but if we are to believe Mr. Blaine's own testimony they are not so based.

When Mr. Blaine was Secretary of State under Garfield he sent to the House of Representatives a report on the cotton trade of the world, signed by himself. Speaking of wages he said:

The wages of spinners and weavers in Lancashire and Massachusetts, according to the foregoing statement, were as follows:

Spinners—English, $7.29 to $8.40, master spinners running as high as $12; American, $7.07 to $10.30.

Weavers—English, $3.81 to $8.64, subject at date at which those figures were given to a reduction of 10 per cent.; American, $1.82 to $8.75.

The average wage of employes in the Massachusetts mills is as follows, according to official figures: Men, $8.20; women, $6.42; male children, $1.11; female children, $3.08. According to Consul Shaw's report the average wages of men employed in the Lancashire mills Jan. 1, 1882, was about $8 per week, subject to a reduction of 10 per cent.; women from $3.40 to $4.30, subject to a reduction of 10 per cent.

The hours of labor in the Lancashire mills are fifty-six, in the Massachusetts mills sixty per week. The hours of labor in the other New England States, where the wages are less than in Massachusetts, are usually sixty-six to sixty-nine per week.

Summing up the Consular reports, he says:

It thus appears that each American operative works up as much raw material as two British operatives—turns out $1.51 worth of manufactures to the British operative's $1 worth; and even in piece goods, where the superior quality and weight of the American goods are so marked, the American operative turns out 2.75 yards to 2.50 yards of the British operative.

He concludes this branch of the subject with the following weighty remark:

"Undoubtedly the inequalities in the wages of English and American operatives are more than equalized by the greater efficiency of the latter and their longer hours of labor."

In the face of such facts over his own signature, what folly for Mr. Blaine to talk of inequality in the price of labor. Why, it is safe to say that, with raw material as cheap as England and France command theirs, we can manufacture any kind of goods under the sun of which our artisans have knowledge and compete with these great manufacturing nations in like quality. It is a well-known fact that our cotton goods sell in England and France in open competition with their own manufacture; and so would many grades of our woolen goods if we could obtain our wool and dyestuffs as cheaply as they.

But Mr. Blaine treats a foreign commerce with contempt. He says it all amounted last year to only $1,960,000,000 both ways, and that our internal trade amounts to $40,000,000,000 or $50,000,000,000. Startling figures these, Mr. Blaine, if true; but, like your other argument, they are essentially incorrect for purposes of comparison. The $1,960,000,000 of imports and exports is the net cost before duty is paid, and represents but a single transaction; while the enormous figure used to represent our internal commerce represents every business transaction in the country, including the sale of the importations through several hands and the exports also. The actual value of all products of manufacturing and mining in this country in 1879, according to the last census, was $5,369,579,191; and in 1887 it will possibly reach $6,700,000,000, and no more; and out of this beginning Mr. Blaine magnifies our internal trade into $50,000,000,000.

Mr. Blaine assumes that our markets must be found in Europe. Well, give us the same show in raw materials that other manufacturing countries have and we will sell carpets in Brussels and cutlery in Birmingham, and pay just as good wages to our mechanics as we now do—in fact, better, for they will have a customs work, and no strikes or disturbance. But our markets must be found in South America, in Mexico, in fast-developing Africa, in China and Japan; and even in India we will sell Yankee notions. Out upon the nonsense of trade that would confine the trade of a people to transfers of commodities among themselves.

I am a Republican—an out-and-outer; never voted for a Democrat for a higher office than that of Street Commissioner in my life; but, if the dear old party of progress and of civilization is to oppose so reasonable a revenue-reform policy as that enunciated by President Cleveland, I for one will vote for Mr. Cleveland next year, though still adhering to the grand old party in all State and municipal elections.

If Mr. Blaine had remained Secretary of State long enough, perhaps he would have instituted comparative researches as to the wages of our American and the European miners and workers in metal. If he had, he would not have made any remarks about the inequalities of wages in their case as compared with our better facilities and superior intelligence, for here he would have found wages paid in Pennsylvania mines and in some branches of iron-working to be actually lower than in England; and, had he been inclined to disbelieve it, he could have gone among the workmen of that great protected State, and found them in a most deplorable condition. The condition of workingmen in Pennsylvania is simply bad beyond description. I know, for I have been there and seen it. Henry George's *North American Review* papers did not overdraw the picture.

HUGH M'CULLOCH'S VIEWS.

The Republican Financier Agrees in the Main with the President's Message.

To the New York *World's* Washington correspondent Hugh McCulloch, who was Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, and for a few months at the close of the administration under President Arthur, expressed himself fully and frankly upon the tariff question. Mr. McCulloch has been identified with financial institutions for many years, and in addition to his long public service has been connected with several of the most flourishing private banking houses in the country. His views, therefore, both as a Republican and financier, in reference to the President tariff policy may be regarded as of special importance.

"I have always regarded the policy of Henry Clay as the only true tariff doctrine," said he. "I have considered myself in point of fact an old Henry Clay Whig, and believe in a revenue tariff with, perhaps, incidental protection. The Constitution, as I read it, gives absolutely no right to frame a tariff for protection, and, though an old instrument, the Constitution is still a guide that it is perfectly safe to follow. We are not prohibited by its provisions from levying a tax which shall protect an industry, but there is nowhere to be found authority for the establishment of a protective system for protection's sake."

"In what respect, then, do you agree with the President in the view which he takes of the questions embraced in the tariff?"

"In the main I agree with those views. I am very glad to see Mr. Cleveland insist with such emphasis upon putting the issue squarely before the people. His action under the circumstances marks him as a man whose ability has been greatly underestimated. There is no question over which the General Government has jurisdiction that is of such vital importance as the financial policy which we are to pursue. Mr. Cleveland has marked out a course which can safely be followed.

A WEATHER report—A thunder-clap.—*Boston Courier.*

Ceremonies Over a Tree.

Buddhists readers will receive with dismay the news which last mail brings from Ceylon. The sacred Bo tree of Anuradhapura, the most ancient and authentic relic of Guatama, and probably the most aged tree in the world, has been shattered in a storm.

The facts as related by more than one local correspondent are as follows: The district of Anuradhapura suffered this year, as it frequently does, from a continuous drought of eight months. October 4, the inhabitants were bidden by beat of tom-tom to assemble at the Bo tree and pray for rain. The same night, apparently before the invocation, the storm broke with violent wind, lightning, thunder and rain. The main branch of the sacred tree was severed, leaving only a stem of four feet, but whether this is in height or in circumference is not stated.

The Bo tree is a semi-sentient being; it is "worshipful" and "ever victorious." Wherefore, when a part of it dies, it receives last rites similiar to those paid to kings and priests, the most honored of mankind; it is cremated. This ceremony took place with full honors October 6. Early in the morning two men called kapuwas ("cutters"), arrayed in suits of black, arrived at the tree. "They covered up their mouths with black handkerchiefs, tying the ends at the back of their heads, and with a small cross-cut saw divided the broken branch." Two tom-tom beaters supplied the music of their craft while the ceremony proceeded. The branch was then sawn into convenient pieces and loaded in a cart "prepared for the purpose with white cloth ceiling, etc." Thus was it borne in perahera (solemn procession) to the Thupurama Dagoba, where the cremation of the local chief priest is wont to be held. The ashes were reverently carried to the tank of Tisawewa hard by, and there dissolved. *Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!* The remnant of the tree now received its appropriate treatment. Women bore water for the bathing of the bleaching trunk, and on the following night the Pirit service, for the exorcism of evil spirit, was solemnly performed at the time-honored site, where the remaining stem, though probably unsightly now, will in time flourish with all the vitality of the Ficus religiosa.—*Colorado Exchange.*

New Anæsthetic.

"Anything new in medical circles?" repeated a gentleman of the profession, in response to the question of a reporter. "Of course there is. The most important new thing just at present is a new anæsthetic. It will probably be as interesting to patients as to physicians."

"And what is it?"

"Well, sir, a few weeks ago a horse-doctor down in Louisiana wanted a soothing poultice for a sore leg. He went out and gathered some leaves from under a tree and applied them to the sore. They relieved the pain so much that he went back to see what the tree was, and learned that it was a common honey-locust. The circumstance was communicated to pharmacists and physicians, and a number of experiments were made by them, the result of which was that within the last two months a new anæsthetic, twice as powerful as cocaine, has been derived from the leaves of the common honey-locust."

"Do you think it will take the place of cocaine?"

"That is hard to tell, as yet, but very probably it will. Cocaine has been reduced greatly in prices as it has come into general use, but it is still costly. In 1883 it was quoted at 50 cents per grain; now it is 5 cents per grain, but that means $350 per pound avoirdupois. I presume the new anæsthetic can be put on the market at a much lower figure, and if it can, unless it should be found to have some objectionable quality which is yet unknown, it will, of course, take the place of cocaine."

End of a Boom.

First Easterner—I guess you remember me. We met in Los Angeles.

Second Easterner—I remember you perfectly. You are the good angel who sold me a corner lot on which I made a small fortune. I sold that lot for $60,000. You know I only paid you $30,000 for it.

"Yes, and as you did so well I don't mind confessing that nearly all that $30,000 was clear profit. I bought that lot for a couple of hundred dollars. By the way, what became of the man you sold to?"

"The last I heard of him he was in the almshouse."—*Omaha World.*

"Ah me!" sighed Potts, "I'm tired of living,
The world is hollow, ambition's vain."
"Come now!" said his chum, "I know the symptoms:
It's all your liver—that's very plain.
"You need not suffer, for help is easy;
Pierce's Pellets go right to the place.
'A friend to the bilious,' I well might call them—
There's nothing better; they'll suit your case."
Potts ceased his sighing and bought the "Pellets."
No more he mourneth his hapless lot!
His face is cheerful, his heart is lightsome,
His melancholy is quite forgot!

Not An Amazon.

A.—Who is that stout, bold-looking woman over there?

B.—That's Mrs. Horsey. She is a magnificent rider, and takes great pleasure in athletic sports. In fact, she is a regular Amazon.

"Is she a widow?"

"No, she is a married woman, and got half a dozen young children."

"Got a lot of young children, has she? Well, then, you should not call her an Amazon. It would be more appropriate to call her a Mamma-zon."—*Texas Siftings.*

HE who possesses a friend whom he can trust, one who is found faithful through storm and sunshine, has one of the rarest treasures which this world holds.

THE first iron boat is said to have been built in 1777 on the River Foss, in Yorkshire. It was fifteen feet long and made of sheet iron.

EVEN the worst people have some good left in them.

DR. SAGE'S Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

YOU can outlive a slander in half the time you can outargue it.—*Law Circular.*

WHEN the jury is in doubt a murderer takes a trick.

Popular Education.

We sympathize with the feeling which often leads citizens to boast that no child born in this country need grow up in ignorance, and yet it is a fact that many people who have learned to read and write have never taught themselves to *think*. A man who suffered from catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, scrofula, or "liver complaint," might read, till his eyes dropped out, how these and many other diseases have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, but if he did not take the lesson to himself and test the virtues of this great medicine, his time would be thrown away.

A SERIES of paints which are made ready for use simply by the addition of cold water, have for some time past been successfully introduced abroad, the paint thus produced drying, it is stated, with a fine, hard surface, which, though mixed only with water, is impervious to rain and uninjured by frequent washings, even with diluted disinfectants; and, as oil and turpentine are also dispensed with, the paints have the additional advantage of being free from objectionable smell. They can be employed for exterior work on wood, as well as on brick, plaster, iron and stone, and for interiors are claimed to be peculiarly applicable; the paint can likewise be reduced by oil, a hard and glossy surface being thus produced. It is thought that non-poisonous and washable paints of the character here described must prove of peculiar adaptation for tropical countries generally, where cleanliness and freedom from infection are particularly requisite, but where, as is well known, the application of the ordinary oil paints and disinfectants is neglected.

For Throat Diseases and Coughs use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Like all *really good* things, they are imitated. *The genuine are sold only in boxes.*

THE first steps of love are found in the admiring stares of the young couple.—*Boston Bulletin.*

In General Debility, Emaciation, Consumption, and wasting in children, Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system, and builds up the body. Please read: "I tried Scott's Emulsion on a young man whom physicians at times gave up hope. Since he began using the Emulsion his cough has ceased, gained flesh and strength, and from all appearances his life will be prolonged many years."—JOHN SULLIVAN, Hospital Steward, Morganza, Pa.

SOZZLE says the reason he takes his whisky straight is because his mouth always waters for it.—*Boston Commercial.*

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS warm up and invigorate the stomach, improves and strengthens the digestive organs, opens the pores, promotes prespiration, and equalizes the circulation. As a corrector of disordered system there is nothing to equal it.

THERE is one tie-up that everyone can approve of, and that is marriage.—*Boston Post.*

Cheap Farming Lands South.

It is a recognized fact that the cheapest farming lands in America to-day are in the South, and men of much or moderate means, looking for real estate investments, or permanent homes, should not fail to visit the following points, where so many Northern people are now settling, viz: *Jackson, Tennessee; Aberdeen* and *Jackson, Mississippi; Hammond, Crowley, Jennings, Welsh* and *Lake Charles, Louisiana.* Round Trip Tourist tickets, limited to June 1st, 1888, with stop-over privileges south of Cairo, Illinois, are on sale to New Orleans, Jennings and Lake Charles. For rates apply to nearest ticket agent, and be sure your ticket reads via the Illinois Central Railroad from Chicago or St. Louis. For pamphlet entitled "Southern Home Seeker's Guide," and circulars concerning the above named points, address the undersigned, at Manchester, Iowa.

J. F. MERRY, Gen. West. Pass. Agt.

The Popular Thoroughfare.

The Wisconsin Central Line, although a comparatively new factor in the railroad systems of the Northwest, has acquired and enviable popularity. Through careful attention to details, its service is as near perfection as might be looked for. The train attendants seem to regard their trusts as individual property and as a result the public is served par-excellence. The road now runs solid through fast trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis with Pullman's best and unequaled dining-cars; it also runs through, solid sleepers between Chicago, Ashland, Duluth, and the famous mining regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

PISO'S Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This successful medicine is a carefully-prepared extract of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known to medical science as Alteratives, Blood Purifiers, Diuretics, and Tonics, such as Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Stillingia, Dandelion, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Wild Cherry Bark and other selected roots, barks and herbs. A medicine, like anything else, can be fairly judged only by its results. We point with satisfaction to the glorious record Hood's Sarsaparilla has entered for itself upon the hearts of thousands of people who have personally or indirectly been relieved of terrible suffering which all other remedies failed to reach. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR

INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for Indigestion that they have ever used.

We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM,

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY. IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price $1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.

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HOW THEY FALL BEHIND.



There is really no profit in recommending the worthless, for the reaction in the minds of those who buy and are deceived is pointedly against everything sold by such a dealer. Hence, the force of the following voluntary letter, which is based upon the conscientious conviction formed from the long and cautious experience of a leading drug house of Boston, represents in every line a most important and valued revelation: "Boston July 11, 1887.—The Charles A. Vogeler Co.—Gentlemen: Many preparations are placed before the public, and for a time at least they have a large but temporary sale—large, because of the extensive advertising; temporary as the suffering class soon realize that the compound possesses but little merit. Not so with St. Jacobs Oil. Its success has been constant from the start, and to-day we regard it as one of those standard remedies that our trade consider as absolutely essential to always carry in their stock. Personal experience and the good words of the druggists of New England all tend to prove that each year will add to its sale and well deserved popularity. Signed, Doolittle & Smith." Taking the many cases of cure, published by the proprietors, examples are given of its unvarying effects in the worst chronic cases, and there is nothing in trade which can approach its efficacy.

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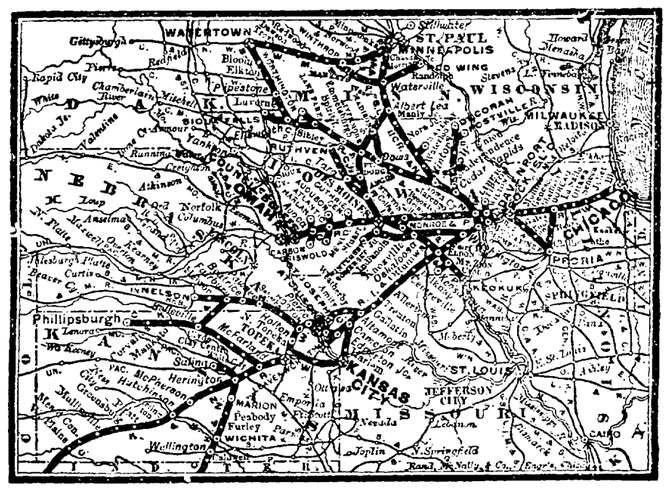
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THE RED GOBBLER.

BY OPIE P. READ.



THOMAS BLUECOOGLE, editor and proprietor of the Hickory Bluff *Seasoned Timber*, a weekly paper, which, in a long line of heavy-face type, constantly kept standing, declared itself to be published in the interest of West Fork Co., was deeply troubled. His trouble was not caused by an inability to meet any financial demand made against the office, nor was it the result of an indiscreet political alliance. It was caused by the fact that Mr. Bluecoogle had found himself unable to provide for his readers an interesting and wholly original Christmas story. He had offered a prize of one year's subscription for an available story, and although this munificent proposal had greatly stimulated the "literarians" of West Fork County, yet a critical examination of the mass of manuscript that had been turned in failed to discover a story of even passable skill.

"I've got to go to press to-morrow," said the editor, addressing his wife, "and I haven't found a story yet." He had gone home, and was sitting in front of his fire, made cheerless by his own dejection.

"Can't you clip one from some paper?" Mrs. Bluecoogle asked, as she placed a dish-pan of apples on a stool-bottom chair.

"That wouldn't let me out, for I have promised that it shall be original."

Mrs. Bluecoogle sighed sympathetically, tucked up her skirts, and began to busy herself with paring the apples. Just then the editor's son a sprightly, boy twelve years of age, entered the room.

"Have you got a Christmas story yet?" he asked.

"No," the editor replied.

"Going to have one?"

"I am afraid not."

"Print mine."

"Yours!"

"Yes; I wrote one. Here it is."

He handed the editor a scrawling manuscript, and, in a sort of embarrassed glee, ran from the room. The editor read the following:

One time in a country way off somewhere, I don't know where, there lived a boy named Bill. He lived with his mother and sister. His father was dead. They were poor and lived in a house that they rented from a mighty mean man. In that country a red turkey gobbler would show himself every year just before Christmas. The oldest men said that their grandfathers could not remember when the red gobbler first come. Somehow it was known that anyone that killed the red gobbler would have good luck, but that anybody who tried to kill him and failed would have bad luck. For years and years people tried to kill the red gobbler, but could not, and such bad luck had come to everyone who had tried, that every year, just before Christmas, the preachers would warn everybody not to go near the awful bird.

One night in December the mean man came over and told Bill's mother that if she didn't have the rent money by Christmas morning he would have her put out of the house. The poor woman had been sick for a long time and was not able to get out of her bed. Bill was not in the room when the mean man told his mother what she would have to do, and when he came in after the man left and found her crying, he thought that it was because she had such pains, but when she told him what the mean man had said, he felt like crying too, but he didn't. Bill sat down by the fire, and after thinking a long time said, that he wished he could kill the red gobbler when he came around again.

"My son," said his mother, "don't talk that way; that gobbler has caused hundreds of people to be ruined. The last man that tried to kill him took fire and burnt up. If you were to try, something awful would happen."

Bill didn't say anything, but he shook his head, and thought a good deal, and that evening, when he went out walking in the woods, he took the great big rifle that his father used to kill bears and deers with a long, long time ago.

"It might not do for me to shoot at the red gobbler," he said, as he walked along through the woods; "but he better not come flopping about me. Great goodness! what's that?"

He looked up, and there set the gobbler in a tree. He was a great big thing, and was as red as blood, and when he saw Bill



looking at him he gobbled so loud that twigs were shaken from the tree, and he winked at Bill and stretched one leg at him. Bill sat down and tried to think, but he couldn't; so he put his gun on a log and took good aim at the red gobbler's breast, and fired. The red gobbler lifted up both wings and gobbled so loud that Bill began to tremble. Then the gobbler flew away, and Bill at once Bill felt an awful pain in his breast. It hurt him so that he fell on the ground, and then being afraid that he might die out there by himself, he took up his gun and staggered home. When he got home he found his mother and sister both suffering with pains in their breasts, and he fell down on the floor and rolled. Bill and his mother and sister rolled and tumbled all night, and the poor woman said: "Oh, me, William, didn't you shoot at that red gobbler?" And Bill he said: "Oh, my, what would I wanter do that for?"

The next day was the day before Christmas, and Bill, after rolling around until late in the evening, saying, "Oh, my!" and "Ah, me!" got up and took the gun and went out in the woods. It was all he could do to walk, but he pushed ahead, for he thought that if he didn't kill something for his mother and sister to eat they would die. I forgot to say that they didn't have anything in the house to eat. Well, he had got a good ways out in the woods when the reddest bird he ever did see flew up in a tree in front of him.

"You try so hard to look like that red gobbler that I'll settle with you right here," said Bill, and he lifted up the big rifle and took aim, but the little bird looked so pitiful that he took the gun down. The bird flew away, and Bill went on and shot at a rabbit but missed it. When he went to load his gun again he found that he didn't have another bullet, and while he stood thinking about it, with the pain in his breast



He put his rifle against a tree.

hurting him all the time, the little red bird flew over and lighted on a tree and began to sing, "Put in a red grain o' corn; put in a red grain o' corn."

"What do you mean?" said Bill, much surprised, for he never had heard a bird sing that way before.

"Put in a red grain o' corn; put in a red grain o' corn," sang the bird.

The pain in Bill's breast got so bad that he turned away to go home. The bird flew away, but before Bill had gone very far the bird flew in front of him and dropped something and sang:

"Put in a red grain o' corn; put in a red grain o' corn."

Bill looked down and saw that the bird had dropped a red grain of corn. He picked it up and said: "I will put it in my rifle just for luck." So he loaded his rifle with the red grain of corn and started on home. He had not gone but a short distance further when he heard a noise that made him shake until his teeth chattered, and, looking up in a tree, he saw the big red gobbler. The gobbler looked at him and the pain in Bill's breast grew worse.



The gobbler was so heavy.

Just then the bird that had been following along sang: "Shoot him! shoot him!" Bill was scared nearly to death, but knowing that he had already been marked by the gobbler for death or something else that was awful, said: "You can't do any more than you are going to do, anyway, so I'll try you, even if it is with a grain of corn."

He put the rifle against a tree, but somehow couldn't take a good aim, and while he was trying to get down closer, he touched the trigger. Bang! went the gun, and with an awful flopping the red gobbler fell with his head shot off, and in a minute Bill's pain was gone. The gobbler was so heavy it was as much as Bill could do to drag it home, but he got there after a while. It was dark when he got home, and being afraid that he might scare his mother and sister, he went into the kitchen and picked the gobbler, and when he got through he piled all the red feathers up in a corner. Then he put the turkey on a table and went in to tell his mother and sister, and he found them sitting by the fire, laughing, without any pains in their breasts. "I have killed the red gobbler," cried Bill, and his mother said "Oh, me!" and his sister said "Oh, my!" Then he took them out in the kitchen, and when they had looked on the table, instead of finding a gobbler they found a whole lot of silk dresses, and when they looked for the red feathers they found a big pile of gold.

That night the mean man took a pain in his breast and died, and Bill and his mother lived a long time and were happy, and that's all.

The boy opened the door and peeped into the room.

"Here, John," cried the editor, "I'll be hanged if I don't print your story. Of course you don't want the prize, so I'll compensate you in another way. I'll pay you back that money I borrowed from you—as soon as I can."

INCLINED TO BONE.

"Mr. Crusty," said Mr. Puffer while he carved the Christmas gobbler, "what part of the turkey do you like best? What is your preference?"

"The meat, of course. You didn't have an idea that I inclined to bone, did you?" snapped Crusty."

"Well, you must admit you are quite lean."

Christmas in Scandinavia.

In the cold northern lands of Norway and Sweden, name days, birthdays, and Christmas, are the principal festivals of the year which are celebrated by both rich and poor. The last, especially, is a time of great rejoicing, and all keep holiday from Christmas Eve until Twelfth Day, the 6th of January. At this season every cottage, as well as every mansion, is cleaned from top to bottom, white curtains are hung at the windows, and the tables covered with snowy cloths. Peasants and nobles don their best Sunday clothing, and the gifts, which few are too poor to prepare for each other, are sometimes thrown into the rooms, so that the donors may be guessed at, but not positively known. In country churches, service is held at four o'clock on Christmas morning, when, for the only time in the year, the sanctuary is illuminated with candles; but there are no evergreen decorations as with us. In the wintry dawn then sledges packed with good people may be seen gliding over the frozen lakes, and beneath the pine and birch trees, glittering with rime in the starlight; and peasants trudge many miles through the snow to attend this early celebration of the Feast of Lights. In our mind's eye we see a poor woman returning from church just as the rising sun gilds the snow-crowned pines and sparkles on the quiet fiord. She has cut a small fir tree by the way, to help make her little cot look more festive for the great day, and, it may be she will hang the green boughs with small frosted cakes, spun-sugar candy, and bits of sweet bread flavored with saffron, to delight her flaxen-haired, blue-eyed little Gotfried, Adolph, Thora and Ingeborg. Simple and plain enough would seem to us the Christmas feast of the Swedish peasants, for roast beef and plum pudding are there almost unknown, and it usually consists of salt fish, with horseradish sauce, salt pork, rice, milk and cakes, which, however, are eaten with a keen and hearty relish. In the farming districts, too, they have a very charming custom, for, on Christmas morning, the farmer's wife distributes loaves of bread among all the very poor in her neighborhood, while her husband fastens a sheaf of wheat or corn on a tall pole as a Christmas banquet for the birds, an attention which the little feathered pensioners of the air fully appreciate. So the happy, holy season is made a time of "good will to all," in cold, frost-bound Scandinavia, as well as in less frigid lands.

History of New Year's.

It is very appropriate that the 1st of January should be the first day of the first month of the year, as far as the Northern Hemisphere is concerned; since its beginning, being near the winter solstice, the year is thus made to present a complete series of the seasonal changes and operations, including equally the first movements of spring and the death of all annual vegetation in the frozen arms of winter. Yet the earliest calendars, as the Jewish, the Egyptian and Greek, did not place the commencement of the year at this point. It was not done till the formation of the Roman calendar, usually attributed to the second king, Numa Pompilius, whose reign is set down as terminating anno 672 B. C. Numa, it is said, having decreed that the year should commence now, added two new months to the ten into which the year had previously been divided, calling the first Januarius in honor of Janus, the deity supposed to preside over doors (Lat. janua, a door), who might very naturally be presumed also to have something to do with the opening of the year.

Although, however, there was a general popular regard for the 1st of January as the beginning of the year, the ancient Jewish year, which opened with the 25th of March, continued long to have a legal position in Christian countries. In England it was not till 1752 that the 1st of January became the initial day of the legal, as it had long been of the popular, year. Before that time it was customary to set down dates between the 1st of January and the 24th of March, inclusive, thus: January 30, 1648-9; meaning that popularly the year was 1649, but legally 1648. In Scotland this desirable change was made by a decree of James VI. in privy council in the year 1600. It was effected in France in 1564; in Holland, Protestant Germany and Russia in 1700, and in Sweden in 1753.

According to Verstegan, in his curious book, "The Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," our Saxon ancestors originally called this month Wolf-monat—that is, Wolf-month—"because people were wont always in that month to be more in danger to be devoured by wolves than in any season else of the year, for that, through the extremity of cold and snow, those ravenous creatures could not find beasts sufficient to feed upon." Subsequently the month was named by the same people Aefter-Yule—that is, After-Christmas. It is rather odd that we should have abandoned the Saxon names of the months, while retaining those of the days of the week.

Why the Sea is Salt.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND OF THE VERY IMAGINATIVE NORSE PEASANT.

The Norse peasant, in his popular tales, has a curious solution for the oft-asked question, "Why is the sea salt?" It appears that, once upon a time, long ago, there were two brothers, one rich and the other poor. Now it happened on Christmas Eve that the poor one had not so much as a crumb of bread to eat, so he went to his brother for help, who gave him a flitch of bacon, at the same time bidding him go to a certain evil magician. On arriving at the magician's house he was surrounded by a host of persons anxious to buy his flitch.

"Well," said he, "by rights my old dame and I ought to have this bacon for our Christmas dinner, but since you have all set your hearts on it I suppose you must have it, but if I sell it all I must have in return that quern behind the door yonder." At first the old magician laughed outright at this proposal, but the "poor brother" stuck to it, and so at last the magician parted with his quern. On reaching home the clock struck 12 as his wife met him at the door, wondering what had kept him so long.

"Oh!" said he, "you shall quickly see the cause of my delay;" after which words he put the quern on the table, bidding it grind everything necessary for the Christmas fare. The wife, as may be imagined, stood thunderstruck, watching the quern grind out dainties enough to last till Twelfth Day. When, however, the rich brother saw on Christmas Day all that was on the table he was very envious, and said, "Whence have you got all this wealth?"

For some time the poor brother refused to tell; but in the course of the day's rejoicing he incautiously gave out the history of the magic quern, which his brother ultimately bought for three hundred dollars. Before long, however, he found that it kept on grinding, and so alarmed was he that he resold it to his brother for the same money that purchased it.

As before, it soon brought renewed prosperity to the poor brother, which enabled him to buy a golden house, the fame whereof spread far and wide, and attracted strangers from all parts. So one day a stranger came to see the quern, and the first question he asked was whether it could grind salt. "Grind salt?" said the owner, "I should just think so, and anything else you like."

Thereupon, so anxious was he to buy the quern, that he promised to pay untold wealth for it. Secured of his prize he put to sea, and when so far off that no one could reach him he said to the quern, "Grind salt, and grind both fast and good." No sooner had he spoken than the quern forthwith began grinding salt, which, in an amazing short time, arose in heaps on the deck and threatened to sink his vessel. Alarmed at the rapidity with which the quern kept grinding, he entreated it on his knees to leave off; but it still went on, and before many minutes the vessel sank beneath the weight of salt. But the quern, beneath the water, keeps grinding, and hence the saltness of the water.

The Christmas Greens.

There is something especially expressive of the Christian feeling in the greens which we hang up now, the hanging of which is usually made a festival for the young people of the parish or of the house; for what can be more symbolical of the ever fresh and growing bond between the Creator and His creation than the undying and unfading Christmas green, which through all the heats of summer and under all the snows of winter never looses its life and sweetness?

WHOLESOME RECREATION.

Discourse by Dr. Talmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

The Gymnasium as a Means of Recuperating Mental and Physical Energies—Music a Source of Illimitable Recreation and Amusement.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 18.—At the Tabernacle this morning the whole congregation sang the hymn beginning:

> The harp of Zion yields
> A thousand sacred sweets
> Before we reach the heavenly fields
> Or walk the golden streets.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached on "Recreations Good and Bad," taking two texts: I Cor. vii, 31: "They that use this world, as not abusing it;" and Judges xvi, 25: "And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport." Dr. Talmage said:

We are entering the gayest season of the year. The winter opens before us the gates of a thousand amusements, some of them good and some bad. One of my texts will show you that amusements may be destructive, my other text will show you that amusements may be under the divine blessing and direction.

There were 3,000 people assembled in the temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried. "Fetch him out! fetch him out!" Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired, and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house; so he says to the lad who leads him, "Show me where the main pillars are." The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his right hand on one pillar and his left hand on another pillar, and, with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine press. "And so it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport."

In other words: There are amusements that are destructive, and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The 3,000 who perished that day in Gaza are as nothing compared with the tens of thousands who have been destroyed by sinful amusements.

But the other text I have read implies that there is a lawful use of the world as well as an unlawful abuse of it, and the difference between the man Christian and the man un-Christian is, that in the former case the man masters the world, while in the latter case the world masters him. For whom did God make this grand and beautiful world? For whom this wonderful expenditure of color, this gracefulness of line, this mosaic of the ground, this fresco of the sky, this glowing fruitage of orchard and vineyard, this full orchestra of the tempest, in which the tree branches flute, and the winds trumpet, and the thunders drum, and all the splendors of earth and sky come clashing their cymbals? For whom did God spring the arched bridge of colors resting upon buttresses of broken storm clouds? For whom did He gather the upholstery of fire around the window of the setting sun? For all men; but more especially for His own dear children.

If you build a large mansion, and spread a great feast after it to celebrate the completion of the structure, do you allow strangers to come in and occupy the place while you thrust your own children in the kitchen or the barn or the fields? Oh, no. You say: "I am very glad to see strangers in my mansion, but my own sons and daughters shall have the first right there." Now God has built this grand mansion of a world, and He has spread a glorious feast in it; and while those who are strangers to His grace may come in, I think that God especially intends to give the advantage to His own children, those who are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, those who through grace can look up and say, "Abba, Father." You cannot make me believe that God gives more advantage to the world than He gives to the church bought by His own blood. If, therefore, people of the world have looked with dolorous sympathy upon those who make profession of religion, and have said, "Those new converts are going down into privation and into hardship. Why did not they tarry a little longer in the world, and have some of its enjoyments and amusements and recreations?" I say to such men of the world, "You are greatly mistaken," and before I get through I will show that those people who stay out of the kingdom of God have the hardships and self denials, while those who come in have the joys and the satisfaction.

This morning, in the name of the King of Heaven and earth, I serve a writ of ejectment on all the sinful and polluted who have squatted on the domain of earthly pleasure as though it belonged to them, while I claim, in behalf of the good and the pure and the true, the eternal inheritance which God has given them.

Hitherto, Christian philanthropists, clerical and lay, have busied themselves chiefly in denouncing sinful recreations; but I feel we have no right to stand before men and women in whose hearts there is a desire for recreation amounting to positive necessity, denouncing this and that and the other thing, when we do not propose to give them something better. God helping me this morning, and with reference to my last account, I shall enter upon a sphere not usual in sermonizing, but a subject which I think ought to be presented at this time. I propose now to lay before you some of the recreations which are not only innocent, but positively helpful and advantageous.

In the first place, I commend, among indoor recreations, music, vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which began with so sweet a serenade, is finally to be demolished amidst the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet, so that as there was music at the start, there shall be music at the close. While this heavenly art has often been dragged into the uses of superstition and dissipation, we all know it may be the means of high moral culture. Oh, it is a grand thing to have our children brought up amidst the sound of cultured voices and amidst the melody of musical instruments. There is in this art an indescribable fascination for the household. Let all those families who have the means to afford it, have flute or harp, or piano or organ. As soon as the hand is large enough to compass the keys, teach it how to pick out the melody. Let all our young men try this heavenly art upon their nature. Those who have gone into it fully have found in it illimitable recreation and amusement. Dark days, stormy nights, seasons of sickness, business disasters, will do little toward depressing the soul which can gallop off over musical keys or soar in jubilant lay. It will cure pain. It will rest fatigue. It will quell passion. It will revive health. It will reclaim dissipation. It will strengthen the immortal soul. In the battle of Waterloo, Wellington saw that the Highlanders were falling back. He said, "What is the matter there?" He was told that the band of music had ceased playing, and he called up the pipers and ordered them to strike up an inspiring air; and no sooner did they strike the air than the Highlanders were rallied, and helped to win the day. Oh, ye who have been routed in the conflicts of life, try by the force of music to rally your scattered battalions.

I am glad to know that in our great cities there is hardly a night in which there are not concerts, where, with the best musical instruments and the sweetest voices, people may find entertainment. Patronize such entertainments when they are offered you. Buy season tickets if you can, for the "Philharmonic," and the "Handel and Haydn" societies. Feel that the $1.50 or $2.00 that you spend for the purpose of hearing an artist play or sing is a profitable investment. Let your Steinway Halls and your Academies of Music roar with the acclamation of appreciative audiences assembled at the concert or the oritorio.

Still further: I commend as worthy of their support the gymnasium. This institution is gaining in favor every year, and I know of nothing more free from dissipation, or more calculated to recuperate the physical and mental energies. While there are a good many people who have employed this institution, there is a vast number who are ignorant of its excellencies. There are men with cramped chests and weak sides, and despondent spirits who, through the gymnasium, might be roused up to exhuberance and exhilaration of life. There are many Christian people despondent from year to year who might, through such an institution, be benefitted in their spiritual relations. There are Christian people who seem to think that it is a good sign to be poorly; and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids they think that by the same sickliness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell the Christian people of my congregation that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your fault, and when, through right exercise and prudence, you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion or tiger or the bear, while his disposition will change, and become fierce, cruel, and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul.

There are good people whose ideas of Heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God has put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects in bodies worn out by their own neglects—magnificent machinery capable of propelling a Great Eastern across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North River propeller. Martin Luther was so mighty for God, first, because he had a noble soul, and secondly, because he had a muscular development which would have enabled him to thrash any five of his persecutors, if it had been Christian so to do. Physical development, which merely shows itself in fabulous lifting, or in perilous rope-walking, or in pugilistic encounter, excites only our contempt; but we confess to great admiration for the man who has a great soul in an athletic body, every nerve, muscle, and bone of which is consecrated to right uses. Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men, through neglect, should allow their physical health to go down beyond repair. A ship which ought, with all sail set and every man at his post, to be carrying a rich cargo for eternity, employing all its men in stopping up leakages! When you may, through the gymnasium, work off your spleen and your querulousness and one-half of your physical and mental ailments, do not turn your back upon such a grand medicament.

Still further: I commend to you a large class of parlor games and recreations. There is a way of making our homes a hundred fold more attractive than they are now. Those parents cannot expect to keep their children away from outside dissipations unless they make the domestic circle brighter than anything they can find outside of it. Do not, then sit in your home surly and unsympathetic, and with a half condemnatory look, because of the sportfulness of your children. You were young once yourself; let your children be young. Because your eyes are dim and your ankles are stiff, do not denounce sportfulness in those upon whose eyes there is the first luster, and in whose foot there is the bounding joy of robust health. I thank God that in our drawing-rooms and in our parlors there are innumerable games and sports which have not upon them the least taint of iniquity. Light up all your homes with innocent hilarities. Do not sit down with the rheumatism, wondering how children can go on so. Rather thank God that their hearts are so light, and their laughter is so free, and that their cheeks are so ruddy, and that their expectations are so radiant. The night will come soon enough, and the heartbreak, and the pang, and the desolation—it will come soon enough for the dear children. But when the storm actually clouds the sky, it will be time enough for you to haul out your reef tackles. Carry, then, into your homes not only the innocent sports and games which are the inventions of our own day, but the games which come down with the sportfulness of all the past ages, chess, and charades and tableaux; and battledore and calisthenics and lawn tenis, and all those amusements which the young people of our homes know so well how to contrive. Then there will be the parlor socialities—groups of people assembled in your homes, with wit and mimicry and joviality, filling the room with joy from the door to the mantel, and from the carpet to the ceiling. Oh, is there any exhilaration like a score of genial souls in one room, each one adding a contribution of his own individual merriment to the aggregation of general hilarity?

Suppose you want to go abroad in the city, then you will find the panorama and the art gallery and exquisite collections of pictures. You will find the Metropolitan Museum and the Historical Society rooms full of rare curiosities, and scores of places which can stand plainly the test of what is right and wrong in amusements. You will find the lecturing hall, which has been honored by the names of Agassiz in natural history, Doremus in chemistry, Boynton in geology, Mitchell in astronomy, John B. Gough in moral reform, and scores and hundreds of men who have poured their wit and genius and ingenuity through that particular channel upon the hearts and consciences and imaginations of men, setting this country fifty years farther in advance than it would have been without the lecture platform.

I rejoice in the popularization of outdoor sports. I hail the croquet ground and the fisherman's rod and the sportsman's gun. In our cities life is so unhealthy and unnatural that when the census taker represents a city as having 400,000 inhabitants, there are only 200,000, since it takes at least two men to amount to one man, so depleting and unnerving and exhausting is this metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunlight, more of the abandon of field sports. I cry out for it in behalf of the church of God as well as in behalf of secular interests. I wish that this winter our ponds and our rivers and our Capitoline grounds might be all aquake with the heel and the shout of the swift skater. I wish that when the warm weather comes the graceful oar might dip the stream, and the evening tide be resonant with boatman's song, the bright prow splitting the crystalline billow. We shall have the smooth and grassy lawn, and we will call out people of all occupations and professions, and ask them to join in the ball player's sport. You will come back from these outdoor exercises and recreations with strength in your arm, and color in your cheek, and a flash in your eye, and courage in your heart. In this great battle that is opening against the kingdom of darkness we want not only a consecrated soul, but a strong arm and stout lungs and mighty muscle. I bless God that there are so many recreations that have not on them any taint of iniquity; recreations in which we may engage for strengthening of the body, for the clearing of the intellect, for the illumination of the soul.

There is still another form of recreation which I commend to you, and that is the pleasure of doing good. I have seen young men, weak and cross and sour and repelling in their disposition, who by one heavenly touch have wakened up and become blessed and buoyant, the ground under their feet and the sky over their heads breaking forth into music. "Oh," says some young man in the house to-day, "I should like that recreation above all others, but I have not the means." My dear brother, let us take an account of stock this morning. You have a large estate, if you only realize it. Two hands. Two feet. You will have, perhaps, during the next year at least $10 for charitable contribution. You will have 2,500 cheerful looks, if you want to employ them. You will have 5,000 pleasant words, if you want to speak them. Now what an amount this is to start with!

You go out to-morrow morning, and you see a case of real destitution by the wayside. You give him 2 cents. The blind man hears the pennies rattle in his hat, and he says: "Thank you, sir; God bless you." You pass down the street, trying to look indifferent; but you feel from the very depth of your soul a profound satisfaction that you made that man happy. You go on still farther, and find a poor boy with a wheelbarrow, trying to get it up on the curbstone. He fails in the attempt. You say: "Stand back, my lad; let me try." You push it up on the curbstone for him and pass on. He wonders who that well-dressed man was that helped him. You did a great joy to your own soul. You will not get over it all the week.

Antiquity of Telegraphy.

A correspondent of the French journal, *Cosmos*, states that in a curious old work printed at Paris in 1622 there occurs a remarkable passage, in which the following is a translation: "We may also tell you of this great and wonderful secret, which a certain German has shown to King Henry, and who, by his industry and dexterity, is able to speak with those who are far away, and this by means of the magnet. He first rubs together two needle magnets, and then places them each separately upon two clock dials, around which are engraven the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. If, then, they wish to speak together, or make each other understood what they would desire, they move one hand around until it has pointed to the letters which are necessary to make the words and sentences that they would say, and as they turn one needle so also the distant needle turns, making always the same movement. The king seeing this wonderful secret forbade him to divulge it, fearing that thus would be opened very dangerous communication between the armies of his enemies and their besieged towns." The title page of the work in which the above passage is said to occur (on the 247th page) is as follows: "*L'incredulite et mescreance du sortilege plainement convaincue Par P. de l'Ancre, conseiller du Roy en son conseil d'Estat a Paris. Chez Nicholai Bvon, rue Sainct-Iacques, a l'enseigne Sainct Claude et de l'Homme Sauuage. MDCXXII.* The notion that two magnetic needles by being rubbed together would afterwards move in sympathy find a place in more than one book of marvels of the seventeenth century, but the above date is, we believe the earliest to which it has yet been traced.—*Electrician.*

White Hair in Samoa.

Upon my first visit to Apia, the capital of Samoan Islands, in 1878, I was surprised to see so many men walking about with what I first believed to be snow-white hair, but upon closer examination I learned that the natives apply a whitish clay similar to our whitewash to their hair. This they use instead of pomade or hair-oil, and apply it in a thick mass until the hair becomes thoroughly hardened and white. The men continue this process of bleaching their hair until it loses its former black color and with time turns to a brownish red. A rather peculiar taste, but the men feel proud of their success to color their hair. Quite often women go through the same performance, but they are compelled to wear their hair short, as long hair cannot so easily be discolored. Natives of Samoa, as a rule, regard work as unnecessary, and all the work done on the plantations owned by Europeans is performed by Kanakas imported from other islands.—*New York World.*

Commander of the Rangers.

Lee Hall, who commanded the famous Texas Rangers organized by the Governor of the Lone Star State to put down lawlessness, has been in Washington recently. He is a tall man, with auburn hair, a tawny mustache and steel-blue eyes. He is considered the bravest man in Texas. He says: "I did my duty to the State and restored the majesty of the law in rather tough localities. Life and property are now safe in Texas. I am known throughout the State and I have just fighting reputation enough left so that people let me alone." It will be observed that, like all other brave men, he is extremely modest.—*New York World.*

When the first electric telegraph was established, according to the British Postmaster General, the speed of transmission was from four to five words a minute on the five-needle instruments. In 1849 the average rate for a number of newspaper messages was seventeen words a minute. The present pace of the electric telegraph between London and Dublin, where the Wheatstone automatic instrument is employed, reaches 462 words a minute; and thus what was regarded as miraculous sixty years ago has multiplied a hundred fold in one half century.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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GRAND
Field-Day
—FOR—
Hand-ker-chiefs!
TO - MORROW

We are going to set before our patrons

Our Great Reserve Stock

—OF—

Ladies',
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Children's

Handkerchiefs

—AND—

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From our wholesale department. When you see this great big lot you will begin to think

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And we are going to

Sell Them Cheap.

There is spice in the Handkerkerchief trade: 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 8c, 10c and up. Come to

Root & Company

Saturday Sure.

FLOWERS!

T. E. COVINGTON FLORIST,

35 W. Washington St.

Persons expecting to order flowers for Christmas should leave orders at once, in order that they may be promptly filled. Christmas Trees, Holly, Princess Pines on hand.

FLORAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY

C. E. COVINGTON.

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Don't overlook the liberal offer made by the Nickel Plate for the holidays.

DAS IST AUSGEZEICHNET.

That is what everyone says about our magnificent display of

Common Sense Gifts.

"Pat" for the season of joy and pleasure now approaching.

Sam, Pete & Max.

Strictly one price clothers and outfitters.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1887.

THE CITY NEWS.

Dr. McOscar is suffering with a lame arm.

Read Peter Perkin's dream the night before Christmas.

Mrs. Judge Hanna is recovering from her recent illness.

The school boy is happy. He is now enjoying his holiday vacation.

Boys only have one week more to meditate upon the great question of swearing off.

J. S. McCurdy, who has been attending college at Indianapolis, is at home, spending the holidays with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilding pleasantly entertained a number of friends last evening at their home, on Fairfield avenue.

Wednesday evening the store owned by W. H. Baker, at Dixon, O., was destroyed by fire, together with the entire stock of goods therein. Loss is estimated at $3,000; partially insured.

Mr. John Trainor, formerly of the Fort Wayne Organ company, is now in Canada and has a position that will pay him $5,000 a year. Mr. Trainor is the patentee of several important parts of the Fort Wayne organ.

The Warsaw *Times* says: "Mrs. J. H. Lones left this morning for her old home at Fort Wayne, where she will remain until after Christmas. In the meantime J. H. will have to dispose of tickets over the P., Ft. W. & C. R. R. wholly by himself."

As a portion of the compensation for defending Arensdorff, the Iowa murderer, Mr. G. W. Argo, a brother of ex-Auditor M. E. Argo, got a half interest in Mr. Arendorff's brewery. Then came the courts and closed the brewery under the Iowa prohibition law.

The state industrial associations are announced to meet at Indianapolis as follows: State board on January 3, poultry breeders on the 18th, bee keepers on the 19th, Jersey breeders on the 23d, wool growers on the 24th, shorthorn breeders on the 25th, and swine breeders on the 26th.

The handsome French plate mirrors which decorate each end of the G. R. & I. coaches are often the innocent cause of some ludricous mistakes. To one setting at the rear and looking forward the first impression is that he is viewing the passengers in the coach ahead, when it is really but the reflection of those in his own car.

The great Yankee comedy, "Human Nature," will be given at the Temple on Monday Dec. 26th (Christmas day) by Richard O'Gorman, the superb dialect comedian, and his finely chosen company. The well known managerial firm of Litt and Davis are the directors of the enterprise. A brass band, arrayed in the uniform of 1776, will be a pleasing feature of the entertainment.

There is nothing more elegant for little boys' wear than the Boucle and Stockinet suit which Sam, Pete & Max are selling at $5.00, worth fully $8.50.

The city council will meet next Tuesday evening.

The hardware stores have agreed to close Monday next.

Mrs. J. F. Beegan left for Wabash today to spend the holidays.

Mayor Muhler sent a stranger to jail this morning for drunkenness.

McDermut & Whiteleather's Business college has closed for the holidays.

Judge O'Rourke this morning divorced Jonas Farrell from Mary S. Farrell.

Mrs. Day, of 166 Lafayette street, left to-day for Danville, Ill., to be absent ten days.

H. Niebergal, the baker, distributed a handsome Christmas present among his patrons.

Mrs. C. Wilkins and daughter, of Broadway, went to Ohio this morning to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Potter will leave to-morrow for Renova, Pa., to spend the holidays.

County Treasurer Isaac Mowrer and his family are spending Christmas at Orrville, Ohio

The Fruit house will be closed Monday, in order that the employes may have a holiday.

Mr. Marsh Wines, of the government survey department, Washington, D. C., is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Reichert are in New York, spending the holidays with relatives and friends.

John Karn, the Fairfield avenue butcher, objects to having his dog shot and will have a trial.

Miss Grace Harrison left on Thursday with Mrs. James A. Graham, to spend the holidays at Pittsburg.

Morris Haines and Jennie Gorsline, John A. Wright and Barbaran Tegeder have been licensed to wed.

Mrs. John Ervin left for Grand Crossing, Ill., last evening, to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kamm.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Whitlock and daughter, Miss Blanche, of Cleveland, are guests of Captain and Mrs. F. F. Boltz.

Mr. Nicholas Brown, who is studying for priesthood, is in the city visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary Brown, of this city.

H. W. Rockhill, of Etna Green; and Misses Belle Rousseau and Hattie Jones, of Warsaw, in attendance at the Business college, will spend the holidays at their respective homes.

Mrs. Ed. Challenger and her mother will leave for Chicago next week to spend the holidays, and will be joined on New Year's day by Mr. Challenger, who will return with them.

Mr. John Hance, remembered as a popular deputy sheriff, has been sick for six months at the home of his mother in Carroll county. Yesterday his friends, and they are too numerous to specify, made up a $75 purse and sent it to him with their Christmas greetings.

Doc. Waterhouse went to his blacksmith shop last night and took from a desk some books. Frank Levanway sleeps above the shop and this morning he entertained Mr. Waterhouse with the story of how he pursued and assaulted a burglar. Mr. Waterhouse explained and Mr. Levanway is doing honors to hush the matter up.

"The tree of deepest root, is found least willing to quit the ground." So friends and citizens, don't let neuralgia and rheumatism get rooted in the system, but kill them with Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain. For sale by all druggists at twenty-five cents a bottle.

J. D. Gumper has sold to Florentine Keller, lots 164 and 165, Archer's addition, for $250; Edwin Evans to Hattie Friend, lot $10, Ewing's addition, for $4,000.

The suberb chamber set of magnificent furniture will be presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, to one of their patrons, February 1st.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

And James G. Blaine May Differ on the Tariff, But the Public Irrespective of Party, Creed or Station is United in the Opinion

That Sam, Pete and Max are the "Boss" Clothiers, as for Their Enterprise and Liberality—Read Read! Read!

Mr. John Bothner, residing at No. 130 Calhoun street, held ticket 16, and will be presented by Messrs Sam, Pete and Max, with a Grand Piano. Mr. Bothner was about purchasing a piano for his daughter, when in steps Santa Sam, Pete, and Max, with the above Magnificent piano as a present.

John E. Small, formerly of Marion township, now residing in Archer's addition, on St. Mary's avenue, held ticket 4,197, and was presented by Sam, Pete and Max, the Peoples' popular clothiers, with a valuable city lot, corner of Spring street and St. Mary's avenue.

H. Huff, Brandriff street; Mrs. S. Bickness, 254 East Jefferson street; Jno. Goshorn, Pleasant township; Jas. Mc Manigal, North Webster street; Mrs. Sarah Fleming, Paper Mill, were each made happy with one of America's best watches.

J. H. Corbill, Hoagland, Ind.; E. Burten, Stony Island, Ind.; Max Rubin, of Julius Nathan & Co.; L. N. Romey, 64 Elm street; Fred Kochel, 212 Broadway; L. Rastetter, 246 Broadway; were each presented with a fine mantel clock.

Eli Summers, Maysville, Ind,; F. W. Homeyer, 57 High street; Henry Rapp, Wayne township; William Dennis, 40 Wells street; Edward Evans, 135 East Jefferson street; J. Walters, Williams county, Ohio; Rev. J. A. Werdein, Arcola, Ind.; Jos. Racht, South Calhoun street; N. P. Brown, Decatur, Ind.; Oscar Judy, 248 Calhoun street, John Metcalf, Perry township, were each presented with an elegant Silver and Crystal fruit epergne.

Frank Kime, 40 Allen street; Dave Murphy, Huntington, Ind,; V. R. Hutchinson, 225 Calhoun street, were each presented with a superb chased silver table castor.

Fred J. Meyer, Milan township; Jos. Delegrange, Washington township will eat butter hereafter from an elaborate English silver butter bowl.

If you are looking for the larget stock; the best styles; the lowest prices of Custom made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, etc., call on Sam, Pete and Max, strictly one price.

Our stock is larger than ever. Our styles and makes are better then ever. Our prices are lower than ever. Our strict rule—"One Price Only."

Five thousand valuable presents including five capital gifts, to be given our patrons.

SAM, PETE & MAX,
The People's Clothiers.

Silver spoons, knives and fine silver plated carving sets, at F. J. Voirol. 22-3t

No limit to your speed on rollers at the Princess Rink. Good music will be in attendance, and every thing will be in readiness to make the occasion enjoyable. 22-3t

Chasky & Benda have opened their new store, 381 East Washington street, with a full line of groceries, provisions, cigars, tobaccos, fruit, candies, etc., and are selling as low as the lowest. 22-3t

Endless variety of nice jewelry at F. J. Voirol's, 244 Calhoun street. 22-3t

The Princess Rink opens Saturday, week days and evenings, for one week. All lovers of skating please bear in mind. 22-2t

For an appropriate Christmas present buy a pair of those handsome dado window curtains, at L. O. Hull's, 90 Calhoun street. 20-5t

We are giving away Meerschaum goods at the Drummer cigar store, 81 Calhoun street. 22-3t

Sirloin steak, ham and eggs or oyster stew only 20 cents at the English Kitchen. 22-3t

Free Lunch.

Charles Aufrecht offers a rabbit stew for free lunch this and to-morrow evenings. Give him a call corner Harrison and Main streets. 23-2t

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion;* 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

SOME ships must have very LONG pennants—they go clear round Cape Horn

How a Dying Child Was Saved!

CICERO, HAMILTON CO., IND., Sept. 19, 1887.—The following is a true account of what your S. S. S. has done for our little daughter, Hazel, now four years old. When 12 months old a lump appeared on her heel, which slowly grew larger. The family physician thought it was caused by a piece of broken glass or needle, but failed to bring anything to light. The child became feebler all the time, seeming to lose the use of her leg, and finally quit walking entirely. The middle finger and thumb of either hand became enlarged, the flesh becoming hard. The hip joints became involved, so that when seventeen months old she could not stand, having lost the use of leg and arm. Partial curvature of the spine also followed. The nervous system was wrecked, muscles contracted, and there was general wasting of flesh and muscle. At eighteen months of age she was placed under the treatment of a prominent physician of Boston, Mass., but at the end of ten months she had declined to such a degree that she was in a dying condition. This was in April, 1886 We took the child away not knowing what to do. In this dreadful dilemma we were over-persuaded by friends to try "one bottle" of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC, which we did, and before it had all been taken we saw a change for the better in her symptoms. We kept it up, and have done so to this day, and will keep it up, if the Lord wills, for many days to come, for it has brought our dying Hazel to life, to vigor, to strength and health again. The ashen hue of her cheeks has changed to a rosy tint. She is able to walk anywhere, her languor and melancholy have passed away, and she is now a blithe, cheerful, happy romping child. Should you wish to increase your testimonials of proof of the virtue of S. S. S., our names and what we have said is but a portion of what we owe to you, should you wish to use them.

Kindly yours,
BEN. F. SWIFT.
GERTRUDE E. SWIFT.

P. O. Box 65.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Use KLEIN'S SILVER AGE.

The Best stimulant in the world. Endorsed by physicians and druggists.



Used in leading hospitals. Max Klein, sole proprietor, Pittsburg, Pa. Sold whole sale and retail by

John Christen, 100 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne.

THIS WEEK

Children's Overcoats

$1 to $10.

Worth $1.75 to $15

A SENSIBLE

PRESENT!

A. S. Lauferty & Co.

Capturing the Clothing Trade.

Boston T Store.

We extend to the trading public an invitation to visit us and we will show a choice line of fruits, nuts, raisins, confections, etc., for the holiday trade. We have without a doubt as fine an assortment of Jams, Preserves and Canned goods as you will find. Our Teas and Coffees, as always, are the best the market affords. Dressed poultry a specialty.

A. J. Dittoe & Co.,

20 West Berry Street.

HOLIDAY GOODS

In Endless Variety at

Young's Jewelry Store,

No. 80 Calhoun Street.

Fine Gold Watches, Diamonds, Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Gold Headed Canes, Clocks and a complete line of Novelties in Jewelry.

No Extra Charges for Engraving

M. F. KAAG,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

China, Glass,

—AND—

Queensware,

Library Lamps, Dinner, Tea and Chamber Sets,

Also an Elegant Line of Christmas Presents.

WE REMOVE MARCH 15th NEXT

TO

No. 58 Calhoun Street,

Between Eckert's Meat Market & Keils Book Store,

We are determined not to remove any of our present stock, invoicing fully $50,000, so we have

Cut and Reduced Prices on the Entire Stock!

WE ARE BOUND TO SELL IT.

OVERCOATS, SUITS, HOLIDAY NOVELTIES, Etc., Etc.

All will be sold before removal, if low prices are an inducement.

We mean business; it is to your interest to call and be convinced.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

VOL. XXVIII—NO. 5. SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1887. PRICE FIVE CENTS

OUR STORE

WILL BE FOUND

Open Every Eve'ng

UNTIL

CHRISTMAS.

ALL DEPARTMENS FULL

of goods, in which you can find

Just -:- the-:-Thing

FOR A

PRESENT.

GEORGE DEWALD

& CO.

Cor. Calhoun & Columbia

LOCAL NEWS.

Hon. Allen Zollars came home for Christmas.

We wish all our readers a very merry Christmas.

Flora, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Perrigeuy, 224 Hugh street, died this morning.

James D. Paine sues Julia H. Kingsley et al, to foreclose a $2,600 mortgage. Randall & Vesey are attorneys.

Charles W. Cross and Minnie E. Newell, George E. Bruner and Grace E. Newell have been licensed to wed.

Sheriff Viberg telegraphs from Kalamazoo that he lost trace of the horse thief, and must return home. It was a fruitless search.

Judge O'Rourke this afternoon decided that Levi Koonts must pay to Maud Stuck $350 for the support of their illegitimate child. The girl is rather pretty, and the ungrateful fellow ought to marry her.

The Lottie Church party appeared at the Academy last evening, and gave "Leah, the Forsaken," as a matinee performance this afternoon. They appear again this evening in "The Dark Side of New York," an interesting and thrilling play.

Mr. George L. Clayton, of Covington, Ky., and a popular and successful salesman for the Dayton Spice mills company, will, January 12 next, wed Miss Kittie, the pretty and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Eckert. The ceremony will be solemnized at the bride's home by Rev. S. A. Northrop, of the Baptist church. THE SENTINEL extends its choicest congratulations.

The Second Presbyterian Sunday School Entertainment.

A very interesting entertainment and treat was given the scholars of the Second Presbyterian Sabbath school last evening, a program of which appeared in THE SENTINEL. The church had been handsomely decorated and festooned. On the platform a representation of a ship under full sail, had been erected, and this was exquisitely ornamented and trimmed with evergreens. The ladies of the church had made neat sacks of different colored tarlton goods, and these were filled with candies, nuts, figs, etc., and the ship was loaded down with these. This formed a very neat, and to the children, inviting picture. After the literary portion of the program, each person of which so admirably performed their duty that it would be impossible to particularize, the children present were each presented with a bag of goodies, and left for their homes with such joyous hearts that those who had worked so hard to make it a success, were amply repaid for their trouble and labor.

SOUVENIRS GIVEN AWAY TO-DAY ONLY.

A handsome panel picture presented to every purchaser of a pair of Ladies' or Gentlemen's Shoes or Slippers, this day only.

REDLICK'S

NEW SHOE STORE.

Free Turkey.

Extra fine free lunch to-night and a turkey for free lunch Monday night at "Dutch Bill's" place, corner Maumee road and Harmer street.

Very Latest by Telegraph.

FOUR O'CLOCK P. M.

THE CIGAR MAKERS.

A Lively War Imminent Between the Cigar Makers International Union and the Manufacturers.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Just now it looks as if there was going to be a red hot war in a few days between the cigar makers' international union and the tenement cigar manufacturers. There is a rumor afloat that the manufacturers will not only return to the tenement house system, but that a general reduction will be made about the first of the year, and that the union is prepared to fight both. It is feared now that there may be a general strike, and that thousands of cigar makers will soon be out of work and depending on the union.

The treasury of the union, however, can stand a long struggle, as the union is one of the largest in the United States and is conducted on a most admirable system. The employes of the two factories have already been notified that their wages will be reduced from $1 to $4 per thousand after January. The strike will have the support of the American Federation of Labor, as the Cigarmakers' International union is a member of that body.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The Knights of Labor are now busily engaged in circulating petitions, which, when filled with signatures, will be sent to congress and which calls on that body to take steps to establish a government telegrapy. Blanks have been issued by the general executive board. From all reports the blanks are being rapidly signed.

DANIEL MANNING.

His Vitality Nearly Exhausted and His Physicians Say He Cannot Live Another Night.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 24, 11 a. m.—Mr. Manning is still living, but his vitality is so nearly exhausted that his physicians say that while he may survive the day, he cannot live through another night.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Dennis Carbett, one of the most prominent and active members of Clana-gael, died yesterday morning at his residence in this city. He had suffered nearly two months with a cancer on his tongue. Mr. Carbett was one of the feniens who sought to invade Canada and was always ready to contribute to the measures for the freedom of Ireland.

The Prohibitionists.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—The newly elected chairman of the Cook county committee of the prohibition party is William F. Singleton of Evanston. His acceptance of the position was conditioned by him upon a proposition to admit women as members of the committee, and invite them to county conventions as delegates in proportion of one for each W. C. T. U. After a week's consideration the proposition was accepted, and Major Singleton is chairman.

Prof. Palmer.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Dec. 24.—Dr. A. B. Palmer, L. L. D., dean of the department of Medicine and surgery and professor of pathology and practice of medicine in the university of Michigan, died last night; aged seventy-two.

BAD RUNAWAYS.

Mr. D. D. Lipes, of This City, and Farmer Jacob Felger are Injured in a Runaway.

The horses attached to the delivery wagon of the Peters' Box and Lumber company ran away this afternoon, while the driver stopped to take a drink in a saloon, on Calhoun street. The horses collided with a buggy just in front of Hover's photograph gallery. Mr. D. D. Lipes, an aged gentleman, living at 803 East Lewis street, was in the buggy. It was overturned, and with the horse and buggy, he was dragged on the pavement for half a square. He was picked up and taken into a store room, and it was found he was pretty badly cut about the head, but there were no serious injuries. The buggy was a perfect wreck.

At the corner of Main street the horses ran over Jacob Felger, a Lake township farmer and almost killed him. Some of his ribs were broken and he was hurt internally. Dr. Rosenthal says he will recover.

The horses turned west on Main and ran into the alley near the furniture store. Up that narrow passage way they dashed and at Wayne street they wrecked the wagon. After a while the animals stopped to survey their work.

A farmers team ran away on East Lewis street and smashed the wagon.

A horse attached to an express wagon ran away in the alley between Ewing and Webster streets and spilled Christmas presents all around.

Excursion Rates For the Holidays.

The Fort Wayne, Cincinnati & Louisville and White Water R. R. will sell excursion tickets on Dec. 24th, 26th and 31st, 1887; and Jan. 2d, 1888, at one fare for the round trip; children half fare. Tickets good until and including Jan. 3d, 1888. H. A. WIKEL, G. T. A.

PADDY RYAN!

Has a Fight With Joe McAuliffe and Throws up the Sponge in the Fourth Round.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 24.—Paddy Ryan and McAuliffe met in an eighteen foot ring of the California Athletic club last night. Both men appeared in fine condition. McAuliffe won in three of the worst fought rounds possible to imagine. In the second round Ryan was knocked down twice. The third round was all a scramble. Ryan was groggy and McAuliffe was too awkward to hit him. Ryan threw up the sponge in the fourth round, time being called.

REV. T. J. BACHER.

His Congregation Make the Pastor and His Wife Elegant Christmas Presents.

The Sunday school of the Grace Reformed church held interesting Christmas festivities last evening in their parlors and supper was spread to about forty of the children of the Reformed orphans' home. A very pleasant program of songs and recitations were rendered, and in the midst of the festivities a genuine surprise was given the pastor, Rev. T. J. Bacher, and his wife.

Rev. G. H. Sonders, of Bellevue, O., interrupted the festivities and claimed the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Bacher. In a few well chosen words, in behalf of the congregation, he presented Rev. Bacher with a handsome study chair and Mrs. Bacher with a beautiful sewing chair, with a quantity of elegant table linen. The beloved pastor and his wife were surprised, but Mr. Bacher in his usual happy style responded to the presentation and thanked the donors for their gifts. The pastor of the Grace church is held in high esteem by his congregation, and this is but one of the many marks of their affection for him.

THE DEAD OF A WEEK.

Death Cost inues Its Work in the Midst of Life's Joys.

The following deaths have been reported to the city undertakers during the week:

Henry Volz, 2 years, measles.

Mrs. Christina Stein, 72 years, old age.

Sophia Branning, 10 months, bronchitis.

Caroline Conrad, 3 years, lung fever.

John Tigar, 45 years, pneumonia.

John Barrie, 60 years, general debility.

Roy Wohlford, 11 years, tumor of brain.

Williard P. Spalding, 86 years, old age.

Albert Schwartz, 1 year, brain fever.

Gilbert C. Evarts, 52 years, debility.

Child of H. D. Winch, 1 day, premature birth.

Child of George Johann, one day, debility.

J. M. Dafoe, the photographer at Saltzman's, left to-day for his home, at Alpena, Mich., to permanently reside.

C. D. Pennel, the handsome prescriptionist at Meyer's drug store, will take Christmas turkey at his home in Van Wert, Ohio.

Business Inventions.

To many people the prominent characteristic of the present age is the great advance in mechanical invention. The steam engine, railroad, telegraph, telephone, printing press and type writer cover an endless variety of inventions affecting every field of human activity. Yet, great as has been the progress in the lines indicated, there has been at the same time a hardly less important advance in other directions. While railroads and telegraphs have revolutionized the methods of communication, a similar change has taken place in business methods in general. The greatest advance has been made in the subdivision of labor. Formerly the merchant sold his own goods, kept his own books and conducted his own correspondence. Now the sale of goods is divided into a number of departments; the bookkeeping is delegated to others, and distributed among them according to the nature of the work; and valuable time is saved by dictating the letters to stenographers, who, by the aid of the type writer, accomplish an amount of work once deemed impossible. It would be difficult to overstate the limit of this tendency of progress in the subdivision of labor. The training of young men and women for these special branches of business is therefore an important work in order to render their labor more effective and remunerative. A good business school is a necessary factor in preparing for the requirements of active life, and it is the aim of McDermut & Whiteleather's business college to meet these requirements. The course of study is designed to cover every branch of bookkeeping and office work, the principles of commercial law, business arithmetic, penmanship, correct business forms, practical grammar, shorthand, type writing, etc. The practical experience obtained here will be invaluable in real business life. Many of the former students of this institution are now holding positions in the largest business houses and offices in Fort Wayne, and parents desirous of fitting their children for the best branches of employment to which they are adapted will find this college helpful in carrying out their intentions.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Will Ring Merrily in the City To-Morrow as the Birth of the Saviour is Celebrated.

The happiest of all the days of the year is Christmas. No event in the calendar of the world's festivities is fraught with more universal joy and gladness than this anniversary of the Saviour's birth. It is confined to no land or people. It is universal throughout Christendom, and where'er the sun in its successive journeys shines in upon a Christian home or a Christian Bible, there the coming of Christmas is looked for in joyous anticipation and celebrated with hearts overflowing with songs and rejoicings.

To the old as well as the young it is a day of gladness, and well ought it to be, for on that day God gave to the world a Saviour, and to Him the praises of the world's teeming millions should ascend as they participate in the pleasures and enjoy the blessings which He in His goodness has showered on them.

To all it has this christian significance, and while it ought to be observed in a religious manner, it has so much of joy connected with it that the people of the world are apt to make it a day when pleasure and feasting are confined to no bounds, and intoxicated joy leads them to sorrow rather than gladness. Let not the morrow be celebrated in this manner. Let christian temperance govern our rejoicings and make the day one of unalloyed happiness.

Christmas is emphatically the day of the children, and their happy faces will encircle the world as they lift their joyous voices in innocent, trusting exultation of the Santa Claus remembrances. He is their Christmas idol. He comes unknown to them and leaves them what their hearts most desire. He is not confined in his labor of love, but all the world over, where there are little children, he celebrates once more the birth of that child eighteen hundred years ago. He is what you will—a type, a symbol of unselfish love, bestowing goods that cannot be returned in kind. He is the great Almoner, to whom all the mysterious workshops are open, and for whom all of Nature's laws are suspended. It is a blessed thing to teach these children all that this myth, this legend teaches—love and peace. Remember the little ones, for there is more music in the voice of a happy child than a world of poetry and song.

Let us enter into the day with the joys of youth, be merry with the children and wind the greens and deck the mottoes with all the enthusiasm we can muster. In making other hearts glad our own heart will grow warm and happy. But amidst all the scenes, the festivities and the joys of Christmas day, let us remember the deserving poor. There are many unfortunates to whom the sun of Christmas day will not shine brightly. They should not be forgotten, and amidst our feasting and rejoicing, let us remember them. But Christmas will be here with the morrow; meet it with a hearty good cheer and make it a merry, merry day for some one.

The Services To-morrow.

Attend some church.

Read Talmage's sermon. It will do you good.

The Trinity church choir will rehearse this evening at 8 o'clock.

A Christmas entertainment will be given at St. Paul M. E. church this evening.

Sabbath services at usual hour, 3:30 p. m., for men, at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. rooms. All are welcome.

Regular service to-morrow morning and evening at the First Presbyterian church. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

Christmas sermon for the children at First U. B. church to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. Regular service at 7:30 p. m. Come, you are welcome.

You are cordially welcome at Grace church at 10:30 a. m. Christmas theme, "God Incarnate." Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. No evening service. T. J. Bacher, pastor.

Christmas tree festivities will be held this evening at the Emanuel, Zion's and St. Johns Lutheran churches, and to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock at the St. Pauls Lutheran church.

The young ladies society of the St. Paul's Lutheran church will give a supper Monday night at the school building on Barr street. The proceeds will go towards paying for the new church organ

Congregational church. Services appropriate to Christmas are arranged for the morning at 10:30, and in the evening at 7:30, services appropriate to the close of the year. All are welcome. J. O. Cromer, pastor.

The Sunday school of the First U. B. church will give a Christmas entertainment at their church on East Lewis street this evening. A good time is anticipated. All the children of the school are requested to be there.

Christian church, corner of Jefferson and Griffith streets. Preaching by the Pastor M. L. Blaney, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "The Glory of Christ's Humanity," a Christmas service. Evening subject, "Necessity of Immersion." Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.

St. Paul M. E. church: Preaching to-morrow forenoon at 10:30, by Rev. Dr. C. B. Stemen, and at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sabbath school at 2:30 in the afternoon. All will be made welcome.

There will be a Christmas service at Prairie Grove chapel to morrow evening at 7:30 p. m. Christmas sermon by G. M. Bainbridge.

Second Presbyterian church, West Berry street. Sunday school at 9:30, morning service at 10:45, and in the evening at 7:30, will be the missionary Sunday school service.

Trinity M. E. church, north side. Christmas exercises to night. Preaching to-morrow morning and evening by the pastor. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Come and welcome.

At the Third Presbyterian church tomorrow at 10:30 a. m.; theme: "The Swaddling Clothes and the Manger." 7:30 p. m.: "The Thunder and Lightning." All welcome. David Kennedy pastor.

Come to the Simpson M. E. church at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. C. H. Wilkinson, pastor. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Morning theme: "The Wonderful Saviour;" evening theme: "Fifty Miles Stones."

Pastor Northrop wishes the readers of THE SENTINEL a "Merry Christmas," and heartily invites all to the Baptist church at 10:30 and 7:30 to-morrow, when he will preach two Christmas sermons.

"Christ, the Saviour," will be the subject of a Christmas sermon at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow at 10:30. Sunday school at 2 p. m. "The Joy of Salvation" will be the subject at 7:30. Welcome. F. G. Browne pastor.

Harden, the pastor, will preach at the Free Methodist church on Christmas day, 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Morning subject: "Jesus, the Son of Man;" evening subject, "Mary, the Mother of Our Lord." Sunday school at 2:30.

Berry Street M. E. church; Rev. D. O. Woolpert, the pastor, will occupy the pulpit both morning and evening.—Morning theme: "The Merry Christmas of the Year One," evening: "The Dying Embers of the Old Year." At the close of the morning service the ordinance of baptism will be administered, and probationers received into full fellowship. An after service will be held in the evening. Sunday school at 2:15 p. m. Let the entire membership be in attendance.

Trinity church, Rev. W. N. Webb, rector. Services on Christmas day, 7:30 a. m., Holy Communion; 10:45 a. m., festival service, sermon and Holy Communion. No evening service. Strangers cordially invited. Order of music for festival service, processional hymn, Adeste Fidelis, Venite, chant, Gloriæ, Mozart, TeDeum, Warren, Benedictus, Fairbanks, Introit, "Behold, I bring you good tidings," Gospel hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," Ascription, Gloria, twelfth mass, Mozart; offertory, "While Shepherds watched," Best; Gloria in Excelsis, Schilling. The soloists will be Messrs. Hinks and Burdick and Messrs. Horace Hanna, Seebold, Breckenridge and the rector. The Sunday school celebration will take place on Wednesday evening (Holy Innocents' day) at 7 o'clock.

In all the Catholic churches there will be early service, beginning at 5 o'clock in the morning. At the Cathedral the bishop will officiate, both at 5 o'clock and at the 10:30 services. He will be attended, as is prescribed, at pontifical high Mass by a retinue of clergy. The bishop will preach at the early service and the vicar general will address the congregation at 10:30 o'clock. At first service the choir will sing Von Webber's mass in C. At 10:30 the masterly composition by Gounod will be rendered. The Cathedral congregation has finally fallen into line with the long established custom of exhibiting a fac simile of the cot of Bethlehem in which the Saviour was born.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, December 24.—Indiana, warmer, except light snows along the lake, followed on Sunday by rising temperature.

Seldom have our people been offered such a complete display of gents' and boys' gloves and mitts as Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max are showing as holiday novelties.

An Indian boy wanted to hang himself after seven school girls had kissed him. He didn't "all the same," for he found the dreadful feeling was caused by a cold, which was speedily cured by the immediate use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, which is known far and wide as a great remedy for coughs and colds.

Fresh Baltimore Oysters.

O. K., good stewing, 18c.
S. & W., Standard, 25c.
Large Selects, for frying, 35c. can.

FRUIT HOUSE.

McDermut & Whiteleather's Business College will reopen Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1888.

Butter and Eggs Down.

Best roll Butter, 20c.; good 18c.
Fresh Eggs, dozen 23c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

SOUVENIRS GIVEN AWAY TO-DAY ONLY.

A handsome panel picture presented to every purchaser of a pair of Ladies' or Gentlemen's Shoes or Slippers, this day only.

REDLICK'S

NEW SHOE STORE.

ECHOES OF THE DAY

As They are Gathered and Come From the Railroad and Manufacturing Centers of the City.

The Kerr Murray foundry are taking their regular annual inventory.

All the railroads opened out with a big holiday trade this morning.

Gus Drabach, an employe in the Kerr Murray foundry, is suffering with an injured finger.

Theodore Wichman, the machinist in the Bass works, has gone to Roanoke to spend Xmas with his family.

C. Cramer, the machinist in the Pittsburg shops, has gone to Decatur, Ind., with his wife to visit her parents.

N. McKinnie, a line repairer on the Pittsburg road, has gone to Lima, O., and will visit Pittsburg before his return.

W. O. Bassett, a machinist in the Pittsburg shops, has gone to Van Wert, Ohio, with his family, to spend a few days.

John Wichman, of the Bass machine shops, has gone to Flat Rock to see Conger's celebrated Plymouth Rock chickens.

John Chandler and John Longacre, formerly brakemen on the C., W. & M. railroad, have taken positions on the Pittsburg.

Mr. Victor A. Ballot, the superintendent of the Olds wheel works, informs our reporter that their firm have turned out 76,000 sets of wheels this year.

C. Zimmerman, of the Kerr Murray manufacturing company, returned from El Paso, Texas, last night, where he had been putting up gas tanks for the firm.

Will Lerch, of the Bass machine shops, will spend Xmas at Payne, Ohio, with his best girl, and Fred Walbaum will go to Jay county on the same mission.

Calvin S. Wheaton, grand chief conductor of the Order of Railway Conductors, is in Washington looking after the conductors' and engineers' license bill which is to be pushed in congress.

On the 1st of January several western roads adopt the per diem method of paying for foreign cars when on their road, and will charge in the same manner when their cars are on a foreign road.

Mr. J. F. Pieper, the well known machinist in the Wabash shops, who has been confined to his home on West Jefferson street for the last two weeks, with a severe case of fever, is improving. It will probably be some time, however, before he will be able to resume his position in the shops.

Herman Ragol, the machinist in the Bass works, was presented with an unique present by his friends, last evening, prior to his departure for Pottsville, Ind., to spend Christmas with his girl. It consisted of a variety of articles, among which were two colored dolls, which, of course, Herman will have some family adopt.

Each of the yard men in this city on the Pittsburg and Wabash roads were presented by Mr. J. H. Bass, the president of the Bass Foundry and Machine works, with a Christmas turkey. This is a custom that Mr. Bass has observed for a number of years among the men on these roads, who handle his large freight shipments. He distributed forty-two turkeys among the men.

Mr. Robert Harrison, the popular foreman at the Pittsburg car shops, and Mr. C. L. Dasher, the handsome clerk, extended the Christmas greetings to our railroad reporter this morning by sending him a huge dressed turkey. Reporters are human, they eat turkeys and appreciate gifts of such a substantial character as this. As we sat our Christmas dinner we shall remember their kindnesses and just now we can do nothing more than to thank these gentlemen for their big specimen of turkyship.

Miss Gracie Eaton, of Crestline, is the guest of Mr. Will Davis.

The bells in the new St. Mary's church were hung in their places to-day and at 6 o'clock to-night will chime a merry Christmas to all.

Special importations of gents' gros grain heavy silk negligee and smoking garments and house coats, shown only by Sam, Pete & Max, holiday providers.

Horace Hanna's Good Luck.

Yesterday Horace Hanna, lumber dealer, No. 239 W. Berry street, purchased some tea of the Globe Tea Co., 87 Calhoun street, and found in one of the cans a gent's solid gold hunting case jeweled Elgin watch, stem wind and set. Every can sold by this company contains something besides the tea, such as genuine diamond, emerald, ruby, sapphire and pearl jewelry in solid gold settings and ladies and gents' solid gold American watches and other articles of jewelry. This is certainly a novel way of advertising. Remember the number, 87 Calhoun street.

SOUVENIRS GIVEN AWAY TO-DAY ONLY.

A handsome panel picture presented to every purchaser of a pair of Ladies' or Gentlemen's Shoes or Slippers, this day only.

REDLICK'S

NEW SHOE STORE.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

BY LARRY LINKET.



AN editor rapped at
the golden gate,
On Christmas
morn did he;
A fringe of his long
round his pate,
Where hair once
used to be;
But that was back
in the days gone
by,
Ere the quill had
told its tale,
The midnight lamp
had dimmed his
eye,
Or the sanctum
wrought him
pale.

A voice within spake loud and clear,
Amid a cloud of haze:
"What trembling mortal might be here,
Disturbing Peter's case?"
The editor spake: "Ah, thou good saint,
I've left a world of care,
Nor seventy years have found complaint
Laid up against me there.

"I've toiled from time of the tallow dip,
On, on, as the years went round,
Until I started upon this trip
For the Heavenly regions bound."
Saint Peter peeped without the gate
And asked in whisper mild:
"What wert thou in the mortal state,
Poor weary-laden child?"

The editor told his business then,
Of how he had placed his trust
In genius and a willing pen,
To find his pie was crust;
Of how he had battled for truth and right,
In flowery prose, to win,



While petty punsters labored light
And gathered the shekels in.

So quite disgusted he left below
And steered for the Golden Gate;
Now here he was, and would like to know
Why he should thusly wait.
Good Peter tarried with careful peep
At the old man worn and thin,
Till a cry of "copy" rang loud and deep,
Then he dragged the editor in!

"NOBODY AND ME."

BY BURT ARNOLD.



RED RUBE was a tramp printer. He had a red nose, but whether he acquired his nickname from the color of his nasal organ or the fiery hue of the auburn spikes he wore for hair, none of his co-workers ever knew. He would disappear all at once without warning; then as suddenly appear, after three or four months' absence, as if there was nothing out of the ordinary in his peculiar behavior. He was a silent worker when he "held down" a case, and could "stick" faster and show a cleaner proof than any man in any office wherein he worked. None of his acquaintances seemed to know from whence he came any more than they could guess how long he was likely to stay in any one place. Every printing office knew of him, and recognized his ability as a first-class compositor; but beyond the fact that he answered to the sobriquet of "Red Rube," and was an unreliable drunkard, nothing was known of his true name or the status of society from which he emanated. He was always clothed in ragged garments that were many sizes too large for his lean body, and as no one ever saw him wear a new suit it was surmised he had a chronic leaning toward hand-me-downs. Despite his red nose, which was as glossy as a street-stand apple, his face was comely. His pompadour bristles environed a forehead that betokened an intellect of no mean order, while his drooping mustache and dreamy eyes added to the general picturesqueness of his appearance. His hands, when clean, were as shapely as a lady's, and hinted that he might have been cradled within the patrician circle of Quality-corners. But everything was simply surmise. He was "nobody," so he said himself, and in his maudlin colloquies with himself he would say, "I care for Nobody and Nobody cares for me. We're great chums, Nobody and me."

One Christmas morning he crawled from under the lee side of a hay-stack, where he had stowed himself in a drunken stupor on the night previous, and gazed around him with bleary, blinking eyes, while he tried to collect his scattered senses and recollect how he came to "put up" at such a queer hotel.

"I wonder where I am and how I got here!" he ejaculated, as he drew his rags closer to his shivering form. "I wonder if to-day is to-morrow or yesterday! I feel rather peckish. If I haven't slept too long, to-day should be Christmas. Merry Christmas, Nobody! Let's shake hands. That's right, Nobody; you haven't gone back on your pard yet, have you? Now who's going to treat, you or me? And how much have we left to treat? Christmas, too! We should treat each other royally to-day."

He dived his purple hands deep into the recess of his tatters and brought forth two cents and a printers' union card.

"Rather a slim outlook for me, Nobody; there isn't even enough for you." And he made another fruitless search. "Nothing! Well, I'll stand treat to a frozen cocktail," he resumed, as he placed an icicle in his mouth.

"Sizzle, didn't it, Nobody? Mine did, too. It isn't the sort of an appetizer we like, eh? Whew! how the cold bites. We'll hunt a Christmas feather and try our luck. Perhaps something will turn up."

Several goose feathers were frozen to the ice in the wagon ruts near the spot on which he stood, and he broke the downy tip from the largest and held it between his thumb and fore-finger.

"A merry Christmas and good luck with it," he said to the feather.

"Now, vagrant plume from downy breast,
Like a tramp thou dost roam,
A stranger, poor, without a nest,
Or place to call thy home;
For we are creatures of the same kind,
Adrift on the world's way,
Tossed hither and thither by the wind,
We go the pathless way;
Now we will drift to the west,
Now to the east, this Christmas day!"

He leaned back and holding the tip above his lips blew it towards the sky. At first it floated upward in a direct line above him, as though anxious to get as far as possible from the tainted breath of its newly formed acquaintance, then changed its course and fluttered toward a church-spire from whose belfry the tinkling chimes of St. Nicholas rang forth merrily on the frosty air.

"Nobody, that's a poor place to hunt a Christmas feast; but we'll try it. Perhaps we may get a bite of evergreen with a few holly berries for dessert. Cheer up and jog along smart, for its very cold this morning, and we must step quickly to keep warm. It's a shame, Nobody, that your tailor doesn't keep your coat in better repair. Even your pockets are moth-eaten. How does he expect you will ever have money to buy new clothes when he lets the pockets of your old ones get so full of holes that they won't hold money? You had better hand your gold to me and I'll be



"Blow to us a Christmas feast."

your banker. I'll spend it for you before you have a chance to lose it. You know you can trust me, Nobody? That's right," he continued, as he shifted the two cents to a different hole in his coat. "Now your load is lighter, we will walk faster."

In this manner he held a conversation with himself for half an hour, whistling merrily between times, as he pursued his way.

"It appears to me, Nobody, that our road is getting no shorter very fast. But cheer up, will reach there soon."

As he rounded an angle and turned into the plank road which led to the village center, he met a little maid whose face was aglow from trying to carry a well-loaded basket that was far too heavy for her childish strength. On seeing Rube she laid her basket on the walk and sat down to rest herself.

"A merry Christmas to you, my lass!" exclaimed Rube with a polite bow.

"The same to you, sir," responded the little girl, as she glanced in his face with an expression that reflected the mixture of intuitive faith and dread inspired by his salute.

"And why do you breathe so short?" questioned Rube in a kind tone.

"I wish I was a man!" impetuously ejaculated the wee miss, and she knocked her tiny heels together as though out of patience because she was not a full-grown member of the other sex.

"And why do you wish it?" he inquired, much amused at her annoyance.

"My toes is cold, and it's too heavy," she snapped.

Then she removed her mitten and dug out the snow from the gaping tips of a pair of shoes that were much too large for her.

"The basket is rather heavy for a little tot like you."

"I ain't a 'tot.' Don't you call me names."

"How far, my little lady, must you carry your load?"

"To granny's, up yonder."

"If you'll not mind me, because I'm ragged, I'll carry your basket for you and you, too."

"And you won't let anything spill?"

"O, no; just put your arm over my shoulder. That's it; now show me the way," he said, as he perched her on his arm and took the basket in his other hand.

It was a curious sight. Red Rube and the pretty child. It suggested a strange combination of an Iris and a Bacchus, as it were, but a much battered Bacchus.

"I like you!" suddenly exclaimed his live parcel. "You're dirty, but you're kind. Where did you get that red nose? It don't look nice at all. I wouldn't have a nose like that!"

"It cost me a great deal of money," said Rube.

"Well, if you can buy one with money, you better sell that and buy another. It looks like a lobster claw. Granny's got one for a funnel; a claw, I mean. What you crying for?"

"It's the cold, my dear," replied Rube, in a voice that trembled slightly.

For years he had stood the jeers and jibes of the printing fraternity as they jested about the "red-danger-light over his whisky tomb." He had stood them in silence like a stoic and cared nothing; but this sharp-tongued midget's words cut him to the quick, and for the first time in his recollection he felt sensitive about the color of his nose.

"Do you hear that, Nobody?" he asked of his chum. "She's poking fun at your smeller after all the trouble and pains you have had to get it painted. She says it don't look well. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Nobody?"

"Who are you talking to?" asked the mite, leaning down and looking into his face with an earnest glance.

"With Nobody," he replied.

"That ain't anybody, is it?"

"Nobody is my chum."

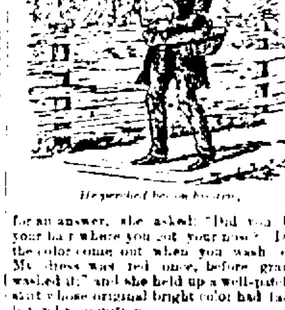
"Where is he?"

"In my mind."

"Oh! Say, I shouldn't think you would like to talk to anyone who can't talk back."

"Nobody and me were never known to quarrel, my dear, for that very reason."

"Why do you call me your dear?" queried the child, abruptly; then, without waiting



He perched her on his arm.

for an answer, she asked: "Did you buy your hat where you got your nose? Does the color come out when you wash it? My dress was red once, before granny washed it," and she held up a well-patched skirt whose original bright color had faded beyond recognition.

"She's talking about your nose again, Nobody," muttered Rube, in a mournful tone.

"Why don't you talk to me, instead of nobody? I wish I had two cents."

"What would you do with them?"

"Buy sick Willie a monkey that will jump over a pole. See 'em in that window?" And she doubled her diminutive fist so that its index finger protruded through a hole in her mitten, then pointed in the display window of the village toy-shop.

"I've got two cents of Nobody's somewhere. I'm his banker, and I guess he won't mind our spending them," he said, as he placed her on her feet and produced the two pennies he had. "Now run in there and get the monkey."

"I'd kiss you, if 'twasn't for your red nose; I'm afraid of that. No, I guess I won't. Your face is dirty, too. You can wash it when you get to granny's."

Then she shook her little head emphatically from side to side, and disappeared within the shop.

"Your nose again, Nobody. I'm really getting ashamed of you," he muttered, ruefully, while he caressed the cause of his chagrin. "I really am."

"I got it! I got it!" exclaimed his tantalizer, as she ran out the door working the jumping-jack. "Willie will be so pleased. Poor fellow! I am sorry for him! His feet are burned, and he can't walk."

Rube took up his charges and walked along the road communing with Nobody. People had just begun to appear on the streets, probably going to market to buy little things they had neglected to purchase during the hurry and bustle of the day previous. Many curious glances were directed at the ragged tramp and his fair burden; but he noticed none of them. He was having his first quarrel with Nobody.

"Here's granny's. Whoa! you're going by the gate!" were the words, accompanied by a pinch of his ear, which disturbed the tenor of his mental quarrel. "Now, set me down and come in," she said, as she grasped his hand and led him within the gate, whither he mechanically followed like one in a dream. "You are cold and tired. You must warm yourself. He carried me home, granny," she explained to the care-worn old lady who appeared in the doorway of the tumbledown cottage.

"A merry Christmas to you, madam," said Rube. "Here is a basket the little girl found too heavy for her, so I carried it."

"Come in, sir; come in," invited granny. "Take a seat by the fire. Bring him a chair, Bessie."

Rube entered the house, uncovered his shock and placed the basket on the table; then sat on a low stool by the stove and spread his numbed hands before it. The kettle began to sing and as the warmth of the fire penetrated his chilled body it made him so drowsy that he leaned against the chimney-piece and slept while granny prepared breakfast. As he slept he dreamed, and, in his dreams he went back to his childhood days before he ever tasted intoxicants; back to the days when his angel mother used to warn him of the evil of intemperance and tell him how it caused his father's death. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he slept. He traced the beginning of his comradeship with Nobody up through his past until the present, and his tears were those of remorse for a misspent life. Suddenly he was awakened by the touch of a damp cloth to his face, and on opening his eyes he discovered Bessie standing on tip-toe and trying to wash his nose.

"What did you paint it with? It won't come off," she said. "I've got your hands washed clean and the most of your face, and I'll kiss you for being good to me if I can get your nose clean. What are you laughing at? Here's the towel. I do believe he's crying, granny." And as she spoke poor Rube buried his face in his wet hands and gave vent to sobs that made his



He sat at the table.

whole frame quiver with emotion. Then, with a sudden shake of his head and a dash of his hands, he stood straight and pressed his finger-tips to his eyes as if to shut out some disagreeable recollection.

"Better sit down to breakfast now," said granny, taking no notice of his peculiar actions.

He washed and dried himself and ran a comb through his bristles for the first time in ten days, after which he sat at the table.

The breakfast was passed in comparative silence on Rube's part; but the old lady asserted a woman's prerogative, her tongue, and chatted of bygone days, when she lived in affluence and plenty, before the time when her husband and only son drank themselves to death and drove the rest of the family to the obscure poverty that now surrounded them. She told how Bessie's mother died of starvation in a large city and left Bessie with no one but her old granny to care for her. Little did she know the struggle that was going on between Rube and Nobody while she talked, and she was completely astonished when he stood up at his seat with a suddenness that threatened entire demolition of the repast, and exclaimed:

"Granny, I've been a drunkard ever since I arrived at the age of manhood. I am dressed in rags; but I am not a bad man. I can earn enough to care for a small family, and I have not a relative whom I care to know in the world. Let me be as a son to you and I'll never drink again."

"And you'll be a papa to me and buy a new nose?" questioned Bessie, later in the day, after he had told the story of his life to granny and his proposition was accepted.

"Yes, little one."

"Well, I'll kiss you now, then."

And she did.

That night, when Rube stood outside the house alone in the starlight, he held an impressive conversation with Nobody.

"Nobody, we've been fast comrades for many years and seen a world of trouble together. We've cheered each other through thick and thin, but we must part. We are not safe companions for each other. I must choose someone who respects himself more than either of us have been wont to do, and form a new partnership. Although you've been a convivial friend, I cannot feel sorry that we are to separate for good. Together we cause woe, each to the other. Good-by! good-by, forever! When you hear of me again the firm shall be Somebody and Rube; and Rube will be somebody, too, but it can never again be Nobody and Me.

"O turn ... thee not, ... I kneel
... ...
Lend me thy ... ... strength
That I may keep thy vow.
I ... bow Thy ... seal,
... ...
And thank Thee for Thy mercy to
Nobody, Christmas tramp."

Beyond His Comprehension.

"Merry Christmas to you, Poldheimer!" exclaimed Dalyrapl, as they met.

"Yah; der same mit yourself."

"Well, what did you find in your stockings this morning?"

"By shimmeny! How you vas know dot? Yonder, I go me richdt erfay tome gweek und got Katrina do dook dot hole der adocking oudt. I vould see how you vas know pout dot hole."

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY.

Sleep, baby, sleep, the mother sings;
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

With swathes of scented hay thy bed
By Mary's hand at eve was spread,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

At midnight came the shepherds, they
Whom seraphs wakened by the way,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar
Ere dawn came, guided by the star,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

They brought thee gifts of gold and gems,
Pure Orient pearls, rich diadems,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

But thou who liest slumbering there
Art king of kings, earth, ocean, air,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The shepherds sing;
Through heaven, through earth, hosannas ring.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—*John Addington Symonds.*

THE FAMOUS FEUD;

OR,

THE STRANGE FORTUNES OF WAR.

A Christmas Story by Flora Haines Loughead.

To say that the O'Grady's and Callahans were enemies but feebly expresses it. For years the feud between them had been kept, fuel being added to it in one way or another every week. The men quarrelled every time they met, and as they lived neighbors this was very often—the women quarrelled, and as for the children the O'Grady's and the Callahans were in one continual fight. Indeed, so far had this feud gone on at the time our story opens, Tim Callahan had sued Patrick O'Grady in the courts.

One day a youthful Callahan was discovered in the act of belaboring a young O'Grady with a five gallon oil can, while a bloody nose and a scratch on the assailant's face attested the ability of the O'Grady to give as good as the Callahan sent.

The two mothers watched the battle with pride in the prowess of her offspring. Neither attempted to interfere. It was salve for a secret grievance that each nourished in her heart. For upward of a year their two eldest had suspended hostilities. Nay, more. Tim and Annie exchanged shy glances of sympathy and affection whenever they met. They had been seen walking together across the Hollow at night. Annie, a pretty, blue-eyed little creature, who was really modest and ladylike, had lifted up her voice in defence of the Callahans in her mother's house. Tim, a sturdy young fellow, who had spent the best days of his youth dodging the police authorities and the Industrial School, but had turned out a very decent machinist after all, had left the paternal mansion the night before, slamming the door behind him in resentment of some slighting allusion to the O'Gradys. The neighbors were beginning to say that it was a pity such a likely young couple should be kept apart by family differences; but the parents preserved an uncompromising front.

So absorbed were both women in watching the outcome of the combat that they did not at first observe a crowd that had gathered further down the street, nor the people running thither from all quarters. Evidently something of interest was transpiring; possibly a fire. The Callahans and the O'Gradys, young and old, never missed a fire if they could help it. With one accord the two women started for the scene of excitement, and as Mrs. O'Grady's short limbs were somewhat more agile than Mrs. Callahan's longer ones, they kept well abreast, and never paused until they had reached the outskirts of the ever-increasing crowd. Then Mrs. Callahan stopped with prophetic instinct, one hand pressed closely to her panting breast.

"It's the sewer. Something's happened in the sewer: an' my Bill's a-goin' to work there the mornin'."

Norah O'Grady gave an exclamation of disgust. The idea of one of the Callahan crowd being singled out for any special disaster was so absurd on the face of it that the very suggestion awoke in her a sense of impatience.

"An' what's happened?" she said, in a deliberative tone, accenting the second word, addressing a man who stood at her elbow.

"Bank caved in. Men under it."

"No, some men fell into an old cesspool that they uncovered."

Bridget Callahan did not wait to hear more, but pushed her way through the crowd. Norah O'Grady, without waiting to think, or reason that it was none of her concern, followed in her enemy's wake. In spite of oaths, and resistance, and angry words, they threaded their way to the margin of a narrow circle, where banks of loosely heaped earth surrounded a yawning black hole. There they learned the details of what had happened. In extending the system of sewerage along the street, an old cesspool had been uncovered and three men had been sent down to examine it; two of them had beaten a quick retreat, but the third had succumbed to the foul gases generated there. Two successive attempts had been made by other workmen to rescue him, but neither of the men who went down after him returned. Three men lay dead or dying at the foot of the ladder, and no workman could be found foolhardy enough to venture down.

"An' who were the men that went down?" asked Bridget Callahan.

"Walsh and William was the men that went last. Bill Callahan was the first."

"Me husban' an' the father of seven children. A man that is as honest as the day is long; that never lost a day's worruk in his life. May the Lord an' all his blessed an' holy saints have pity on me!" wailed Bridget Callahan.

Even in her wildest cry of grief she managed to sting the woman who stood silently before her, and Norah O'Grady felt the thrust and winced under it. No one had ever accused Patrick O'Grady of being honest, and as for doing a day's work—since the day some eight or ten years since, when O'Grady had abandoned the calling of an hostler and taken up the profession of a ward politician, he had never condescended to soil his hands with a day's manual labor. Yet, strangely enough, Norah O'Grady felt no inclination to triumph over her enemy, but a new and tender feeling crept into her heart.

Meantime Bridget Callahan filled the air with the sound of her lamentations, now pleading, now sobbing, now railing at those about her.

"An' are ye men an' stand there idle, with three poor fellows perishin' so near, an' not a hand that lifts to save him! Shame on ye for weak hearted cowards! For the love of heaven, boys! Oh, ye lazy vagabones! Let a woman show ye your duty!" And quick as a flash, before any one could anticipate her movement, in spite of her corpulent and clumsy figure, she had swung herself over upon the ladder and was preparing to go down.

In the first excitement of their appearance of the scene neither of the women had noticed a big, muscular fellow, wearing a flashy checked suit with an air of awkward rakishness, who stood on the bank of fresh earth but a few paces away, smoking a short pipe and gazing speculatively into the black pit below. As the woman's shrill cry of denunciation reached his ears he might have been seen to remove the pipe from his lips for a moment and smile grimly to himself like one who hears a compliment intended for him, and hastened to acknowledge it. But Mrs. Callahan had no sooner set foot on the ladder than a heavy hand fell on her shoulder, and a gruff voice sounded into her hears.

"Back!"

She looked up and recognized him, and her face grew red as a lobster with contending emotions.

"Oh, it's you, Patrick O'Grady, is it?" she asked, in a shrill voice. "Let go of me. Oh, you worthless loafer! You good-for-nothing, do nothing, dog poisoning rascal! Let me go to save my man. My man, whose little finger is worth more than your whole lazy body. Oh, Bill, Bill!" And she broke out in a fresh storm of sobbing, but she suffered herself to be led back without further protest.

Meanwhile the man she had so bitterly denounced, but to whom she had, nevertheless, yielded an unwilling obedience, felt a light touch upon his shoulder, and turned to face his wife. His eyes asked a question, and her eyes answered.

"All right, if you say so, my girl."

In an instant his attitude had changed. New life seemed infused into him. His huge, brawny frame, but the moment before a torpid, inert mass, became the embodiment of activity and force. The sluggish blood bounded through his veins. Recollections of old times, when he had been a miner on the Comstock and had fought the miner's battles with foul air and fire-damp, came back to him. He flung off his coat and unbuttoned his collar, baring his huge, muscular body.

"Some rope!" he shouted.

A coil of rope fell at his feet. He caught up a hose, hanging over a bed of mortar close by, and turned a spray of water into the dark pit, at the same time saturating his handkerchief with the water and binding it tightly about his mouth and nostrils. Then, with the rope knotted around him, a word to the men who were to pay it out, and a parting kiss to his wife, he stepped upon the ladder and commenced the descent.

Norah O'Grady, her heart wrung with terror, stood on the brink and saw him go. To his death, she thought, and tried to frame some prayer for him, but her white lips refused to move. Standing there, on the threshold of what she felt must be the tragedy of her life, she became suddenly aware of the curious eyes bent upon her and of the absurd spectacle she presented in her calico wrapper and with the child's hat on her head. She knew that she had sent her husband to his doom, and she must not leave the place where she could see his dead body when the men pulled it up; but she tried to settle the jaunty hat into some expression of propriety, and, fumbling with her belt, strove to arrange the folds of her wrapper.

In the midst of her awkward struggle a mantle seemed to descend upon her from the heavens. Gazing in astonishment over one shoulder, she found herself arrayed in all the glory of the Paisely shawl. Looking up, she saw her enemy awed into silence by the strange turn events had taken, looking down upon her with quite a new expression, and she realized that it was no chance impulse that had prompted her to divest herself of the garment, but tender womanly consideration.

"I don't need it," whispered Mrs. Callahan. Then she quite broke down. "Oh, Norah O'Grady!" Catching the latter's little nervous hand between her large, strong ones, she sobbed over her in penitence and compassion.

There was a cry from those who stood about the ladder.

"Here he comes!"

An instant later, O'Grady's herculean figure appeared, bearing in his arms a slender young fellow who tried to stand, and would have fallen had not strong arms come to his aid.

A shout went up.

"It's Williams!"

A gray-haired woman came forward, and half-led, half-supported her son away.

The next time O'Grady appeared, he stumbled and fell, as he was relieved of his inanimate burden. A whisper ran around.

"It's Walsh."

They laid him on the ground.

A girl stole timidly out from the crowd, and wept over her dead lover. All eyes turned questionally upon O'Grady who was leaning up against a box, pale and shaky, making a weak gesture of protest as the swaying of the curious threatened to shut off the air from him. Then he arose and faltered toward the mortar-box where the hose was playing. He had loosed the handkerchief from his mouth and nose, and now untied it with trembling hands.

"He's going to give it up," some one said.

O'Grady heard the words, and was reminded that he had already done all that could be expected of any man; that if he stopped now, he would still be a hero in the eyes of those who were looking on; that neither duty nor reason demanded his return to the poisonous den from which he had escaped, but he looked toward the quarter from which the words had come, and replied with a savage sneer: "Not much."

He stopped just long enough to take a cool, invigorating draught from the nozzle of the hose and to saturate the handkerchief again, before binding it across his face. He called for another length of rope and, as he instructed the men to haul up at a given signal, they knew that his strength was giving out. Then he leaped upon the ladder and descended, hand over hand, with the swiftness of one who is about to take a desperate risk. No one in the pure, wholesome air above could guess what it was to plunge into this noisome hole, the reeking repository of filth and corruption, from which poisonous gases exhaled, blotting out the light of day that essayed to creep through the narrow opening above, making it impossible for so much as the flame of a candle to survive. Nor did O'Grady find any comfort in the reflection that he was doing a magnanimous and gallant deed, risking his life to save his enemy. To him, Callahan had from the first lost personality and identity. He was simply a fellow-being suffering, failing, dying!

As O'Grady reached the lower rung of the ladder and stooped to the foul ooze below, the horrible vapors seemed to rise like spectral forms, crushing his chest in a vice-like embrace. His eyes were blinded, something roared in his ears like the thunder of incoming breakers. Sightless, deafened, choking, he groped about him, and found what he sought.

The men above felt a faint pull on the rope O'Grady had carried in his hands, and hauled it in with a will. A moment later Callahan, unconscious, but with his chest heaving in slow, convulsive movements, lay stretched upon the ground beside them. Everybody looked to see O'Grady's resolute face and broad shoulders appear at the opening. Cheers were on their lips, praise in their hearts. Somebody pulled gently on the rope he had tied about his waist when he first went down. Heavy, inanimate weight was the only response. Two of the workingmen swung themselves down the ladder until only their heads and shoulders were visible, and gripping the rope, they brought the heavy burden into position to be raised.

"Now, boys!"

Slowly and more carefully than before they pulled upon the rope. When Norah O'Grady saw the lifeless form she sprang forward with a little cry.

A week later two convalescents sat up in bed and demanded to be dressed. Bridget Callahan hastened to obey her husband's behest with a willing heart and trembling hands. Norah O'Grady scolded and expostulated, but to no effect. O'Grady stormed and swore, and went grimly off without his breakfast, putting in his appearance at the police court fully ten minutes before his antagonist.

He had actually got in a savage plea of "Guilty, an' it plase your honor!" when the plaintiff appeared on the scene. The two men met for the first time since the day when Callahan had been drawn back from the jaws of a frightful death by his enemy. O'Grady would not look toward him now, but repeated his plea, rather more loudly and decidedly than before.

"Guilty, your honor."

Callahan held a hasty consultation with an official of the court.

"Nolle prosequi," announced the latter in a careless tone.

"Case dismissed. Call the next," said the Judge.

O'Grady had to be twice informed before he comprehended the turn affairs had taken. Then he left reluctantly, unhappy and dissatisfied. The fact that he had laid his enemy under the heaviest obligations to himself had only served to whet his zest in the role of injured innocence, which he had been ready to enact. He had been making ready his powers of oratory all the way down town, rehearsing the pedigree of the game cocks Callahan's dog had slain, counting his decimated flock of ducks, raking up a score of old injuries which he meant to rehearse if an opportunity was presented. He went out of court crestfallen. Somebody awaited him outside the door.

"O'Grady!" said Callahan, in a voice at once conciliatory, pleading, argumentative, holding out his hand at the same time.

If O'Grady had been the man who had lain at the bottom of the cesspool and Callahan the man who had saved him, he would have struck aside the proffered hand. But all at once it came to him that one who confers a favor has obligations far more binding than those of the recipient. The man who had once done a noble and unselfish act has a character to maintain. It is the old principle of noblesse oblige, among high and low, rich and poor.

They walked down the stairs together, and out into the street. For a long time they did not speak a word. Then Callahan timidly remarked:

"They do say our Tim be coortin' ar your Annie."

O'Grady smoked his pipe for some seconds without replying. Then he took it deliberately from his mouth.

"Tim's a likely lad."

That evening Tim Callahan walked up to the front door of the O'Grady cottage. Annie O'Grady, her face a genuine April of smiles and tears, was there to receive him; and in this merry Christmas season there are no happier neighbors than the Callahans and the O'Gradys.

Christmas in Many Lands.

HOW DIFFERENT NATIONS ENJOY THE HAPPY TIME.

Christmas customs and traditions! What pleasant associations cluster round the words. What memories of bygone pleasures, mellowed by time and delightful to look back upon in after years, they bring to the recollection. In every land where the King of festivals is observed the records of the past, away back to the time where the mists of paganism first gave way to the dawning light of Christianity, teem with Christmas myth and legend.

In some of these can be traced the remnants of Pagan observances which became blended with the Customs of the Christian age at a time when paganism was succeeded by the nebulous glo in that foretold the dawn of the new dispensation, and which in some form or other have survived till the present day. The traditions and legends connected with Christmas have an earnest peculiarity of their own, and it is worth noting that the spirit of charity and goodwill, which is the leading characteristic of the happy time, pervades them all. Some of the more interesting of these customs we will endeavor to briefly describe.

In England the custom of staying up to midnight to hear the Christmas "waits" is still observed, although many good people if asked the question would find it difficult to give a reason for doing so. The tradition that Christ was born at midnight originated this custom. At one time bands of singers used to go about from house to house singing Christmas carols. Those were the "waits," and by degrees the quaintly beautiful carols which they sang degenerated into mere doggerel and the custom for a time fell into disuse. Latterly, however, it has been revived somewhat, as also the custom of singing Christmas carols in Protestant Episcopal churches.

In the feudal times when the old baronial halls gloried in vast fireplaces, the bringing in of the Yule log, an entire trunk of a tree which was burned whole, was a great event and attended by peculiar ceremonies and great rejoicing. Then feasting followed; the mighty wassail bowl was introduced and the solid pleasures of the table followed and were kept up with a zest and ability to put away vast quantities of provisions that would astonish most people of the present generation. The central dish was the boar's head, flanked by other spoils of the chase. At the present day the crowning ideas of Christmas pleasures in England, as, indeed, in everywhere else throughout Christendom, are still the grosser joys of eating and drinking. The "roast beef and plum pudding" of Old England has a Yuletide smack about it and solid plenty is the characteristic of Christmas cheer at English tables. First comes the savory roast goose, which is the recognized Christmas dish among all classes, peers and commoners alike, and the plum pudding, which is brought in steaming with burning brandy surrounding it, causing young hearts to rejoice and bringing in a vista of future stomach ache and physic to small boys. The merchant decorously drinks wine with his sons and daughters and, under the generous influence of sherry, tips them handsomely. Throughout the land Charity expands her wings, and in all the large cities a general movement is heartily made to let the poor have at least one good dinner.

In America the custom of hanging up the stocking is as heartily observed as ever, and little boys and girls in town and country for weeks before Christmas speculate on what Santa Claus will bring them. The North German custom of the Christmas tree has been largely revived of late years, and in many households has become a regular observance every year. Both the Christmas tree and the Santa Claus custom are the relics of the days when Thor, Woden and Frica were worshipped, but modified by Christianity till they are now emblematic of the charitable feelings of the day of gladness.

In France, many years ago, it was the habit of the people to go through profane parodies of the Christmas mass. These have been abandoned by common consent. It was the practice for people to stop all kinds of labor at noon on the day before Christmas, and masters kept open house and feasted their employes. It was also the fashion for the people to assemble on the outside of churches and cathedrals long before midnight, and the time was passed away by the singing of Christmas carols, the Monks teaching them how to sing the carols as well as the Latin canticles of the Church. As the Saturnalian element began to come uppermost, the carols became scurrilous and obscene, and no regret was felt when the custom was done away with.

In sunny Italy the most visible characteristic is the excessive love and devotion felt for the Virgin, which shows itself in many quaint ways. The whole scope of the teaching of the Church tends to make the people realize the birth of Christ as an actual yearly occurrence. This has led to the manifestation of the pifferari, the bagpipe players, who are all from the mountains of Calabria. The pifferari divide themselves into the three bands, which march down the streets, stopping at every shrine and pouring out wild music characterized rather by loudness than melody. This is one of the sights of Rome at Christmas time. It is the mission of the pifferari to go through the city and pray before all the shrines to the Virgin to cheer her spirits while undergoing the anguish of accouchement.

In Germany Christmas is observed with peculiar heartiness. There Santa Claus has an abiding home, and the Christmas tree, with its cheerful light, is found in every house where money can be raised to procure it. Like the people of England, the Germans place eating and drinking among the foremost pleasures at Christmastide.

The Russian observances at Christmas are peculiar in one important respect. They lag behind the other Christian nations. Their Christmas Eve falls on our 5th of January, as the Russians never surrendered the Julian Calendar. The Christmas festivities are marked with quaint games in which parts are assigned for youths and maidens, and a strict code of etiquette is observed through them all.

In the Spanish-American cities of Central America common observances take place in the churches on Christmas Eve. Among the customs is the exhibition of miniature figures of wax illustrating the Nativity and colored according to nature. This representation is called nacimiento, and every family of consequence prepares one which is set in the best room.

The Goose Brought Him Luck.

Thirty-six years ago William Welch got a job on the New York Central Railroad as a flagman at Warren street crossing, in Syracuse. His post was in the very heart of the town and every resident came to know him. As soon as he began to draw his salary Welch took unto himself a wife, bought a little house on the outskirts of the city, and established a white goose as monarch of the dooryard. Success dwelt at Welch's hearth. Little Welches came one after another, and went forth to buy homesteads of their own. Welch senior and his goose waxed old together. Christmas after Christmas came, but no temptation of appetite could make the old man sacrifice his mascot goose for a holiday dinner. Welch being well off, wanted several years ago to retire from service, but registered a vow that he would work on until the old bird died. Last Monday morning the postal clerks saw a new man, resplendent in blue and brass, waving the flag at the crossing.

"Where's Billy?" they cried.

"His goose died Saturday night," was the answer, "and Welch has quit work."

A JOLLY CHRISTMAS LOAD.

'Twas cold outside, an' so, says I,
I can rest me, now the chores is done,
The wind is sharp, there's a threatenin' sky;
A snowstorm's just begun.

I gave the logs a livenin' poke,
An' settled down for an easy spell,
My cider near, an' my pipe to smoke,
The fire a-burnin' well.

When all at once, I thinks t' myself
Of the parson's dues I'd ought to pay,
A-lyin' here or there on the chimney shelf—
I got the last to-day.

So out I went. The old ox team
Was standin' there on the nigh crossroad.
You should ha' seen them critters steam;
The wind it sang and blowed.

So off we went. 'Twas precious slow,
I gave the parson his quarter's pay.
"I'm glad to get it," says he, "you know
To-morrow's Christmas Day."

I kissed the young 'un, said good-bye,
And back I started the other half.
When all at once—may I hope to die
If I didn't hear a laugh!

"Hello!" says I a-turnin' round;
"Who be ye, sir?" an' I up an' smiled—
For there was standin' on the ground
The smallest little child.

He laughed again, "I want a ride,
I'm not alone; can you take us all?
Can you take me in and the rest besides?"
I grinned, "'Twill be a haul."

So in I packed 'em, every one,
I tell ye what, 'twas a jolly load,
'Twas no time goin', with all the fun;
We's home before we knowed.

Ma stood a-waitin' at the door;
And Sallie cried, "Why, the darlin' things!"
And kissed 'em all, while I said, "Oh, lor',
D' you see? they've all got wings!"

It stumped me so I laughed out loud,
When lo'n behold! the hull thing was gone—
The old ox team, an' the jolly crowd—
An' I woke up some forlorn.

But ma said, when I told my dream,
"Well, folks don't reckon the loads they brings;
You took your'n cheerful, an' so, t'd seem,
You saw your blessin's wings."
—JULIE M. LIPPMAN.

A CHANCE MEETING.

A Pleasant Christmas Story.

John Challoner was feeling utterly miserable. He was a brown-bearded, sturdy-looking man, with every outward appearance of health and prosperity; but as he sat there in the corner of the railway carriage, with his hands thrust deeply into the capacious pockets of his fur-lined coat, and with his traveling cap pulled low over his eyes, I doubt if there were so wretched a man in the whole of that London express.

There was a terrible storm on, for it was the Christmas Eve of '78, and destined to be a memorable night in the annals of the weather almanacs; but as he sat there watching the snow being hurled in compact masses against the windows, John Challoner felt a certain grim satisfaction that nature should be in accordance with his own tempestuous thoughts.

He was not very sure of their present whereabouts, but as far as he could judge the train was already some hours late, and was progressing at a very slow rate indeed. Well, what did it matter after all, whether or not he were home in time for the Christmas Day? The big dreary house, that a girl's young presence had seemed to flood with sunshine, would appear even bigger and drearier, now that that girl had left it forever. There would be Sarah, of course, the silent elder sister, who had watched over John's motherless boyhood, and who loved him with so jealous a devotion; but then—Sarah wasn't Madge, and it was Madge he wanted. Not that he would have admitted as much for a moment; that would have been too ridiculous, when it was only last night, after a somewhat prolonged visit to the Scottish metropolis, that he had been talking to a lawyer in Edinburgh, and giving him instructions about the drawing up of the paper which was to separate the husband and wife. John was to go his way, and Madge was to go hers. And this was the end of those four years of married life which had opened so brightly and well; this was the end of that first tiny quarrel, when Challoner had forgotten the promise to take his girl-wife to an especial dance, and had spent the evening among the books which had been the sole companions of his hitherto solitary life. Whose actual fault was it that things had come to this pass? In what had the trouble consisted, that there had been such jarring in the home that they had ultimately decided to live their lives apart?

The train went slower and slower; the freshly fallen snow lay in high banks on either side; but John Challoner's thoughts never wandered from the old sore subject. One by one he recalled the various landmarks of those four years. How bitterly Sarah had resented the advent of the young bride; how impossible he had found it to live a society life with Madge and yet get through the necessary literary work which meant his livelihood; how eagerly his young cousin, Charley Thorne, had volunteered to take her to dances and so on in his stead. Then he recalled their little daughter's birth and the glad hopes that had sprung into life as he took his tiny Rose in his stalwart arms and tried to trace the mother-look in the baby features. But the baby had only lived to see her second birth-day, and with her death "the rift within the lute" had slowly widened, and the faint music which she had echoed in their daily lives was turned into jangling discord. "Madge was fonder of young Thorne than of John himself," Sarah had averred; and the poor fellow had been forced to acquiesce, when barely had the dead child been laid to rest before her mother had taken up the old whirl of dissipation, with Charlie Thorne in constant attendance.

There was nothing, I think, which John Challoner felt so bitterly as this same apparent hard-heartedness. It is not often that men care for very young children, but this curly-headed little daughter had been simply worshipped by her father. The fact that this man was a poet both by nature and profession may perhaps have helped him in his love and comprehension of what Theodore Watts so beautifully calls "the music of human speech—the beloved babble of children;" but certain it is that he had set high hopes upon this little one. The highest of all was that she would bind his beautiful wife closer to him; but the baby had died and was under the snow, and the dead hopes were buried in the scrap of lawyers' parchment which another week would see signed and attested.

How bitterly cold it was to be sure! the hot-water cans had been useless long ago, and the windows were coated with frozen snow; but yet he never regretted having taken the journey. Albeit they were English folk, Madge's home and belongings were in Edinburgh, and Challoner had preferred leaving the question of settlements with those who would be careful for Madge's interests, rather than in less friendly hands. Of course there had been no obligation to go north in person; but Challoner, jealous of his wife's reputation, had dreaded the matter being discussed by unnecessary tongues. The separation was purely a personal affair, and was being settled by the family solicitors without any further appeal to the law.

There were only two other passengers in his compartment, and to rouse himself from his gloomy abstraction he began listening to their conversation. They were both young, rather sporting looking men, and one had evidently been describing to the other the personal appearance of some unknown lady.

"She is a thorough little beauty, I tell you, and I flatter myself I'm a good judge," was his enthusiastic comment. "Shouldn't mind traveling up to town with her myself."

"Why don't you, then?" came in answer.

The first speaker laughed. "I daren't, my boy. She has a dragon of a maid with her, who is even more freezing than this beastly weather. Tell you what, though, at the next station I'll try to get her some tea or something that will pave the way to a little chat."

Challoner frowned involuntarily. Such talk was peculiarly distasteful to him; and for the first time it struck him that for the future his Madge would be open to any and every chance insult which men such as his fellow-travelers might choose to put upon her. The very thought of it made his blood boil. Madge was so pretty, so young, and in many ways so thoughtless, that, even more than another, she might be made to feel her unprotected state; and whatever might happen, he himself would be powerless to shield her. He became so absorbed in this new thought that he hardly noticed when the creeping train came to standstill; and it was only when a sudden blast of cold air made it apparent that his companions had thrown down the window and were leaning out to inquire the cause. He was putting his head out of his own window to look about him when the guard came along the footboard, feeling his way laboriously in the blinding snow and shouting at the top of his voice that all passengers were to descend.

Instantly all was in confusion. Cries of Why? What's the matter? Are we in danger? and Guard! guard! resounded on all sides. Immediately the younger of his companions unfastened the door and ejaculating, "Now for that pretty girl!" jumped out; while the other more slowly collected his wraps and observed that he "supposed the snow had been too much for the engine."

This indeed proved to be the case; and, after some pardonable grumbling, Challoner got out of the train and followed in the track of those who were picking their way toward a roadside station at some forty yards' distance. As he did so he caught the rough, persuasive tones of his late companion: "Really, now, you had better take my arm; we shall get on first-rate."

The door of a first-class carriage was swinging open, and standing before it—so directly in his path that Challoner almost fell over him—was the young gentleman who had vaunted his appreciation of feminine beauty. Naturally Challoner's glance followed his, and although he could not distinguish the lady's features he was becoming dimly conscious that the brown velvet coat was strangely familiar, when she spoke a few words in a tone which sent the blood rapidly coursing through his veins: "Thank you; I will not trouble you; my maid is with me."

Madge's voice! Challoner dropped his rugs and scrambled up on the footboard, and held out his arms. "Come down at once!" he cried authoritatively. "It may not be safe for you to stay there. Jump and I'll catch you. May I trouble you to get out of the way, Sir? This lady is my wife."

Madge flung herself instantly into the outstretched arms, and burst into hysterical sobbing. "Oh John! oh John! I have been so cold and so frightened. And the light in our carriage went out, and I thought something might happen to the train and hurt you!"

"Why, Madge?"

Never before had Challoner seen his wife so thoroughly unhinged and frightened, and his heart gave a great leap as he echoed her last words: "Hurt me? Of course not. But how came you to be traveling to town? Why didn't you stay in Edinburgh? Do you think you have taken cold?" He asked the questions all in a breath; but when she began explaining that she wanted to spend Christmas in town with her aunt he hastily cut her short.

"There is no time to talk; we must get on to the station. Parker (this to the maid), follow me closely and try to walk in my footsteps. I shall carry your mistress; the snow is too deep for her."

While speaking, he took the trembling girl in his arms, and began slowly plodding along in the direction the guard had indicated. Of course it was only a chance meeting, and Challoner was too free from superstition to look on it as anything else, but even while he was reminding himself that it was a terrible pity they had met—that their tempers were wholly incompatible—and that it would be misery to live again through the last few months, he was still holding the girl very closely and tenderly, and wishing in spite of himself that the distance could be doubled.

When they reached the little country station they found it to be better provided with shelter than is usually the case, and though there was only one man in charge he was a sensible, good natured individual, who did his best for the poor travelers thus thrown upon his hands. Either the sight of Madge's white childlike face, or the pleasant assurance that the gentleman would make it worth his while, induced him to open a little box of a room which appeared to be his special property and to motion to Challoner to enter.

"Your lady will be more comfortable there, Sir, than in the big room along o' the third-class passengers and all," he suggested; and as neither husband nor wife could think of a sufficient excuse for preferring the company of their fellow-travelers, they were obliged to follow the man's lead.

"I will not intrude upon your privacy," said Challoner stiffly, as soon as the station keeper had left them alone. "You and Parker will be quite comfortable here, and you'll soon get warm by the fire."

Madge watched his broad form disappear through the doorway with a sinking heart. "He hates to be with me even for these few minutes," ran her thought; "and yet"—with a piteous little quiver of her lips, "Oh! how delicious it was to be held in his arms! If he had held me like that oftener, we shouldn't be hating each other to-day! If he had but kissed me in the snow!"

The dismal train of thought was suddenly broken by the discovery that one of her trinkets was missing, and Mrs. Challoner was instantly on her knees. "Come and help me look for it, Parker," she cried. "I have lost my locket. Oh, what shall I do? I have lost my locket."

The excitement both of mistress and maid seemed considerably more than the occasion required; but only Madge herself and the faithful women who nursed her as a child knew of the serious trouble such a loss would entail.

"Could you have dropped it outside, Ma'am?"

"Not possible. The chain couldn't catch on anything when I had my cloak fastened. No; it must be on the floor. Do look for it, Parker."

And look for it they did, but without success, and when the long, fruitless search was over the expression on the girl's face was very woebegone indeed.

"The mistress has lost her gold locket," whispered Parker when John Challoner came again to the door. "It's my belief, Sir, that she dropped it on the floor of the carriage. Can't you send somebody after it, Sir?"

"What locket?"

"The little gold one she always wears round her neck," explained the maid, regardless of the urgent "Parker! You are not to trouble Mr. Challoner," which came from behind her. "She is fonder of it than of anything else, Sir; it seems a pity it should be lost."

"Parker!" again broke in the pretty girlish voice, "I desire that you will not trouble Mr. Challoner."

The man's lips twitched involuntarily. It seemed to him that his young wife was only playing at dignity when she preferred addressing her remarks to him through the medium of a servant.

"Don't be so foolish," he said, peremptorily. "Of course I'll go after your locket. I only came back to tell you that I am afraid you will have to spend several hours here. The snow has broken down the telegraph wires, so the men can't send on a message to the next place for assistance. They must wait until this storm is over, and then get help from the village to dig out the train and clear the lines. But, of course, it will be the work of a good many hours."

"Thank you," said Madge, meekly. "What is the time?"

"Nearly ten." He was turning away, when something in his wife's voice struck him, and he re-entered the room. "You are still cold? Wear this," he said shortly, rapidly unbuttoning his fur lined coat; and in spite of her remonstrances, he wrapped it round her, and then went hastily out into the bitter night air.

Left alone, Madge leaned back in her corner and sat for a long time crying softly to herself. Being thoroughly unstrung by terror and fatigue, she was in just the impressionable mood which made her husband's little act of kindness very precious in her eyes, and she nestled into the thick warm fur as though cheating herself into the belief that it was John himself who was holding her. She remembered a time—it was during the happy weeks which followed the wedding day—when she and John seemed to be all in all to each other; but when they were finally settled in the staid London house, over which Miss Sarah's chilly influence hung like a pall, it had all been altered then. John had gone back to his beloved books, in apparent forgetfulness of the solitary little wife in the big drawing-room upstairs; and if she proposed invading his precincts, it was only to be met with Miss Sarah's reproachful stare and the words: "My brother never allows even me to disturb him." And then baby's birth, and—baby's death! In nervous terror of her own great grief the poor young mother had flung herself into every kind of dissipation, for the dead child seemed hardly further from her than the silent man who was buried in his books, and to face her sorrow alone was more than she could do. Oh, dear! the life that henceforward would be lived apart might have been so happy!—and the tears flowed on.

Meanwhile Challoner had started for the railway carriage. The blinding snow, the flickering lantern and the difficulty of picking his way made the short journey a long one; but his busy wonderments made the time pass quickly. For the first time in his life John Challoner was feeling curious. What made his wife so fond of that particular locket? What did it contain? He was still pondering on the mystery when he reached the carriage. Parker had been right—the little engraved locket lay open on the floor; but beside it lay something, at the sight of which the man's heart gave a great throb. A little curly head, a pair of sweet blue eyes, a soft, uncertain voice trying to stammer the word "Ma-ma!" They all rose vividly before him as he stood there with the tiny ring of silky brown hair lying on his open palm. And it was Madge who had cherished the curl which his own lips had seemed to press so much oftener than had hers! Madge, who had thought to keep the token that he had forgotten and since had regretted so vainly. Well, before they parted he must ask her to halve her treasure with him.

There were very tender memories stirring within him as he plodded his way slowly back to the station, and when he at last reached his room his face was very gentle, albeit very grave. "Yes, I have it, Parker. Thank you. If you will go into the larger room I will sit with your mistress," he said in answer to the maid's anxious greeting; and when he and Madge were alone he pulled his chair closer to hers and began gravely: "Here is your locket."

"Thank you," she said coldly. "I hope it was not a very difficult matter to get to the carriage."

Challoner bit his lip. "Do you think I minded the difficulty?" he retorted passionately. "Don't you know I'd have risked my life for the sake of rescuing this?" He had laid the locket on the table, but as he spoke he opened his clenched hand, and the soft curl glistened brightly in the firelight.

Madge started violently. "You opened it?"

"No; it had opened itself by falling on the floor." He leaned forward and looked at her curiously. "And you cared to keep it, Madge?"

"Did I—care?"

Only three words, but the tone went straight to her husband's heart. So she had cared after all, and yet—"You went out so soon," he said doubtfully.

"And could I help that?" The girl clasped her hands and looked steadily at him with great sorrowful eyes. "You were always alone with your books; and could I bear to live alone in these rooms, where every chair that her hands had touched, every picture that her eyes had seen, spoke to me of my lost darling? No; I would go to dances, theatres, anywhere where she had never been, and therefore could not haunt me."

"You might have come to me."

"To you?" The dreary little laugh with which she echoed his words was not good to hear. "You had your work. You had never asked me to go to the library; you had always left me alone."

Challoner's face had grown very white. "Madge," he said solemnly, "God is my witness that if I have wronged you, it was through a mistaken love, and not through carelessness. When we—married [the loving stress he laid upon the word was not lost upon the girl, although her face was turned from him,] Sarah impressed upon me that if I pursued a plan I had already suggested to her, and asked you to act as my secretary, I should be dealing unfairly in letting you expend your youth and spirits on me and on my work, instead of on the amusements and society life which was natural to your age."

His very anxiety was making him speak in a stiff, unusual fashion, but the little clasped hands moved restlessly at his words. "I should have loved the work."

The murmur was too soft for the other to catch, and he went on slowly: "Rightly or wrongly, I believed her. I said to myself: 'You are a poor man and must work hard; but however great the strain may be it must never touch your wife. If you cannot take her out yourself let your cousin do so in your stead. Let—'"

"Don't talk like that—don't talk like that!" Madge had risen to her feet, and the words came with an irrepressible sob. She waited a full minute and then added: "It makes one wish that things had been different—almost."

When Challoner spoke again it was after a long pause. "When did you cut this curl?"

"On your birthday," said Madge with an effort to speak easily. "I brought her into your room and she was dressed all in white—"

"I thought it was blue."

"No, John; all in white, with coral beads."

"Ah! yes, to be sure, I remember. The the young rogue broke the string, and you were so proud of her strength that you would not have it mended," and Challoner actually laughed at the remembrance of the scene.

"You took her in your arms," went on Madge bravely, "and kissed this very curl, and then you gave her back to me, and said—"

She broke off suddenly; but though Challoner's face was flaming as hotly as her own, he went on steadily: "I said: 'God bless my wife and child, and spare them to me for many, many years.'"

"But baby died in the autumn, and—"

In the intense stillness of the little room John Challoner finished his sentence. "And you are leaving me," he said hoarsely. "Ah, Madge! for baby's sake give me half that curl."

Her gloves were off, and as she silently leaned forward to loosen the silk that held the pretty hair their hands touched. She drew back for a moment, looking at him piteously, and the next, with a long sobbing cry, she fell forward into his outstretched arms.

It was a long, trying night for many people at that little snow-bound station. The men worked hard to clear the lines, but it was only when the first gray glimmer of light was stealing over the darkened skies that they were able to pronounce progress possible. The passengers in the waiting room—with the exception of a little chorister who was due at the Abbey for the coming Christmas service, and who vowed the delay to be "capital fun" had kept up a perpetual chorus of grumblings and abuse; and when the boy had suggested that they should wish each other "A Merry Christmas," there were but few who were in sufficiently good spirits to respond to his request.

But in the little room where the station keeper had placed his two most favored guests there was nothing but deep thankfulness for the enforced wait. During the long night hours, with only a tender memory to share their vigil, husband and wife had grown very close to each other. The long series of jars and misunderstandings which had grown up from the first trivial mistakes, from Challoner's over-scrupulousness that they could follow two distinct and separate courses at home, and Madge's half wounded, half defiant pride, which forbade her to take the initiative in drawing nearer to each other—one and all, they had been discussed, discussed gravely and penitently, as became two souls to whom fresh hopes were springing, and who, but for an apparently chance meeting, would have broken with each other forever. But when the sad reviewing of their past failures was at an end, and with full hearts they dared speak of a brighter and more trustful future, the tears that rose to their eyes were tears of happiness. "It shall be the talisman of our love," Challoner had said as he divided the tiny ring of hair, and the kiss that followed was fraught with all the solemnity of a renewal of marriage vows.

When they went out into the clear, frosty air they half shrunk in the present mood from the gay bustle and laughter which was accompanying the getting up of steam, and the husband and wife walked together to the far end of the platform. As they stood there in silence a faint rosy flush lighted the far east, and as Challoner bared his head at his wife's whisper, "'Tis Christmas Day, and our darling's birthday," the little chorister's sweet shrill voice rose suddenly on the morning air.

"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled,"

sang the pure childish treble. And watching with heartfelt thankfulness the rapt expression on his young wife's face, John Challoner joined reverently in the swelling chorus:

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King."

It is needless to add that the services of the Edinburg lawyer were not required.

A BUD OF HUMANITY.

A TOUCHING LITTLE STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS TIDE.

It was Christmas Eve, a year ago. All day long the snowflakes had been piling themselves along the great city's thoroughfares, and now, at nine o'clock at night, they lay half a foot deep in St. Paul's churchyard. It was just nine as I passed St. Paul's. I had been kept at the office until near that hour, helping to unravel the dying year's tangles. As I passed the lower end of St. Paul's I noticed, about twenty paces ahead, sitting on the foundation which supports the fence around the churchyard, a little boy, alone, gazing into space, as if counting or trying to count, the snowflakes which were flying in every direction. It wasn't very cold, but it was too cold for this little boy to be alone in such a place at such an hour. If he had been a newsboy or a bootblack I perhaps would have passed on, but he was neither one nor the other. He was apparently five years old. He was dressed as only loving hands can dress a child. He had on a sealskin cap, a warm little coat, a tippet, brown worsted leggings and stout little copper-toed shoes. I halted in front of him with: "Well, I like this! What are you doing here?"

"Looking," he answered, with his soft, blue, innocent eyes upturned to mine.

"Looking for what?" I gently asked.

"For the place the snowflakes come from, and for the lady; but she said she wasn't coming any more."

"What lady?" I whispered tenderly, as I took the dear little fellow on my knee.

"Oh, the lady who took me away from ever so far and brought me here, and kissed me so many times and cried, and told me that she was going where the snowflakes come from, and to sit here until some nice gentleman came for me. Are you him?"

"Which way did the lady go, my dear—what is your name?"

"Sonny."

"Sonny? What a queer name. Is that all of it?"

"Why, yes. That is all the ladies in the big house, ever so far off from here, used to call me. And the nice men, too."

"What nice men?"

"Oh, the nice ones that used to come every night when the lights were lit, and dance with the nice ladies, and give me money and ever so much nice things. Say, is you crying, too, like the lady was?" and I felt two little arms steal around my neck, and felt two warm little lips pressing against my beard. "Say, don't you cry any more like that lady did; 'cause it makes me hurted here," pressing his tiny mitted hands over his heart, while he cooed the words into my ear.

"Oh, I'm not crying, my boy. But which way did 'the lady' go?"

"Just around that corner," pointing to the corner of Vesey street, and bending the fingers of his left hand backwards.

"Are you quite sure that she isn't coming back?" I asked, as a wild hope sprang up in my soul.

"Oh, yes," he answered confidently; "'cause she said so."

I arose, with Sonny in my arms, and entered a carriage at the Astor House. All through the drive up Broadway I held him to me as tenderly as his mother could have done. His mother! Poor woman. Poor little chap. I noted his face. He was the most beautiful boy I had ever seen, on canvas or off. His hair was as soft and golden as a madonna's; his eyes were violet and blue—the softest violet, I found, as he once opened them, and looked at me with a smile of content and pleasure; his features were so delicate that one would almost fear to touch them with a great rough hand. I made up my mind as I walked up to my room from the carriage, with "Sonny" in my arms, that I would keep my Christmas present. There was only one thing to prevent me from so doing; that, the appearance of "the lady." I was, am, and always hope to be, a bachelor, with two nicely-furnished rooms and a plenty of cigars and books. I am the last of my race, thank the gods. When we got to my rooms, he awoke as I was taking off his things. He remembered perfectly.

"Am I going to stay here with you always?" coming over, leaning an elbow on my knee, his face in his hands, and looking with his clear, trusting eyes into my very soul.

"Why, yes. I love you already, and if you think that you care for me enough to stay with me, these rooms are yours forever."

"Yes; I would love to stay."

"Then, my boy, it's a bargain! Let's seal it with a kiss!" And I took him in my arms, lifted him half a dozen times within an inch of the ceiling, until he crowed with delight. We sealed the bargain with more than a kiss. I had a little bed fitted up close to mine, so close that I could reach over at any minute in the night to make sure that he was there. He was very sad when he found that I had to leave him every morning; but when I introduced him to the little girls and boys of the house he brightened up wonderfully. Every night I used to hurry home, and I never found it necessary to get out my key to the front door, for open it swung ere I ever mounted the second step from the sidewalk, and there stood "Sonny," bright, beautiful and crowing, with outstretched arms to welcome me. I grew to worship the little fellow—he was so sunny-tempered, so loving, so frank, so truthful, and, I think, another bond bound us together—he was the last of his race. Everybody in the house knew, and knows, the story of how I found him. A few of the ladies were at first disposed to resent his being there—the men never did; but they soon grew to love him. Nobody could help doing that. Among the children of the house he was a little prince. There was a new face at one of the dining-room tables every night for six months, invited there to see "Sonny." I grew to be very much alarmed about "Sonny's" fame, lest it should get into the papers; for the idea of losing him was something awful to dream of. But it never did get as far as the press, till now. There is no harm now in writing about "Sonny." He is dead. Along in the autumn he began to fail—to grow thin, hollow-eyed and sleepless. He used to keep me awake nights, talking about our Sunday trips up the Hudson, to Iona Island and Newburg, our drives in the park, the lions and the birds, the lakes, and the ponies and the goat-carts. And day by day he wasted away. He was dying with the year. Everything in the world had been taken from me—father, mother, home, friends, playmates and, later in life, sweetheart. I had had nothing to live and work for till I met "Sonny." I looked upon him as a gift from God, and so accepted him. I had plans arranged for his future, knew just where and how he was to be educated, and I had clothed him like a young prince of the blood royal. And all for what? To lose him. He died just a year from the night I found him, but Christmas Eve. I was leaning on my arm, by his bed, looking into his face, as he restlessly slept in the little bed beside my own. Suddenly he opened his eyes, just as he had a year before in the carriage as we rode up Broadway, and looked smilingly up into my face.

"Well, what is it, Sonny, dear?"

"I guess I'm going away where the snowflakes are," he whispered. "I know where they come from now. I just saw the place. The lady was standing at the gate that looked like that stone in your ring with Shakespeare's head on. She was telling me with her hand to come up the beautiful stairs. But I came back for you. Hurry up, will you, please? Oh, do hurry up! The bed is slipping from under me! Oh, take me up in your arms and hurry! Oh, dear, dear! I am so tired. Let me put my arms around you. Give me a kiss. Oh, you ain't getting ready at all. I'm coming! Wait—wait—Oh, I am so tired."

And "Sonny" was dead.

THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In the dawn of day, when the sea and the earth
Reflected the sunrise above,
I set forth with a heart full of courage and mirth
To seek for the Kingdom of Love.
I asked of a poet I met on the way
Which cross road would lead me aright,
And he said: "Follow me, and ere long you will see
Its glittering turrets of light."

And soon in the distance a city shone fair;
"Look yonder," he said; "there it gleams!"
But, alas! for the hopes that were doomed to despair,
It was only the Kingdom of Dreams.
Then the next man I asked was a gay cavalier,
And he said: "Follow me, follow me."
And with laughter and song we went speeding along
By the shores of life's beautiful sea,

Till we came to a valley more tropical far
Than the wonderful Vale of Cashmere,
And I saw from a bower a face like a flower
Smile out on the gay cavalier.
And he said: "We have come to humanity's goal;
Here love and delight are intense."
But, alas! and alas! for the hope of my soul—
It was only the kingdom of Sense.

As I journeyed more slowly I met on the road
A coach with retainers behind,
And they said: "Follow us, for our lady's abode
Belongs in the realm you will find."
'Twas a grand dame of fashion, a newly wed bride;
I followed, encouraged and bold,
But my hopes died away, like the last gleams of day,
For we came to the Kingdom of Gold.

At the door of a cottage I asked a fair maid.
"I have heard of that realm," she replied,
"But my feet never roam from the Kingdom of Home,
So I know not the way," and she sighed.
I looked on the cottage—how restful it seemed!
And the maid was as fair as a dove.
Great light glorified my soul as I cried:
"Why, home is the Kingdom of Love!"

FILSEY.

A Christmas Sketch from Life in Hoosierdom.

BY ED R. PRITCHARD.



I RECKON this is goin' ter be a buster," said old Uncle Billy Botsworth, as he came into the family sitting-room of the old farm house with a great load of wood on his shoulders. With a crash he deposited his burden on the spacious hearth, where a huge fire was already blazing, and began to pile on the long dry sticks of beech and hickory, until, in a few moments, a perfect sheet of flame was roaring up the wide-throated chimney.

Grandma Botsworth, who sat in her accustomed corner by the "jamb," busy with her knitting, made no reply; while Uncle Billy proceeded to remove his coat, hat and boots, and, having filled and lighted his pipe, sat down to enjoy himself. Outside, a furious snow-storm was raging, and already the earth was heavily carpeted with white. Presently his two sons, Jacob and Milton, came in from doing up the chores, and, like their father, were soon divested of caps, coats and boots, and seated before the rousing fire talking over the events of the day. A little later Mrs. Botsworth joined them, and then the family circle was complete. No, not complete, either; a daughter was missing. Three years ago this Christmas eve she had gone out from the parental roof to marry the man she loved, but whom her father had forbidden some time before to enter his doors. But Mary had gone; and she and her husband, a poor mechanic, went out West to build up for themselves a home and fortune. After they were married, a day or two before they were to start for Dakota, Mary and her husband drove to the old home, where she got out of the buggy and started to go into the house to say good-by. She did not ask nor expect forgiveness from her father for what she had done; but she knew her mother and her brothers still loved her, and would gladly have her come to see them. So she just had her hand on the gate-latch, and, with tear-filled eyes, was taking in the dear and familiar surroundings, when her father, coming round the corner of the house, saw her.

"Don't yer come in here," he yelled, hoarsely. "Don't step your foot inside o' that gate, Mary Ellen Botsworth. You're no darter o' mine. Take yer hatchet-faced paint-slinger, an' git."

For a moment she stood as if stunned at his words; then, without a word, turned and went to the buggy. Her husband helped her in, and then standing up and shaking his whip at Uncle Billy, said: "Bill Botsworth, if you wasn't my wife's father I'd thrash you 'till you couldn't walk for a week. You object to me for a son-in-law only because I am poor; but I'll see the day I can buy an' sell you 's if you was black, darn you."

Here Mary laid her hand on his arm and said, "Stop, Will; it won't help things any to quarrel; let's go."

It was well that Will heeded her advice, for old Uncle Billy had started for the buggy with murder in his eye; and there is no telling what might have happened had not Milton and Jacob, at this juncture, made their appearance and urged him to be quiet.

So Mary went from home an outcast; and, as the buggy disappeared around the bend in the road, Milton turned to his father, and, with tears in his eyes, said, reproachfully:

"Pap, you oughtener have done it."

And Mrs. Botsworth, who had come to the door just in time to take in the affair, echoed her son's words:

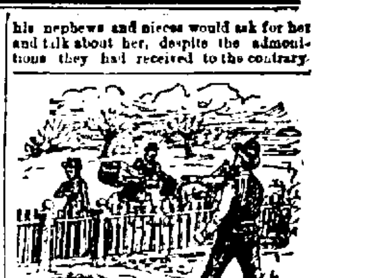
"No, pap, you was too hasty," she added. "Mary Ellen was allus a mighty good girl; an', though I'd ruther she'd not a married Will Kenney, yet I hope the Lord will prosper 'em both."

"You are right, mother," said Jacob, the elder of her sons, "you are right, mother. 'Filsey' (the nickname the boys had bestowed upon Mary when she was a toddler) was the best girl in Indiany; kind an' lovin', an' a sister worth the havin'."

As for Uncle Billy, seeing his whole family up in arms against him, he vouchsafed no reply, but turning, strode rapidly away in the direction of the barn.

From that time on he had never spoken his daughter's name. And although he knew that mother and the boys got occasional letters from her, yet he never by sign or inquiry, showed that he ever thought of her, or had the slightest interest in knowing whether she was dead or alive.

But on the Christmas eve that I have introduced him to your notice, he sat by the fire thinking; and his thoughts were of her. He had long ago admitted to himself that he was too hasty when he drove his only daughter away from his home, but he still remained silent. At each family reunion, always held on Christmas day, he had missed her. And as the coming one was to be held at his house, and his brothers and sisters with their families would be there, he, with some bitterness of feeling, was brooding over the fact, that through no fault of his, he reasoned, the pleasures of the day would be marred. Everybody missed Mary, the children of his nephews and nieces would ask for her and talk about her, despite the admonitions they had received to the contrary.



"Don't you come in here!"

As he was busy with his thoughts, gazing the while moodily into the fire, and now and then punching up the fore-sticks in a spiteful sort of way, Grandma Botsworth suddenly spoke up and said:

"To-morrer'll be another white Christmas. This makes two on 'em right hand runnin'. Three years ago was a mighty mild winter, and we had a green Christmas that year."

Here the old lady paused and heaved a sigh. No one said anything, and she continued: "I recolleck now there was more buryin's that year in the Bald Hill buryin' groun' than there has been since, all put together."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Botsworth, reflectively, "a green Christmas allers makes a fat graveyard, they say, an' I never knowed it to fail."

"I reckon it'll be good sleighin' to-morrer," observed Uncle Billy, "an' all the folks'll come over in the bobs—— Eh! what's that?"

The exclamation with which he concluded his remark was caused by the furious barking of old "Maje," the watch-dog, the sound of voices in the front yard, and what seemed to be the cry of a child in fear.

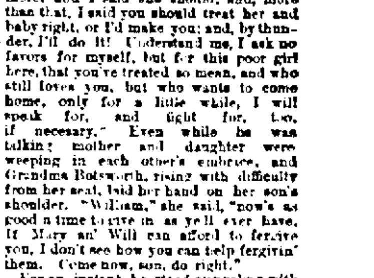
The two boys started for the front door, while the remainder of the family sat intently listening, and wondering who could be their visitors. They had not long to wait; for a minute later the sitting-room door was flung open and Jacob strode in, bearing in his arms a bright and lusty two-year-old boy. Almost snatching the wraps from about it, and holding the little fellow up, he shouted: "Pap, look at your grandson; Filsey's come, an' this is her boy."

"The devil it is," roared Uncle Billy, springing to his feet, with a face as black as a thunder cloud. "Take him away; I don't want ter see him."

"Hold on a minute," shouted a clear, strong voice in the doorway. It was the son-in-law who had spoken, and who now stepped into the room, his figure erect and his eyes blazing with anger. "Hold on a minute, I say," he continued; "I want a word. Bill Botsworth, I can buy an' sell you. I am a rich man, but you don't have to own me for a son-in-law on that account. As for me, I can get along without you. But Mary here wanted to come back and see her mother and all of you once more, and I said she should; and, more than that, I said you should treat her and baby right, or I'd make you; and, by thunder, I'll do it! Understand me, I ask no favors for myself, but for this poor girl here, that you've treated so mean, and who still loves you, but who wants to come home, only for a little while, I will speak for, and fight for, too, if necessary." Even while he was talking mother and daughter were weeping in each other's embrace, and Grandma Botsworth, rising with difficulty from her seat, laid her hand on her son's shoulder. "William," she said, "now's as good a time to give in as ye'll ever have. If Mary an' Will can afford to fergive you, I don't see how you can help fergivin' them. Come now, son, do right."

For an instant he stood struggling with his passion, then love conquered. Extending his hand to his son-in-law, he said: "Billy, I knock under; I've made a mistake an' am sorry for it. Daughter, come here."

With a glad cry Mary put her arms about his neck and kissed him again and again.



"Hold on a minute!"

"There, there, child," the old fellow murmured, in a voice husky with emotion; "it's all forgot now, an'——" But he did not finish the sentence. And, while Mary was kissing grandma and all were silently crying for joy, he began to bustle around and get on his boots to go out and "see about the horses." But, as Will and Mary had come to the station, only two miles distant, by rail, and had there hired a man and team to bring them over, his services in this direction were not needed.

He did, however, build up such a fire in the old fire-place as it had not seen for many a day; and, as they all sat around it and talked until long after the stroke of 12, it was indeed to them a happy Christmas.

Running a Newspaper.

Here is one of the men who thinks he can "run a newspaper," writes a scribe on the *East Washingtonian*, of Pomeroy, W. T. He stands in the saloon with his back to the bar and tells how he could run a newspaper; how he could expose corruption in high places; how he could write good, sound common sense, and none of your frivolous, try-to-be-funny stuff. Then he criticises other people's methods of running newspapers, and just wishes some one would give him the chance to show his journalistic ability. The way to cure one of these chaps is to get him to agree to write a sensible article every day for one week. Before the week is out he is sure to be pumped dry and will gape worse for an idea than a chicken does with the pip. A great many quite bright and intelligent men imagine they "can run newspapers." It costs some of them quite small fortunes to find out that they cannot. Even then they are not willing to admit that it is because they do not "catch on" to the true newspaper idea. They live and die with the notion that it is the fault of the public and not their own.

"I never see why that pretty Maud Boodle always smiles when that stick Dawdle is with her." "Why, my dear fellow, a smile is all the better when a stick is in it."—*Lowell Citizen.*

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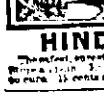
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SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1887.

LOCAL NEWS.

The *Gazette* is "guying" Col. John A. Scott.

Mrs. Will Vesey and children are visiting at Decatur.

Mr. W. L. Carnahan has returned from Lafayette.

The Fruit House will close its doors for Christmas on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs J. B. Barnes are in the city to spend Christmas and New Years.

Rev Father Deuhmig publishes a paper during the progress of his fair at Avilla.

We are very sorry to learn that Mr. W. D. Page is still confined to his home by a severe spell of sickness.

The curling club met last night and decided to play the first match game at Centlivre's on Monday, for the "rink medal."

To oblige! Our stores will be kept open all day Monday. Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max are the servants of their patrons.

The Lottie Church company wanted a larger section of the earth than Captain Eastwood controls and no longer dine at the Robinson.

Say! Mr. Shopman, banker, merchant, etc., or any other man, Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max will keep their stores open all day Monday.

Capt. Allan H. Dougall has resigned the agency of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance company in this city, and will be succeeded by Mr. Henry W. J. Aikins.

Early yesterday morning the building occupied by Louis Hitzfield as a saw and planing mill and by Pierce & Co., ball bat manufacturers, was destroyed by fire, at Huntington. Loss about $2,500, with no insurance.

Mr. R. T. McDonald says he will sue Captain Hettler for slander. It seems that Mr. Hettler insinuated that Mr. McDonald and Councilman Griffith were dishonest. Mr. McDonald says he is determined to see whether men are licensed to use such expressions.

Next Monday will be observed in Fort Wayne and the country over as Christmas day. Public, and, to a great extent, private business will be suspended. THE SENTINEL will not issue a paper Monday in accordance with a universal custom.

The entire locomotive department of the Pennsylvania railroad company is now engaged in building engines of the class "R" They weigh 136,000 pounds empty, and have the largest boiler heating surface of any engine now built.

Mr. John Bothner, No. 136 Calhoun street, holds ticket No. 16, entitling him to the grand piano presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max. Mr. Bothner has been examining the different makes of pianos the past few weeks, expecting to purchase one for his daughter, and says Sam, Pete & Max are the boss Santa Claus.

The remains of the late Congressman Seth C. Moffatt, whose death at Washington was noted in the telegraph columns of THE SENTINEL, will arrive here this evening at 5 o'clock, en route to his Michigan home for burial. The funeral party will be joined at this point by S. C. Depres, L. Roberts, Perry Hannah, Thomas F. Bales, Miss Ella Wentworth and Louis Moffatt, a son of the deceased, all from Travers City, Mich., the home of the late congressman.

Messrs. James Heires, Robert Harrison, Charles Schwear, Jake Stier, Phil Luly, and foremen of all shops, knowing how valuable every hour is to yourselves and men, have concluded to "celebrate" by keeping open house on Monday (all day) to enable you all to secure the bargains we offer in our Great Removal Sale. Our superb stock complete in every department. *Cost Price* the rule. Respectfully,
SAM, PETE & MAX.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

5,000 sheets Copyright Music at 5 cts. per copy. The largest and best assortment of Pianos and Organs and all kinds of musical instruments. Music Books at lower prices and better terms than any house in the city, at D. H. Baldwin & Co., 98 Calhoun street. mwfas

Sleigh bells, skates, wringers, washing machines, pumps and everything in the hardware line at
PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S
3-eod-tf 38 & 40 East Columbia St.

New Pianos, from $245 and upwards; second hand Pianos from $25 and upwards; new organs, from $65 and upwards; second hand organs, from $15 to $50, sold on easy monthly payments, at D. H. Baldwin & Co., 98 Calhoun street, the leading music house of the city. mwfas

The Standard sewing machine make the nicest Christmas present. For sale at
3-eod-tf PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S.

Special Notice.
After January 1st, 1888, (D. V.) I will devote my attention exclusively to diseases of women and diseases of the kidneys. All who are indebted to me will please call and settle.
W. T. FERGUSON,
m-fri-sat 82 West Berry street.

Home Grown Cut Flowers, Roses, Calla lilies, Carnations, and Hyacinths. Prices have not advanced at the green houses, corner of East Wayne and Harmer streets.
23-tf FRANK J. KNECHT, Florist.

Diamonds at F. J. Voirol's, 244 Calhoun street. 22-3t

Nuttman & Co.'s bank will observe Dec. 26th and Jan. 2nd as holidays.

The Turners are rehearsing a drama to be given New Years' eve at Arion hall. Peter Racquet is the star.

Miss Bessie Burgess, of West Jefferson street, the teacher in the Hanna street school, left to-day for Danville, Ill., to spend the holidays.

The LaGrange *Democrat* says: Henry Kimmel, now in the employ of the Branch Paper Co., of Fort Wayne, spent Sunday with his old friends in LaGrange. He had an entertaining conversation with Hon. J. W. Kern, reporter of the supreme court, at Kokomo the other day.

Elaborate designs in satin and silk embroidered and hand painted braces and suspenders, shown only by Sam, Pete & Max, outfitters for the holidays.

The Pennsylvania company is turning out gondola cars, at its shops in Altoona, at the rate of fifty per day. These cars have three sets of trucks under them and in height almost equal a box car of the old style.

January 2d is the time set for the presentation of the fine top buggy, by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, to one of their patrons.

The Spanish Troubadours played to a fair house at the Temple last night. The music was peculiarly interesting and the guitar solo deserves special mention. In the party is a pretty black-eyed girl, with "a form divine," as the poets write it. This attraction is better appreciated in rural towns.

Mr. John E. Small, formerly of Marion township, and now residing in Archer's addition, on St. Mary's avenue, held ticket 4,169, and was presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete and Max, the people's clothiers, with the valuable city lot, corner Spring street and St. Mary's avenue.

The display headlines in the *Gazette* were slightly mixed this morning.

Bewildering conceits in elegant mufflers, brocade silks, and every fabric known, shown in endless variety by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, gents' outfitters and haberdashers.

The Safest Medicine
To have about the house at all times is Simmons Liver Regulator. It will harm no one. It will benefit all who may have attacks of Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, or other ailments resulting from a disordered Liver or Stomach. Keep it always in the house, and you will have a family physician near who will save you many dollars and much suffering. The genuine always has on the wrapper the red Z Trade mark and Signature of J. H. Zeilin & Co.

Carving knives and forks, shears, scissors and Roger's plated ware at
3-eod-tf PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S.

Ladies' Gold Watches at F. J. Voirol's, 244 Calhoun street. 22-3t

Remember, for every 25 cents worth of goods purchased at the Drummer cigar store you get a chance on $25.00 worth of Meerschaum goods to be given away January 1. 22-3t

The Princess opens Saturday for one week; good music will be in attendance. Go and have a good time. 22-3t

The finest and cheapest display of Meerschaum sets at the Drummer cigar store, 81 Calhoun street. 22 3t

Encourage your wife's or daughter's taste for art by buying an artist's outfit for Christmas at 20-5t
L. O. HULL'S, 90 Calhoun street.

"Gruber's Best" is at all times considered the best ten cent Cigar. Try it. 19 6t

Dr. G. P. Barnum, the East Columbia street livery stable man, is letting funeral hacks for $3 and they are the finest vehicles in the city. Call on or telephone him. 8-tf

Don't buy a sewing machine before you see the Standard at
3-eod-tf PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S.

For a Christmas present to your friend buy a box of "Drummer" cigars. Everybody smokes them. For sale at the Drummer cigar store. 22-3t

We are sole agents for the celebrated Renary Concert and Conservation Violins and Guitars. D. H. BALDWIN & Co., 98 Calhoun St. mwfas

CHICAGO BAKERY.
For the Holidays.

Leave orders for pure ice cream, fresh fruit sherbets, Roman punch and fancy ices of all flavors. Christmas cake, fruit cake, pound cake, white cake, angel's food, German honey cake (Leb Kuchen,) cocoanut, orange, almond, fig, citron and chocolate layer cake. Macaroons, kisses and assorted fancy cakes, charlotte russe, oyster paties, pumpkin pies, peach pies, mince pies of homemade mince meat, lemon pies, apple pies, custard pies and apricot and cocoanut pies.

Fine cream candies, handmade chocolate creams, handmade cream bon bons and mixed candies.

Our candies were not made two months ago. I manufacture my own candies fresh every day. All orders will receive prompt attention.
W. F. GELLER,
23-2t Telephone No. 163.

"Frank's Choice."
A box of "Frank's Choice" Cigars would be a very acceptable Christmas present. 19-6t

Palace Confectionery.
Every purchaser of a pound of candy is given a ticket in the drawing of a huge stick of candy weighing thirty pounds. No. 29 West Main St. 19 6t

Reduced Rates for the Holidays.
The Lake Shore will sell round trip tickets to local points on its line December 24, 25th, 26th and 31st and January 1st and 2d at one fare for the round trip, limited to January 3d for return.
E. S. PHILLEY, Ticket Agent.

F. J. Voirol's is where you get diamonds, ladies gold watches, jewelery of all styles and prices lower than any place in the city. 22-3t

Genuine Diamonds and Solid Gold Watches Found in Tea.
The Globe Tea Company of New York, have opened a branch store at No. 87 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne. Their teas and coffees are packed in paper cans. Every can contains a souvenir, such as ladies' and gent's solid gold hunting case jeweled American watches, genuine diamonds, pearls, turquoise and sapphire jewelry in solid gold settings, and other articles of jewelry. After thirty days these choice teas and coffees will be sold on their merits, same price, same quality and quantity, but without the jewelry. Below is a partial list of the purchasers so far.

Dr. J. W. Younge, 79 East Washington street, paid $1 for a can of tea and a genuine diamond ring; Mrs. Geo. Patterson, 32 Baker street got one of the same kind; Horace Hanna, lumber dealer, No. 239 West Berry street, found a gents solid gold hunting case Elgin watch in tea; Dr. Dinnen, 76 Calhoun street, found a genuine diamond ring in his can; M. Reynolds, brakeman, paid $5 for six cans of tea, and found in one can $50 in gold; Miss M. Nilson, Columbia City, found a genuine diamond, ruby and sapphire lace pin; L. C. Heck, cigar manufacturer, 74 Webster street, found a genuine diamond stud; J. H. Shell, Mourseville, found a genuine diamond ring in her can; Mrs. A. Dick, 51 Wilt street, got a solid gold band ring in tea; Dr. J. H. Jones, 320 West Jefferson street, found a genuine diamond ring in his can; Thomas Ryan, moulder, found a ladies solid gold hunting case, full jeweled Elgin watch in his can; W. R. Olds, 107 Berry street, Mrs. G. Henry, 96 Madison street, Mrs. H. Kimmil, 128 Chicago street, Mrs. Henry Sheehan, 202 Hanna street, each found solid gold chased rings in their cans of tea; P. Hoehsetter, dining room car, No. 190 Wabash railroad, got a genuine diamond ring in tea; T. J. Bull, Lima, Mich., found a ladies solid gold hunting case watch in tea; Samuel Chaska, Globe dry goods store, Calhoun street, got a genuine diamond ring in his can, Miss Mary Miller, clerk, paid $1 for a can of tea, and on opening the can found twenty silver dollars.

L. Hartman, president of the First National bank, paid $1 for a can of tea and a genuine diamond ring; Dr. W. H. Brooks, 107 Berry street, bought six cans of tea, and found in one can a ladies' solid hunting case gold watch and in two others genuine diamond rings; Miss S. Jones, dressmaker, paid $1 for a can of tea and on opening the can found a twenty dollar gold piece; Miss Lillie Sanborn, 51 West Superior street, Miss Carrie Kaag, 283 West Jefferson street, and Mrs. N. D. Mourser, 99½ Calhoun street, each found genuine diamond rings in their cans of tea; B. Thomas, carpenter, found a ladies' solid gold hunting case Elgin watch in his can for which he paid one dollar; S. Miller, of the *Daily Journal*, found a genuine diamond ring in his can; Mrs. Emma Hall, Warsaw, Ind., found a set of genuine solitaire diamond ear drops in her can, for which she paid one dollar. F. P. Bissel, ticket agent Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, found a genuine diamond ring in his can. Ad Link, 102 Main street, got one of the same kind. Geo. Smith, tinner, Pittsburg shops, got a solid gold ring in his can. Tillie Reilly, 36 Walton avenue, got one of the same kind.

O. L. Perry, manager Western Union Telegraph Co., purchased two cans of tea ($1 each) and found in one can $50 in gold; Mrs. N. J. Erwin, of the Farmer's eating house, corner Harrison and Pearl streets, found a genuine diamond ring in her can; Kit Carson, grocer, corner Riverside and Spy Run avenues, found a lady's solid gold hunting case watch in one can and in another, a genuine diamond ring; T. Morris, brakeman purchased three cans of tea for which he paid $1 each and found in one a gents' solid gold hunting case watch and in another, a genuine solitaire diamond shirt stud set in solid gold; Pete Certia, sample room, No. 70 Calhoun street, found a genuine diamond finger ring in his can.

Orders by mail promptly forwarded to all parts of the United States. Terms: Single can $1, 6 for $5, 13 for $10, 27 for $20. Parties getting up a club order of $10 or $20 always get a valuable article. Address, Globe Tea Company, 87 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Ind. Open evenings.

The Babies Cry for It
And the old folks laugh when they find that the pleasant California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is more easily taken and more beneficial in its action than bitter, nauseous medicines. It strengthens the liver, kidneys, stomach, and bowels, while it arouses them to a healthy activity. For sale by Thieme & Gross.

I have not used all of one bottle yet. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experiencing the nauseating dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bleed almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in the Boston Budget. I procured a bottle, and since the first days' use have had no more bleeding—the soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget formerly with Boston Journal.

The only genuine Decker Piano is made by Decker Bros.; all others are imitations and are for sale on the merits of the genuine Decker Bros.' For sale only by D. H. Baldwin & Co., 98 Calhoun street. mwfas



25¢ A BOTTLE SALVATION OIL KILLS PAIN
"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain." Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy: Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Stiff Neck, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Pleurisy, Sores, Frost-bites, Backache, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Sciatica, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, etc. Price 25 cts. a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—The genuine Salvation Oil bears our registered Trade-Mark, and our fac-simile signature. A. C. Meyer & Co. Sole Proprietors, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Couch, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 cents.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtile maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.
March 12-maly



You will save Money, Time, Pain, Trouble, and will cure Catarrh by using ELY'S CREAM BALM
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free Ely Bros., Druggists, 235 Greenwich st., N.Y.

Tutt's Pills
stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and are unequaled as an
ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.
In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25cts.
Sold Everywhere.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

AMUSEMENT.

A HAPPY HOLIDAY FOR ALL.
MASONIC TEMPLE.
ONE NIGHT ONLY.
Monday, December 26th
The Invincible Character Comedian
RICHARD O'GORMAN
Assisted by the Most Complete and Competent company travelling in the Greatest of Yankee comedies,
HUMAN NATURE!
A truthful delineation of genuine life,
New Songs, Catchy Music,
The Grace Church Quartette,
The Comical Gavoting Calf,
The Agile High-Kicking Cow,
Wonderously Beautiful Scenery,
An Accomplished Orchestra,
The Consummate
CONTINENTAL BRASS BAND.
Usual Scale of Prices—25, 50 and 75c. Reserved seats can be purchased at box office to-day without additional expense.

BEFORE ORDERING A
WINTER SUIT,
do yourself the justice to examine the
Large Stock of Goods
CARRIED BY
JAXTHEIMER
The Merchant Tailor,
32 West Main Street.
No finer fabrics are imported than he carries, and
A Fit Guaranteed
IN EVERY CASE.
Give him a call. Oct. 11-4mo

WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS
[illegible]

Holiday Presents!
A Magnificent Display
Of the latest, the newest, the best selected stock of useful and ornamental
Christmas Presents
Prices lower than ever before. Our plush cases will be sold at any price to close out, as we shall not handle these goods again. Come early and secure bargains. Look; you may see something you want.

PRESENTS FOR LADIES—Manicure Cases, Work Boxes, Toilet Cases, Triplicate Mirrors, Odor Cases, Fine Perfumery, Purses and Card Cases.

PRESENTS FOR GENTLEMEN—Shaving Cases, Mugs, Razors, Brushes, Cigars and Cigar Cases, Whisk Brooms and Cases, Traveling Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Pocketbooks, Mirrors, etc.

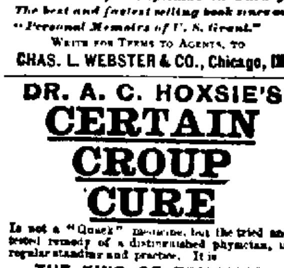
THIEME & GROSS,
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS
94 CALHOUN ST.
Corner Wayne.

Coal! Coal! Coal!
Now is the time to buy your Coal
At Bottom Prices
Cannel Coal, Crushed Coak. Best of Anthracite Coal and Bituminous Coal also on hand at Lowest Market Prices. Also
WOOD & KINDLING
at the "Oldest Coal Yard" in the city.
WILDING & SON
193 Calhoun Street.
Hard Coal (Pea Size) $6 per ton.

SCHEUMANN & SCHOPPMANN,
Funeral Directors and Embalmers,
No. 39 West Main Street,
Fort Wayne, - - - Indiana.
Furnish the finest Hearses and Carriages in the city. Night calls receive prompt attention. Leave orders at Winkelmeyer Bros.' office, opposite our rooms. Apr 23-6mo

FACTS & FUN
"Sunset" Cox's latest and best. "The Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey." The best and fastest selling book since our "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant."
WRITE FOR TERMS TO AGENTS, TO
CHAS. L. WEBSTER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

DR. A. C. HOXSIE'S
CERTAIN CROUP CURE
Is not a "Quack" medicine, but the tried and tested remedy of a distinguished physician, in regular standing and practice. It is
THE KING OF REMEDIES FOR
CROUP, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c.
And ACKNOWLEDGES NO COMPETITOR.
ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY-FIVE DOSES for 50cts.

SCHONE & WELLMAN.

UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
30 WEST BERRY STREET.
Orders can also be left at 225 East Washington and at 44 Prichard street. Nov.4-1y

WEAK MEN!

[illegible]
The Sanden Electric Co. 169 La Salle st., Chicago.

To Farmers & Timber Men
Wanted by N. G. OLDS & SONS.
At their factory, corner of Lafayette and Toledo streets, south of the Wabash Railway track,
Second growth Hickory Butts.
Second growth Elm Butts.
Hickory, Oak and Ash Logs.
Oak and Hickory Spokes.
For particulars and prices apply at our office.
N. G. OLDS & SONS. 71-m

Wrong

To imagine that the treatment of Constipation consists merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. This is what Simmons Liver Regulator always does.

"As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels."—W. J. McElroy, Macon, Ga.

Believe us, when we tell you that most of the despondent feeling (the blues) is the effect of a Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Weakness of Stomach, and Nervousness. A dose of Simmons Liver Regulator invariably relieves, cures and prevents a re-occurrence.

"I find Simmons Liver Regulator, very safe, harmless and valuable as a family medicine, and have used it for any disorder of the system and have found it to act like a charm, and I believe that if it was used in time, it would prove a great preventive of sickness. I have often recommended it to my friends, and shall continue to do so."—Rev. James M. Rollins, Fairfield, Va.

Simmons Liver Regulator is given with safety and with the happiest results, in almost any ailment, to the most delicate infant as well as to the adult. For all diseases in which a laxative, alterative, or purgative is needed, it will give the most perfect satisfaction. It is the cheapest, purest and best Family Medicine in the world.

Price $1. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

LADIES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with

PEERLESS DYES.

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for strength, brightness, amount in packages or for fastness of color, or non-fading qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by Theime & Gross, druggists and chemists, 94 Calhoun st., and H. W. Nordhurst, druggist and apothecary, 74 Calhoun st. mar 8-dawly.

PETER PERKIN'S DREAM.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

BY EMILY ARTHUR.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my children, ye have done it unto me."

"There is that ham, it is too old to sell, and this barrel of wormy dried apples, and a barrel of meal and one of flour, which are both a little moldy, but still good enough to give to the poor, and that half barrel of sugar that the kerosene was spilt in, and those two sacks of rice that has weevils, and you might add all that stale bread. They will make a good showing, and I guess my name will head the list, for nobody else would give so much. These things you can set aside, Mark, and to-morrow I want them carried round to the society's rooms with my compliments. Aha! This will help many a poor family to enjoy a good Christmans dinner, and will help me with my customers. Everybody likes a generous man, but few of the brethren will make as good a display as I shall to-morrow. I guess I'll go home now, Mark, and, ah, here are $2 for your Christmas. I can't afford more. You know business is slack. Well, good night."

And wizened old Peter Perkins got into his old overcoat and went home through the streets where the snow lay thick and heavy until he reached his comfortable looking three story house. After he rang the bell he muttered to himself:

"I might just as well have only given Mark $1 instead of $2. He'd a'been just as thankful, and I'd a'saved that much. And all those things there—why I could have sold them at a discount, but then after it all, I was losing ground in church custom by what they call my stinginess, and now, well, I guess after all I'm glad I give them. The poor who get them can't complain. Oh, here she comes at last! And she will expect a present, too! It seems as if everybody was beset Christmas time! I'm sick of it. Ha!"

At this instant Mrs. Warner, who was servant and housekeeper both, opened the door, her rather long face wreathed in smiles and her form dressed in her best black silk gown. Peter Perkins was astonished and surprised as she led the way to the dining room, where the old man's dinner was laid, for on the table smoked a splendid turkey, while several other dainty and toothsome dishes stood about, among them a noble mince pie that gave out a mellow, luscious odor that mortal could not withstand, and yet be turned, saying fiercely:

"Mary Warner! Who gave you authority to do this? Why, here is dinner enough for twenty, and such extravagance! I told you this morning I didn't believe in holiday nonsense, and I told you to cook half a mackerel and a potato, didn't I?"

"You did, sir, and I was going to do it; only this morning my sister in the country sent me a Christmas box, and these were in it, and as I couldn't eat them all myself I made bold to offer you half, sir, and no offense, I hope."

"Oh, well, that alters the case. Well, yes, I don't care if I do," and he allows himself to fall in the chair she pushed forward, and he fell to and in a short time had eaten a most excellent dinner, which he finished with a great golden doughnut and piece of cheese. He took these as in a dream, one in each hand, and made alternate bites of doughnut and cheese in a reflective and even retrospective manner as he thought:

"Why don't city folks learn to make crullers like this? For love nor money you couldn't buy anything like this in all this great city. They taste just as mother used to make them. Her tin cruller box was never empty and how good they were; the older they were the mellower and better they were. I remember she used to make me a boy and a mouse every time she fried crullers, and always two P's for my letters. And Christmas and New Year's she put caraway seed candies all over mine. I wonder how she did it. That mince pie was good. I think I will take another piece. It hain't cost anything and it makes me think of old times."

And so the miserly old man sat and ate until his usual bedtime came, when he lit his candle, for he never would have gas, and went to bed.

Scarcely had he got warm and comfortable when he saw standing by his bedside a stranger whose face was carefully turned away, and who wore a long, loose garment of some unknown fashion and instinctively Peter Perkins put his hand under his pillow after his revolver, thinking of robbers, but the stranger said in a low voice, which yet had such authority in it that the wretched man dared not disobey:

"Arise, dress yourself and follow me."

As in a dream the little miser followed, but they went so swiftly that he could not see where they were going until at last the stranger said:

"Open your eyes and tell me what you see."

Peter Perkins stood and gazed with his wizened face pale and frightened. He seemed to be in a vast place, so vast that it appeared to be visible illimitable space. There was no beginning nor end to anywhere, and yet he was there in the midst of this infinity of distance, and before him upon nothing stood great tables upon which was piled a heterogenous collection of everything imaginable, and while he was trying to understand this confusion, he noticed that there had appeared, rank on rank, file and file, limitless, countless numbers of cherubim and seraphim, and in the midst of this throng sat upon a crystal throne Christ, the benign, the loving, the pitiful, and his features seemed to exude sweetness and mercy from every lineament, and his smile was ineffably tender.

The cherubim and seraphim sang "Glory, glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will to men," and as Peter Perkins watched this beautiful countenance he saw its expression change. Sometimes it became that of a little child, sweet and infantine, again it was tender and pitiful, then it looked as it must have done when he said, "Come to me, all ye weary and heavy laden," then it was filled full of sorrow and merciful goodness, and then it grew stern and awful.

Then Peter Perkins noticed that there was a throng ever increasing and reaching far below them so that the end of them was far out of sight, and these people came singly to the foot of the Saviour and there laid a gift which was instantly taken by the angels and laid upon a pair of scales, which did not measure by the weight of the gift itself, but the motive, which lay, like a living heart, inside it.

Then Peter Perkins saw that all who had not yet offered their gift, had a burden to carry, large or small, and he suddenly became aware that the burden fastened upon his own back was enormous and was very heavy. But he turned to the stranger and said: "When will it be my turn?"

"When all of these shall have passed."

And he had to stand there with the great unknown weight upon his shoulders for long hours, or days, or years, he did not know which, while all these people came by.

He noticed a man who staggered by and laid a heavy weight of gold chalices and church candlesticks and other emblems at his feet, and Peter Perkins saw with surprise that they flew up in the balance as if of air. Another offered a church, which was as so much paper, and then a poor, old woman in rags staggered along with a cup of cold water as her only offering. This sent the scales down, down, as if it weighed a ton, and then a pale, thin man came and offered only a tear. This, too, weighed heavier than gold. Some times an old broken toy, or some old, worn garments, and even a crust of bread was laid at his feet, and these, too, were very heavy on those wonderful scales.

Peter Perkins noticed, too, that those whose gifts were light disappeared from view, and he watched until he saw them fall into space and fade away in distance, while the angels sent pitying glances after them.

Suddenly the Saviour said:

"Now, Peter Perkins, what gift have you brought to the Lord on this, His birthday?"

"Oh! I am willing to give you all I have, but this bundle upon my back was not intended for you, but for the poor. If you will let me go back I will return with something more worthy of you."

"But what have you in that bundle?"

"Only some flour, and meal, and sugar, and ham, and rice, which are not quite fresh and good, but I thought they would do for the poor"——

"And have you never heard of my words, when I said: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, my children, ye do it unto me?". Look, that cup of water was given by a sick and suffering woman to one who suffered worse. That holy tear was given from a pure heart that had nothing else to offer, but you, out of your abundance, offer only that which is unfit for food, and in offering that to the unfortunate poor you have offered it to me."

"I did not know! Oh! please let me go back and I will do differently?"

"Alas, you have lived your life, and you must, like all that throng you have seen; take your deeds with you to plead for or against you. You can return no more than they. All men bring their passports of good or evil actions with them here, and once they have come naught can change. They must bear their fate. Some of them did not know, but you had a mother who taught you aright, but you forgot her words of wisdom or put them aside. So, now, go your way."

And with these words Peter Perkins felt himself falling into perdition, weighted down by the mouldy flour and spoiled bread and sugar. Down, down, he went, faster than many others who were on the way, and he cried out in his agony of fear, when suddenly with that cry, he awake and sat up in bed. This then had been a dream! But it had opened his eyes, and he began to see things as he never had done before. He remembered his mother's teachings, and he slept no more that night. But as soon as daylight dawned he dressed and went to the store, where poor, faithful Mark, who had slaved ten years for him, was packing those wretched things into the wagon.

"Mark," said he, "throw all that stuff away and take double the amount of the best, and take poultry and fruit and tea and coffee and bread and sugar and butter, yes, and anything else you fancy, and make them up into separate parcels and give one good, generous basketful to every poor family you know. Yes, Mark, and then, if your mother is able to bear it, take her in a carriage and come down to my house this evening to dinner, and we will discuss our new sign with Perkins and Hancock on it. Yes, God bless us! Oh, no, I'm not crazy! I've just came to my senses," and he hurried home and astonished Mrs. Warner by a handsome crisp note for $50 and ordered a dinner which would have staggered her if she had not had so good a beginning from her sister's farm.

Ten years have passed since that time. Peter Perkins is a round, happy man. To see his jolly, benign face glow at you from over his counter makes you involuntarily look around for the other Cheeryble brother; and now if he was called he would not go empty handed before his Lord and Savior.

Salt Rheum

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Syrup of Figs,

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's own true laxative. This pleasant California liquid fruit remedy may be had of Theime and Gross, druggists, large bottles at fifty cents or one dollar. It is the most pleasant, prompt, and effective remedy known to cleanse the system; to act on the Liver, Kidneys, and bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to cure Constipation, Indigestion, and kindred ills.

FITS: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

INFANTILE

SKIN DISEASES

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched, and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion your valuable remedies saved his life, and to-day he is a strong, healthy, child perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.

GEO. B. SMITH,
Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashland, O.
Reference: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN.

Are born into the world every day with some eczematous affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf, or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning and disfiguration of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and a single application of Cuticura, the Great Skin Cure, with a little Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Hence, no mother who loves her children, who takes a pride in their beauty, purity and health, and in bestowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance,—a skin without a blemish and a body nourished by pure blood—should fail to make trail of the Cuticura Remedies.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Cuticura Soap, 25 cents; Cuticura Resolvent, $1.00. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

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CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing the human voice, the mind,—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

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Warranted *absolutely pure* Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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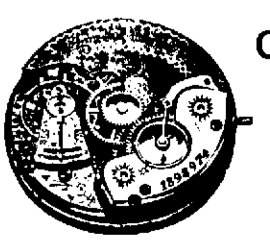
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My stock is the most complete of any ever offered in the city. Having made my selection from stocks in New York, myself, has given me the advantage of procuring the newest and most elegant goods at the lowest prices. The public is requested to call and examine my assortment before making their holiday purchases, as I will make it to their interest to do so. I am selling goods cheaper than ever before.

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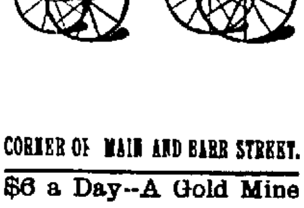
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Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all Brain & Nerve Diseases. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. Infallible if taken as directed. No fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

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BLAINE'S ARGUMENT REVIEWED.

An Old Republican Recalls His Official Report on the Cotton Trade.

He Says if the Republican Party Opposes Tariff Reform He Will Vote for Cleveland.

The following letter from a life-long Republican, living at Dayton, Ohio, is printed in the Chicago *Tribune*:

Mr. Blaine's "bugle blast" seems to have a hollow sort of echo. Yet many call it an unanswerable reply to Mr. Cleveland, without seeming to perceive how superficial it is. For instance, his reply to this question:

"Then you think the question of labor underlies the whole subject?"

"Of course it does," replied Mr. Blaine. "Whenever you can force carpenters, masons, iron workers, and mechanics in every department to work as cheaply and live as poorly in the United States as similar workmen in Europe, we can of course manufacture just as cheaply as they do in England and France. But I am totally opposed to a policy that would entail any such results. To attempt it is equal to a social and financial revolution—one that would bring untold distress."

These are portentous words, and, were they based on a real condition approximating that which he assumes to exist, they would be well worth considering; but if we are to believe Mr. Blaine's own testimony they are not so based.

When Mr. Blaine was Secretary of State under Garfield he sent to the House of Representatives a report on the cotton trade of the world, signed by himself. Speaking of wages he said:

The wages of spinners and weavers in Lancashire and Massachusetts, according to the foregoing statement, were as follows:

Spinners—English, $7.20 to $9.60, master spinners running as high as $12; American, $7.07 to $11.36.

Weavers—English, $3.84 to $8.64, subject at date at which these figures were given to a reduction of 10 per cent. American, $4.82 to $6.75.

The average wage of employes in the Massachusetts mills is as follows, according to official figures: Men, $6.20; women, $5.07; male children, $3.11; female children, $3.03. According to Consul Shaw's report the average wages of men employed in the Lancashire mills Jan. 1, 1882, was about $6 per week, subject to a reduction of 10 per cent.; women from $3.40 to $4.35, subject to a reduction of 10 per cent.

The hours of labor in the Lancashire mills are fifty-six, in the Massachusetts mills sixty per week. The hours of labor in the other New England States, where the wages are less than in Massachusetts, are usually sixty-six to sixty-nine per week.

Summing up the Consular reports, he says:

It thus appears that each American operative works up as much raw material as two British operatives, turns out $1.50 worth of manufactures to the British operative's $1 worth; and even in piece goods, where the superior quality and weight of the American goods are so marked, the American operative turns out 2.73 yards to 1.50 yards of the British operative.

He concludes this branch of the subject with the following weighty remark:

"Undoubtedly the inequalities in the wages of English and American operatives are more than equalized by the greater efficiency of the latter and their longer hours of labor."

In the face of such facts over his own signature, what folly for Mr. Blaine to talk of inequality in the price of labor. Why, it is safe to say that, with raw material as cheap as England and France command theirs, we can manufacture any kind of goods under the sun of which our artisans have knowledge and compete with these great manufacturing nations in like quality. It is a well-known fact that our cotton goods sell in England and France in open competition with their own manufacture; and so would many grades of our woolen goods if we could obtain our wool and dyestuffs as cheaply as they.

But Mr. Blaine treats a foreign commerce with contempt. He says it all amounted last year to only $1,500,000,000 both ways, and that our internal trade amounts to $40,000,000,000 or $50,000,000,000. Startling figures these, Mr. Blaine, if true; but, like your other arguments, they are essentially incorrect for purposes of comparison. The $1,500,000,000 of imports and exports is the net cost before duty is paid, and represents but a single transaction; while the enormous figure used to represent our internal commerce represents every business transaction in the country, including the sale of the importations through several hands and the exchange also. The actual value of all products of manufacturing and mining in this country in 1880, according to the last census, was $5,369,579,191, and in 1887 it will possibly reach $8,000,000,000 and no more; and out of this beginning Mr. Blaine magnifies our internal trade into $50,000,000,000.

Mr. Blaine assumes that our markets must be found in Europe. Well, prices the same as ours in raw materials that other manufacturing countries have and we will sell cars, locomotives and cutlery in Birmingham, and pay just as good wages to our mechanics as we do and, in fact, better, for they will have constant work, and no strikes or lockouts. But our markets must be found in South America, in Mexico, in fast-developing Africa, in China and Japan; and even in India we will sell Yankee notions. Our open the markets of the world and we that would confine the trade of our people to a country of commodities among themselves.

I am a Republican—an original one; never voted for a Democrat for a higher office than that of Street Commissioner in my life; but if the dear old party of progress and of civilization is to oppose reform as well as a revenue-reform policy as that enunciated by President Cleveland, I for one will vote for Mr. Cleveland next year though still adhering to the grand old party in all State and municipal elections.

If Mr. Blaine had remained Secretary of State long enough, perhaps he would have instituted comparative research as to the wages of our American and the European miners and workers in metal. If he had, he would not have made any remarks about the inequalities of wages in their case as compared with our better facilities and superior intelligence, for here he would have found wages paid in Pennsylvania mines and in some branches of iron working to be actually lower than in England; and, had he been inclined to disbelieve it, he could have gone among the workmen of that great protected State, and found them in almost deplorable condition. The condition of workingmen in Pennsylvania is simply bad beyond description. I know, for I have been there and seen it. Henry George's *North American Review* papers did not overdraw the picture.

HUGH McCULLOCH'S VIEWS.

The Republican Financier Agrees in the Main with the President's Message.

To the New York *World's* Washington correspondent Hugh McCulloch, who was Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, and for a few months at the close of the administration under President Arthur, expressed himself fully and frankly upon the tariff question. Mr. McCulloch has been identified with financial institutions for many years, and in addition to his long public service has been connected with several of the most flourishing private banking houses in the country. His views, therefore, both as a Republican and financier, in reference to the President's tariff policy may be regarded as of special importance.

"I have always regarded the policy of Henry Clay as the only true tariff doctrine," said he. "I have considered myself in point of fact an old Henry Clay Whig, and believe in a revenue tariff with, perhaps, incidental protection. The Constitution, as I read it, gives absolutely no right to frame a tariff for protection, and, though an old Constitutionalist, the Constitution is still a guide that is perfectly safe to follow. We are not prohibited by its provisions from levying a tax which shall protect an industry, but there is no warrant to be found authority for the establishment of a protective system for protection's sake."

"In what respect, then, do you agree with the President in the view which he takes of the questions embraced in the tariff?"

"In the main I agree with those views. I am very glad to see Mr. Cleveland insist with such emphasis upon putting the issue squarely before the people. His action under the circumstances marks him as a man whose ability has been greatly underestimated. There is no question over which the General Government has jurisdiction that is of such vital importance as the financial policy which we are to pursue. Mr. Cleveland has marked out a course which can safely be followed."

A WEATHER report—A thunder-clap.—*Boston Courier.*

Ceremonies Over a Tree.

Buddhists readers will receive with dismay the news which last mail brings from Ceylon. The sacred Bo tree of Anuradhapura, the most ancient and authentic relic of Gautama, and probably the most aged tree in the world, has been shattered in a storm.

The facts as related by more than one local correspondent are as follows: The district of Anuradhapura suffered this year, as it frequently does, from a continuous drought of eight months. October 1, the inhabitants were bidden by beat of tom-tom to assemble at the Bo tree and pray for rain. The same night, apparently before the invocation, the storm broke with violent wind, lightning, thunder and rain. The main branch of the sacred tree was severed, leaving only a stem of four feet, but whether this is in height or in circumference is not stated.

The Bo tree is a semi-sentient being; it is "worshipful" and "ever victorious." Wherefore, when a part of it dies, it receives last rites similiar to those paid to kings and priests, the most honored of mankind; it is cremated. This ceremony took place with full honors October 6. Early in the morning two men called kapuwas ("cutters"), arrayed in suits of black, arrived at the tree. "They covered up their mouths with black handkerchiefs, tying the ends at the back of their heads, and with a small cross-cut saw divided the broken branch." Two tom-tom beaters supplied the music of their craft while the ceremony proceeded. The branch was then sawn into convenient pieces and loaded in a cart "prepared for the purpose with white cloth ceiling, etc." Thus was it borne in perahera (solemn procession) to the Thupurama Dagoba, where the cremation of the local chief priest is wont to be held. The ashes were reverently carried to the tank of Tisawewa hard by, and there dissolved. *Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!* The remnant of the tree now received its appropriate treatment. Women bore water for the bathing of the bleaching trunk, and on the following night the Pirit service, for the exorcism of evil spirit, was solemnly performed at the time-honored site, where the remaining stem, though probably unsightly now, will in time flourish with all the vitality of the Ficus religiosa.—*Colorado Exchange.*

New Anæsthetic.

"Anything new in medical circles?" repeated a gentleman of the profession, in response to the question of a reporter. "Of course there is. The most important new thing just at present is a new anæsthetic. It will probably be as interesting to patients as to physicians."

"And what is it?"

"Well, sir, a few weeks ago a horse-doctor down in Louisiana wanted a soothing poultice for a sore leg. He went out and gathered some leaves from under a tree and applied them to the sore. They relieved the pain so much that he went back to see what the tree was, and learned that it was a common honey-locust. The circumstance was communicated to pharmacists and physicians, and a number of experiments were made for them, the result of which was that within the last two months a new anæsthetic, twice as powerful as cocaine, has been derived from the leaves of the common honey-locust."

"Do you think it will take the place of cocaine?"

"That is hard to tell, as yet, but very probably it will. Cocaine has been reduced greatly in prices as it has come into general use, but it is still costly. In 1883 it was quoted at 50 cents per grain; now it is 5 cents per grain, but that means $350 per pound avoirdupois. I presume the new anæsthetic can be put on the market at a much lower figure, and if it can, unless it should be found to have some objectionable quality which is yet unknown, it will, of course, take the place of cocaine."

End of a Boom.

First Easterner—I guess you remember me. We met in Los Angeles.

Second Easterner—I remember you perfectly. You are the good angel who sold me a corner lot on which I made a small fortune. I sold that lot for $60,000. You know I only paid you $30,000 for it.

"Yes, and as you did so well I don't mind confessing that nearly all that $30,000 was clear profit. I bought that lot for a couple of hundred dollars. By the way, what became of the man you sold to?"

"The last I heard of him he was in the almshouse."—*Omaha World.*

"Ah me!" sighed Potts, "I'm tired of living.
The world is hollow, and all is vain."
"Come now!" said his chum, "I know the symptoms—
It's all your liver—that's very plain.
You need not suffer, for hope is easy;
Pierce's Pellets go right to the place.
A friend to the bilious, I well might call them—
There's nothing better, they'll suit your case."
Potts ceased his sighing and bought the "Pellets."
No more he mourneth his hapless lot!
His face is cheerful, his heart is lightsome,
His melancholy is quite forgot!

Not An Amazon.

A.—Who is that stout, bold-looking woman over there?

B.—That's Mrs. Horsey. She is a magnificent rider, and takes great pleasure in athletic sports. In fact, she is a regular Amazon.

"Is she a widow?"

"No, she is a married woman, and got half a dozen young children."

"Got a lot of young children, has she? Well, then, you should not call her an Amazon. It would be more appropriate to call her a Mamma-zon."—*Texas Siftings.*

HE who possesses a friend whom he can trust, one who is found faithful through storm and sunshine, has one of the rarest treasures which this world holds.

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EVEN the worst people have some good left in them.

DR. SAGE'S Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

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WHEN the jury is in doubt a murderer takes a trick.

Popular Education.

We sympathize with the feeling which often leads critics to boast that no child born in this country need grow up in ignorance, and yet it is a fact that many people who have learned to read and write have never taught themselves *to think*. A man who suffered from catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, scrofula, or "liver complaint," might read till his eyes dropped out, how these and many other diseases have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, but if he did not take the lesson to himself and test the virtues of this great medicine, his time would be thrown away.

A SERIES of paints which are made ready for use simply by the addition of cold water, have for some time past been successfully introduced abroad, the paint thus produced drying, it is stated, with a fine, hard surface, which, though mixed only with water, is impervious to rain and uninjured by frequent washings, even with diluted disinfectants; and, as oil and turpentine are also dispensed with, the paints have the additional advantage of being free from objectionable smell. They can be employed for exterior work on wood, as well as on brick, plaster, iron and stone, and for interiors are claimed to be peculiarly applicable; the paint can likewise be reduced by oil, a hard and glossy surface being thus produced. It is thought that non-poisonous and washable paints of the character here described must prove of peculiar adaptation for tropical countries generally, where cleanliness and freedom from infection are particularly requisite, but where, as is well known, the application of the ordinary oil paints and disinfectants is neglected.

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Consumption, and wasting in children, Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system, and builds up the body. Please read: "I tried Scott's Emulsion on a young man whose physicians at times gave up hope. Since he began using the Emulsion his cough has ceased, gained flesh and strength, and from all appearances his life will be prolonged many years."—JOHN SULLIVAN, Hospital Steward, Morganza, Pa.

SOZZLE says the reason he takes his whisky straight is because his mouth always waters for it.—*Boston Commercial.*

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS warm up and invigorate the stomach, improve and strengthens the digestive organs, opens the pores, promotes prespiration, and equalizes the circulation. As a corrector of disordered system there is nothing to equal it.

THERE is one tie-up that everyone can approve of, and that is marriage.—*Boston Post.*

Cheap Farming Lands South.

It is a recognized fact that the cheapest farming lands in America to-day are in the South, and men of much or moderate means, looking for real estate investments, or permanent homes, should not fail to visit the following points, where so many Northern people are now settling, viz: *Jackson, Tennessee; Aberdeen* and *Jackson, Mississippi; Hammond, Crowley, Jennings, Welsh* and *Lake Charles, Louisiana.* Round Trip Tourist tickets, limited to June 1st, 1888, with stopover privileges south of Cairo, Illinois, are on sale to New Orleans, Jennings and Lake Charles. For rates apply to nearest ticket agent, and be sure your ticket reads via the Illinois Central Railroad from Chicago or St. Louis. For pamphlet entitled "Southern Home Seeker's Guide," and circulars concerning the above named points, address the undersigned, at Manchester, Iowa.

J. F. MERRY, Gen. West. Pass. Agt.

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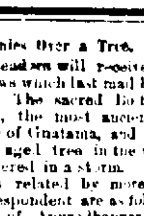
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HOW THEY FALL BEHIND.



There is really no profit in recommending the worthless, for the reaction in the minds of those who buy and are deceived is pointedly against everything sold by such a dealer. Hence, the force of the following voluntary letter, which is based upon the conscientious conviction formed from the long and cautious experience of a leading drug house of Boston, represents in every line a most important and valued revelation: "Boston, July 11, 1887.—The Charles A. Vogeler Co.—Gentlemen: Many preparations are placed before the public, and for a time at least they have a large but temporary sale—large, because of the extensive advertising; temporary as the suffering class soon realize that the compound possesses but little merit. Not so with St. Jacobs Oil. Its success has been constant from the start, and to-day we regard it as one of those standard remedies that our trade consider as absolutely essential to always carry in their stock. Personal experience and the good words of the druggists of New England all tend to prove that each year will add to its sale and well deserved popularity. Signed. Doolittle & Smith." Taking the many cases of cure, published by the proprietors, examples are given of its unvarying effects in the worst chronic cases, and there is nothing in trade which can approach its efficacy.

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By ETTA W. PIERCE,

which has already attracted widespread attention, and charmed multitudes of readers. Subscriptions may begin, if desired, with the November number.

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Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

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Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

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which is **Scrofula of the Lungs**, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all **Chronic Diseases** of the

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N. U. F. W. .... No. 52 87.

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THE RED GOBBLER.

BY OPIE P. READ.



THOMAS BLUECOOGLE, editor and proprietor of the Hickory Bluff *Seasoned Timber*, a weekly paper, which, in a long line of heavy-face type, constantly kept standing, declared itself to be published in the interest of West Fork Co., was deeply troubled. His trouble was not caused by an inability to meet any financial demand made against the office, nor was it the result of an indiscreet political alliance. It was caused by the fact that Mr. Bluecoogle had found himself unable to provide for his readers an interesting and wholly original Christmas story. He had offered a prize of one year's subscription for an available story, and although this munificent proposal had greatly stimulated the "literarians" of West Fork County, yet a critical examination of the mass of manuscript that had been turned in failed to discover a story of even passable skill.

"I've got to go to press to-morrow," said the editor, addressing his wife, "and I haven't found a story yet." He had gone home, and was sitting in front of his fire, made cheerless by his own dejection.

"Can't you clip one from some paper?" Mrs. Bluecoogle asked, as she placed a dish-pan of apples on a stool-bottom chair.

"That wouldn't let me out, for I have promised that it shall be original."

Mrs. Bluecoogle sighed sympathetically, tucked up her skirts, and began to busy herself with paring the apples. Just then the editor's son a sprightly, boy twelve years of age, entered the room.

"Have you got a Christmas story yet?" he asked.

"No," the editor replied.

"Going to have one?"

"I am afraid not."

"Print mine."

"Yours!"

"Yes; I wrote one. Here it is."

He handed the editor a scrawling manuscript, and, in a sort of embarrassed glee, ran from the room. The editor read the following:

One time in a country way off somewhere, I don't know where, there lived a boy named Bill. He lived with his mother and sister. His father was dead. They were poor and lived in a house that they rented from a mighty mean man. In that country a red turkey gobbler would show himself every year just before Christmas. The oldest men said that their grandfathers could not remember when the red gobbler first come. Somehow it was known that anyone that killed the red gobbler would have good luck, but that anybody who tried to kill him and failed would have bad luck. For years and years people tried to kill the red gobbler, but could not, and such bad luck had come to everyone who had tried, that every year, just before Christmas, the preachers would warn everybody not to go near the awful bird.

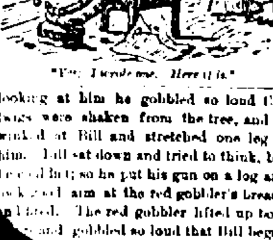
One night in December the mean man came over and told Bill's mother that if she didn't have the rent money by Christmas morning he would have her put out of the house. The poor woman had been sick for a long time and was not able to get out of her bed. Bill was not in the room when the mean man told his mother what she would have to do, and when he came in after the man left and found her crying, he thought that it was because she had such pains, but when she told him what the mean man had said, he felt like crying too, but he didn't. Bill sat down by the fire, and after thinking a long time said, that he wished he could kill the red gobbler when he came around again.

"My son," said his mother, "don't talk that way; that gobbler has caused hundreds of people to be ruined. The last man that tried to kill him took fire and burnt up. If you were to try, something awful would happen."

Bill didn't say anything, but he shook his head, and thought a good deal, and that evening, when he went out walking in the woods, he took the great big rifle that his father used to kill bears and deers with a long, long time ago.

"It might not do for me to shoot at the red gobbler," he said, as he walked along through the woods; "but he better not come flopping about me. Great goodness! what's that?"

He looked up, and there set the gobbler in a tree. He was a great big thing, and was as red as blood, and when he saw Bill

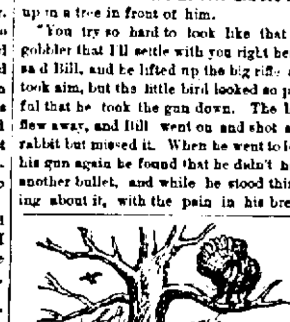


"Yes; I wrote one. Here it is."

looking at him he gobbled so loud that twigs were shaken from the tree, and he winked at Bill and stretched one leg at him. Bill sat down and tried to think, but he could not; so he put his gun on a log and took good aim at the red gobbler's breast, and fired. The red gobbler lifted up both [illegible] and gobbled so loud that Bill began [illegible]. Then the gobbler flew away, [illegible] at once Bill felt an awful pain [illegible] breast. It hurt him so that [illegible] on the ground, and then being [illegible] that he might die out there by himself [illegible] took up his gun and staggered home. When he got home he found his mother and sister both suffering with pains in their breasts, and he fell down on the floor and rolled. Bill and his mother and sister rolled and tumbled all night, and the poor woman said: "Oh, me, William, didn't you shoot at that red gobbler?" And Bill he said: "Oh, me, what would I wanter do that for?"

The next day was the day before Christmas, and Bill, after rolling around until late in the evening, saying, "Oh, my!" and "Ah, me!" got up and took the gun and went out in the woods. It was all he could do to walk, but he pushed ahead, for he thought that if he didn't kill something for his mother and sister to eat they would die. I forgot to say that they didn't have anything in the house to eat. Well, he had got a good ways out in the woods when the reddest bird he ever did see flew up in a tree in front of him.

"You try so hard to look like that red gobbler that I'll settle with you right here," said Bill, and he lifted up the big rifle and took aim, but the little bird looked so pitiful that he took the gun down. The bird flew away, and Bill went on and shot at a rabbit but missed it. When he went to load his gun again he found that he didn't have another bullet, and while he stood thinking about it, with the pain in his breast



He put his rifle against a tree.

hurting him all the time, the little red bird flew over and lighted on a tree and began to sing, "Put in a red grain o' corn; put in a red grain o' corn."

"What do you mean?" said Bill, much surprised, for he never had heard a bird sing that way before.

"Put in a red grain o' corn; put in a red grain o' corn," sang the bird.

The pain in Bill's breast got so bad that he turned away to go home. The bird flew away, but before Bill had gone very far the bird flew in front of him and dropped something and sang:

"Put in a red grain o' corn; put in a red grain o' corn."

Bill looked down and saw that the bird had dropped a red grain of corn. He picked it up and said: "I will put it in my rifle just for luck." So he loaded his rifle with the red grain of corn and started on home. He had not gone but a short distance further when he heard a noise that made him shake until his teeth chattered, and, looking up in a tree, he saw the big red gobbler. The gobbler looked at him and the pain in Bill's breast grew worse.



The gobbler was so heavy.

Just then the bird that had been following along sang: "Shoot him! shoot him!" Bill was scared nearly to death, but knowing that he had already been marked by the gobbler for death or something else that was awful, said: "You can't do any more than you are going to do, anyway, so I'll try you, even if it is with a grain of corn."

He put the rifle against a tree, but somehow couldn't take a good aim, and while he was trying to get down closer, he touched the trigger. Bang! went the gun, and with an awful flopping the red gobbler fell with his head shot off, and in a minute Bill's pain was gone. The gobbler was so heavy it was as much as Bill could do to drag it home, but he got there after a while. It was dark when he got home, and being afraid that he might scare his mother and sister, he went into the kitchen and picked the gobbler, and when he got through he piled all the red feathers up in a corner. Then he put the turkey on a table and went in to tell his mother and sister, and he found them sitting by the fire, laughing, without any pains in their breasts. "I have killed the red gobbler," cried Bill, and his mother said "Oh, me!" and his sister said "Oh, my!" Then he took them out in the kitchen, and when they had looked on the table, instead of finding a gobbler they found a whole lot of silk dresses, and when they looked for the red feathers they found a big pile of gold.

That night the mean man took a pain in his breast and died, and Bill and his mother lived a long time and were happy, and that's all.

The boy opened the door and peeped into the room.

"Here, John," cried the editor, "I'll be hanged if I don't print your story. Of course you don't want the prize, so I'll compensate you in another way. I'll pay you back that money I borrowed from you—as soon as I can."

INCLINED TO BONE.

"Mr. Crusty," said Mr. Puffer while he carved the Christmas gobbler, "what part of the turkey do you like best? What is your preference?"

"The meat, of course. You didn't have an idea that I inclined to bone, did you?" snapped Crusty.

"Well, you must admit you are quite lean."

Christmas in Scandinavia.

In the cold northern lands of Norway and Sweden, name-days, birthdays, and Christmas, are the principal festivals of the year which are celebrated by both rich and poor. The last, especially, is a time of great rejoicing, and all keep holiday from Christmas Eve until Twelfth Day, the 6th of January. At this season every cottage, as well as every mansion, is cleaned from top to bottom, white curtains are hung at the windows, and the tables covered with snowy cloths. Peasants and nobles don their best Sunday clothing, and the gifts, which few are too poor to prepare for each other, are sometimes thrown into the rooms, so that the donors may be guessed at, but not positively known. In country churches, service is held at four o'clock on Christmas morning, when, for the only time in the year, the sanctuary is illuminated with candles; but there are no evergreen decorations as with us. In the wintry dawn then sledges packed with good people may be seen gliding over the frozen lakes, and beneath the pine and birch trees, glittering with rime in the starlight; and peasants trudge many miles through the snow to attend this early celebration of the Feast of Lights. In our mind's eye we see a poor woman returning from church just as the rising sun gilds the snow-crowned pines and sparkles on the quiet fiord. She has cut a small fir tree by the way, to help make her little cot look more festive for the great day, and, it may be she will hang the green boughs with small frosted cakes, spun-sugar candy, and bits of sweet bread flavored with saffron, to delight her flaxen-haired, blue eyed little Gotfried, Adolph, Thora and Ingeborg. Simple and plain enough would seem to us the Christmas feast of the Swedish peasants, for roast beef and plum pudding are there almost unknown, and it usually consists of salt fish, with horseradish sauce, salt pork, rice, milk and cakes, which, however, are eaten with a keen and hearty relish. In the farming districts, too, they have a very charming custom, for, on Christmas morning, the farmer's wife distributes loaves of bread among all the very poor in her neighborhood, while her husband fastens a sheaf of wheat or corn on a tall pole as a Christmas banquet for the birds, an attention which the little feathered pensioners of the air fully appreciate. So the happy, holy season is made a time of "good will to all," in cold, frost-bound Scandinavia, as well as in less frigid lands.

History of New Year's.

It is very appropriate that the 1st of January should be the first day of the first month of the year, as far as the Northern Hemisphere is concerned; since its beginning, being near the winter solstice, the year is thus made to present a complete series of the seasonal changes and operations, including equally the first movements of spring and the death of all annual vegetation in the frozen arms of winter. Yet the earliest calendars, as the Jewish, the Egyptian and Greek, did not place the commencement of the year at this point. It was not done till the formation of the Roman calendar, usually attributed to the second king, Numa Pompilius, whose reign is set down as terminating anno 672 B. C. Numa, it is said, having decreed that the year should commence now, added two new months to the ten into which the year had previously been divided, calling the first Januarius in honor of Janus, the deity supposed to preside over doors (Lat. Janua, a door), who might very naturally be presumed also to have something to do with the opening of the year.

Although, however, there was a general popular regard for the 1st of January as the beginning of the year, the ancient Jewish year, which opened with the 25th of March, continued long to have a legal position in Christian countries. In England it was not till 1752 that the 1st of January became the initial day of the legal, as it had long been of the popular, year. Before that time it was customary to set down dates between the 1st of January and the 24th of March, inclusive, thus: January 30, 1648-9; meaning that popularly the year was 1649, but legally 1648. In Scotland this desirable change was made by a decree of James VI. in privy council in the year 1600. It was effected in France in 1564; in Holland, Protestant Germany and Russia in 1700, and in Sweden in 1753.

According to Verstegan, in his curious book, "The Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," our Saxon ancestors originally called this month Wolf-monat—that is, Wolf-month—"because people were wont always in that month to be more in danger to be devoured by wolves than in any season else of the year, for that, through the extremity of cold and snow, those ravenous creatures could not find beasts sufficient to feed upon." Subsequently the month was named by the same people Aefter-Yule—that is, After-Christmas. It is rather odd that we should have abandoned the Saxon names of the months, while retaining those of the days of the week.

Why the Sea is Salt.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND OF THE VERY IMAGINATIVE NORSE PEASANT.

The Norse peasant, in his popular tales, has a curious solution for the oft-asked question, "Why is the sea salt?" It appears that, once upon a time, long ago, there were two brothers, one rich and the other poor. Now it happened on Christmas Eve that the poor one had not so much as a crumb of bread to eat, so he went to his brother for help, who gave him a flitch of bacon, at the same time bidding him go to a certain evil magician. On arriving at the magician's house he was surrounded by a host of persons anxious to buy his flitch.

"Well," said he, "by rights my old dame and I ought to have this bacon for our Christmas dinner, but since you have all set your hearts on it I suppose you must have it, but if I sell it all I must have in return that quern behind the door yonder." At first the old magician laughed outright at this proposal, but the "poor brother" stuck to it, and so at last the magician parted with his quern. On reaching home the clock struck 12 as his wife met him at the door, wondering what had kept him so long.

"Oh!" said he, "you shall quickly see the cause of my delay;" after which words he put the quern on the table, bidding it grind everything necessary for the Christmas fare. The wife, as may be imagined, stood thunderstruck, watching the quern grind out dainties enough to last till Twelfth Day. When, however, the rich brother saw on Christmas Day all that was on the table he was very curious, and said, "Whence have you got all this wealth?"

For some time the poor brother refused to tell, but in the course of the day's rejoicing he incautiously gave out the history of the magic quern, which his brother ultimately bought for three hundred dollars. Before long, however, he found that it kept on grinding, and so alarmed was he that he resold it to his brother for the same money that purchased it.

As before, it soon brought renewed prosperity to the poor brother, which enabled him to buy a golden house, the fame whereof spread far and wide, and attracted strangers from all parts. So one day a stranger came to see the quern, and the first question he asked was whether it could grind salt. "Grind salt!" said the owner, "I should just think so, and anything else you like."

Thereupon, so anxious was he to buy the quern, that he promised to pay untold wealth for it. Secured of his prize he put to sea, and when so far off that no one could reach him he said to the quern, "Grind salt, and grind both fast and good." No sooner had he spoken than the quern forthwith began grinding salt, which, in an amazing short time, arose in heaps on the deck and threatened to sink his vessel. Alarmed at the rapidity with which the quern kept grinding, he entreated it on his knees to leave off; but it still went on, and before many minutes the vessel sank beneath the weight of salt. But the quern, beneath the water, keeps grinding, and hence the saltness of the water.

The Christmas Greens.

There is something especially expressive of the Christian feeling in the greens which we hang up now, the hanging of which is usually made a festival for the young people of the parish or of the house, for what can be more symbolical of the ever fresh and growing bond between the Creator and His creation than the undying and unfading Christmas green, which through all the heats of summer and under all the snows of winter never loses its life and sweetness?

WHOLESOME RECREATION.

Discourse by Dr. Talmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

The Gymnasium as a Means of Recuperating Mental and Physical Energies—Music a Source of Illimitable Recreation and Amusement.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 18.—At the Tabernacle this morning the whole congregation sang the hymn beginning:

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached on "Recreations Good and Bad," taking two texts: I Cor. vii, 31: "They that use this world, as not abusing it;" and Judges xvi, 25: "And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport." Dr. Talmage said:

We are entering the gayest season of the year. The winter opens before us the gates of a thousand amusements, some of them good and some bad. One of my texts will show you that amusements may be destructive, my other text will show you that amusements may be under the divine blessing and direction.

There were 3,000 people assembled in the temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried, "Fetch him out! fetch him out!" Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired, and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house; so he says to the lad who leads him, "Show me where the main pillars are." The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his right hand on one pillar and his left hand on another pillar, and, with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine press. "And so it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport."

In other words: There are amusements that are destructive, and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The 3,000 who perished that day in Gaza are as nothing compared with the tens of thousands who have been destroyed by sinful amusements.

But the other text I have read implies that there is a lawful use of the world as well as an unlawful abuse of it, and the difference between the man Christian and the man un-Christian is, that in the former case the man masters the world, while in the latter case the world masters him. For whom did God make this grand and beautiful world? For whom this wonderful expenditure of color, this gracefulness of line, this mosaic of the ground, this fresco of the sky, this glowing fruitage of orchard and vineyard, this full orchestra of the tempest, in which the tree branches flute, and the winds trumpet, and the thunders drum, and all the splendors of earth and sky come clashing their cymbals? For whom did God spring the arched bridge of colors resting upon buttresses of broken storm clouds? For whom did He gather the upholstery of fire around the window of the setting sun? For all men; but more especially for His own dear children.

If you build a large mansion, and spread a great feast after it to celebrate the completion of the structure, do you allow strangers to come in and occupy the place while you thrust your own children in the kitchen or the barn or the fields? Oh, no. You say: "I am very glad to see strangers in my mansion, but my own sons and daughters shall have the first right there." Now God has built this grand mansion of a world, and He has spread a glorious feast in it; and while those who are strangers to His grace may come in, I think that God especially intends to give the advantage to His own children, those who are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, those who through grace can look up and say, "Abba, Father." You cannot make me believe that God gives more advantage to the world than He gives to the church bought by His own blood. If, therefore, people of the world have looked with dolorous sympathy upon those who make profession of religion, and have said, "Those new converts are going down into privation and into hardship. Why did not they tarry a little longer in the world, and have some of its enjoyments and amusements and recreations?" I say to such men of the world, "You are greatly mistaken," and before I get through I will show that those people who stay out of the kingdom of God have the hardships and self denials, while those who come in have the joys and the satisfaction.

This morning, in the name of the King of Heaven and earth, I serve a writ of ejectment on all the sinful and polluted who have squatted on the domain of earthly pleasure as though it belonged to them, while I claim, in behalf of the good and the pure and the true, the eternal inheritance which God has given them.

Hitherto, Christian philanthropists, clerical and lay, have busied themselves chiefly in denouncing sinful recreations; but I feel we have no right to stand before men and women in whose hearts there is a desire for recreation amounting to positive necessity, denouncing this and that and the other thing, when we do not propose to give them something better. God helping me this morning, and with reference to my last account, I shall enter upon a sphere not usual in sermonizing, but a subject which I think ought to be presented at this time. I propose now to lay before you some of the recreations which are not only innocent, but positively helpful and advantageous.

In the first place, I commend, among indoor recreations, music, vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which began with so sweet a serenade, is finally to be demolished amid the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet, so that as there was music at the start there shall be music at the close. While this heavenly art has often been dragged into the uses of superstition and dissipation, we all know it may be the means of high moral culture. Oh, it is a grand thing to have our children brought up amidst the sound of cultured voices and amidst the melody of musical instruments. There is in this art an indescribable fascination for the household. Let all those families who have the means to afford it, have flute or harp, or piano or organ. As soon as the hand is large enough to compass the keys, teach it how to pick out the melody. Let all our young men try this heavenly art upon their nature. Those who have gone into it fully have found in it illimitable recreation and amusement. Dark days, stormy nights, seasons of sickness, business disasters, will do little toward depressing the soul which can gallop off over musical keys or soar in jubilant lay. It will cure pain. It will rest fatigue. It will quell passion. It will revive health. It will reclaim dissipation. It will strengthen the immortal soul. In the battle of Waterloo, Wellington saw that the Highlanders were falling back. He said, "What is the matter there?" He was told that the band of music had ceased playing, and he called up the pipers and ordered them to strike up an inspiring air; and no sooner did they strike the air than the Highlanders were rallied, and helped to win the day. Oh, ye who have been routed in the conflicts of life, try the force of music to rally your scattered battalions.

I am glad to know that in our great cities there is hardly a night in which there are not concerts, where, with the best musical instruments and the sweetest voices, people may find entertainment. Patronize such entertainments when they are offered you. Buy season tickets if you can, for the "Philharmonic," and the "Handel and Haydn" societies. Feel that the $1.50 or $2.50 that you spend for the purpose of hearing an artist play or sing is a profitable investment. Let your Steinway Halls and your Academies of Music roar with the acclamation of appreciative audiences assembled at the concert or the oratorio.

Still further: I commend as worthy of their support the gymnasium. This institution is gaining in favor every year, and I know of nothing more free from dissipation, or more calculated to recuperate the physical and mental energies. While there are a good many people who have employed this institution, there is a vast number who are ignorant of its excellencies. There are men with cramped chests and weak sides, and despondent spirits who, through the gymnasium, might be roused up to exhuberance and exhilaration of life. There are many Christian people despondent from year to year who might, through such an institution, be benefitted in their spiritual relations. There are Christian people who seem to think that it is a good sign to be poorly; and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids they think that by the same sickliness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell the Christian people of my congregation that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your fault, and when, through right exercise and prudence, you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion or tiger or the bear, while his disposition will change, and become fierce, cruel, and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul.

There are good people whose ideas of Heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God has put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects in bodies worn out by their own neglects—magnificent machinery capable of propelling a Great Eastern across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North River propeller. Martin Luther was so mighty for God, first, because he had a noble soul, and secondly, because he had a muscular development which would have enabled him to thrash any five of his persecutors, if it had been Christian so to do. Physical development, which merely shows itself in fabulous lifting, or in perilous rope-walking, or in pugilistic encounter, excites only our contempt; but we confess to great admiration for the man who has a great soul in an athletic body, every nerve, muscle, and bone of which is consecrated to right uses. Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men, through neglect, should allow their physical health to go down beyond repair. A ship which ought, with all sail set and every man at his post, to be carrying a rich cargo for eternity, employing all its men in stopping up leakages! When you may, through the gymnasium, work off your spleen and your querulousness and one-half of your physical and mental ailments, do not turn your back upon such a grand medicament.

Still further: I commend to you a large class of parlor games and recreations. There is a way of making our homes a hundred fold more attractive than they are now. Those parents cannot expect to keep their children away from outside dissipations unless they make the domestic circle brighter than anything they can find outside of it. Do not, then sit in your home surly and unsympathetic, and with a half condemnatory look, because of the sportfulness of your children. You were young once yourself; let your children be young. Because your eyes are dim and your ankles are stiff, do not denounce sportfulness in those upon whose eyes there is the first luster, and in whose foot there is the bounding joy of robust health. I thank God that in our drawing-rooms and in our parlors there are innumerable games and sports which have not upon them the least taint of iniquity. Light up all your homes with innocent hilarities. Do not sit down with the rheumatism, wondering how children can go on so. Rather thank God that their hearts are so light, and their laughter is so free, and that their cheeks are so ruddy, and that their expectations are so radiant. The night will come soon enough, and the heartbreak, and the pang, and the desolation it will come soon enough for the dear children. But when the storm actually clouds the sky, it will be time enough for you to haul out your reef tackles. Carry, then, into your homes not only the innocent sports and games which are the inventions of our own day, but the games which come down with the sportfulness of all the past ages, chess, and charades and tableaux; and battledore and calisthenics and lawn tennis, and all those amusements which the young people of our homes know so well how to contrive. Then there will be the parlor sociables groups of people assembled in your homes, with wit and mimicry and joviality, filling the room with joy from the door to the mantel, and from the carpet to the ceiling. Oh, is there any exhilaration like a score of genial souls in one room, each one adding a contribution of his own individual merriment to the aggregation of general hilarity?

Suppose you want to go abroad in the city, then you will find the panorama and the art gallery and exquisite collections of pictures. You will find the Metropolitan Museum and the Historical Society rooms full of rare curiosities, and scores of places which can stand plainly the test of what is right and wrong in amusements. You will find the lecturing hall, which has been honored by the names of Agassiz in natural history, Doremus in chemistry, Boynton in geology, Mitchell in astronomy, John B. Gough in moral reform, and scores and hundreds of men who have poured their wit and genius and eloquence through that particular channel upon the hearts and consciences and imaginations of men, setting this country fifty years farther in advance than it would have been without the lecture platform.

I rejoice in the popularization of outdoor sports. I hail the croquet ground and the fisherman's rod and the sportsman's gun. In our cities life is so unhealthy and unnatural that when the census taker represents a city as having 400,000 inhabitants, there are only 200,000, since it takes at least two men to amount to one man, so depleting and unnerving and exhausting is this metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunlight, more of the abandon of field sports. I cry out for it in behalf of the church of God as well as in behalf of secular interests. I wish that this winter our ponds and our rivers and our Capitoline grounds might be all aquake with the heel and the shout of the swift skater. I wish that when the warm weather comes the graceful oar might dip the stream, and the evening tide be resonant with boatman's song, the bright prow splitting the crystalline billow. We shall have the smooth and grassy lawn, and we will call out people of all occupations and professions, and ask them to join in the ball player's sport. You will come back from these outdoor exercises and recreations with strength in your arm, and color in your cheek, and a flash in your eye, and courage in your heart. In this great battle that is opening against the kingdom of darkness we want not only a consecrated soul, but a strong arm and stout lungs and mighty muscle. I bless God that there are so many recreations that have not on them any taint of iniquity; recreations in which we may engage for strengthening of the body, for the clearing of the intellect, for the illumination of the soul.

There is still another form of recreation which I commend to you, and that is the pleasure of doing good. I have seen young men, weak and cross and sour and repelling in their disposition, who by one heavenly touch have wakened up and become blessed and buoyant, the ground under their feet and the sky over their heads breaking forth into music. "Oh," says some young man in the house to-day, "I should like that recreation above all others, but I have not the means." My dear brother, let us take an account of stock this morning. You have a large estate, if you only realize it. Two hands. Two feet. You will have, perhaps, during the next year at least $10 for charitable contribution. You will have 2,500 cheerful looks, if you want to employ them. You will have 5,000 pleasant words, if you want to speak them. Now what an amount this is to start with!

You go out to-morrow morning, and you see a case of real destitution by the wayside. You give him 2 cents. The blind man hears the pennies rattle in his hat, and he says: "Thank you, sir; God bless you." You pass down the street, trying to look indifferent; but you feel from the very depth of your soul a profound satisfaction that you made that man happy. You go on still farther, and find a poor boy with a wheelbarrow, trying to get it up on the curbstone. He fails in the attempt. You say: "Stand back, my lad; let me try." You push it up on the curbstone for him and pass on. He wonders who that well-dressed man was that helped him. You did a great joy to your own soul. You will not get over it all the week.

Antiquity of Telegraphy.

A correspondent of the French journal, *Cosmos*, states that in a curious old work printed at Paris in 1622 there occurs a remarkable passage, in which the following is a translation: "We may also tell you of this great and wonderful secret, which a certain German has shown to King Henry, and who, by his industry and dexterity, is able to speak with those who are far away, and this by means of the magnet. He first rubs together two needle magnets, and then places them each separately upon two clock dials, around which are engraven the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. If, then, they wish to speak together, or make each other understood what they would desire, they move one hand around until it has pointed to the letters which are necessary to make the words and sentences that they would say, and as they turn one needle so also the distant needle turns, making always the same movement. The king seeing this wonderful secret forbade him to divulge it, fearing that thus would be opened very dangerous communication between the armies of his enemies and their besieged towns." The title page of the work in which the above passage is said to occur on the 217th page, is as follows: "*L'incredulite et mescreance du sortilege plainement convaincue Par P. de l'Ancre, conseiller du Roy en son conseil d'Estat a Paris. Chez Nicholas Buon, rue Saint-Jacques, a l'enseigne Saint Claude et de l' Homme Sauvage. MDCXXII.*" The notion that two magnetic needles by being rubbed together would afterwards move in sympathy find a place in more than one book of marvels of the seventeenth century, but the above date is, we believe the earliest to which it has yet been traced.—*Electrician.*

White Hair in Samoa.

Upon my first visit to Apia, the capital of Samoan Islands, in 1878, I was surprised to see so many men walking about with what I first believed to be snow-white hair, but upon closer examination I learned that the natives apply a whitish clay similar to our whitewash to their hair. This they use instead of pomade or hair-oil, and apply it in a thick mass until the hair becomes thoroughly hardened and white. The men continue this process of bleaching their hair until it loses its former black color and with time turns to a brownish red. A rather peculiar taste, but the men feel proud of their success to color their hair. Quite often women go through the same performance, but they are compelled to wear their hair short, as long hair cannot so easily be discolored. Natives of Samoa, as a rule, regard work as unnecessary, and all the work done on the plantations owned by Europeans is performed by Kanakas imported from other islands.—*New York World.*

Commander of the Rangers.

Lee Hall, who commanded the famous Texas Rangers organized by the Governor of the Lone Star State to put down lawlessness, has been in Washington recently. He is a tall man, with auburn hair, a tawny mustache and steel-blue eyes. He is considered the bravest man in Texas. He says: "I did my duty to the State and restored the majesty of the law in rather tough localities. Life and property are now safe in Texas. I am known throughout the State and I have just fighting reputation enough left so that people let me alone." It will be observed that, like all other brave men, he is extremely modest.—*New York World.*

When the first electric telegraph was established, according to the British Postmaster General, the speed of transmission was from four to five words a minute on the five-needle instruments. In 1849 the average rate for a number of newspaper messages was seventeen words a minute. The present pace of the electric telegraph between London and Dublin, where the Wheatstone automatic instrument is employed, reaches 462 words a minute; and thus what was regarded as miraculous sixty years ago has multiplied a hundred fold in one half century.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

ONE
GRAND
Field-Day
—FOR—
Hand-ker-chiefs!
TO - MORROW
We are going to set before our patrons
Our Great Reserve Stock
—OF—
Ladies',
Gents' and
Children's
Handkerchiefs
—AND—
MUFFLERS!
From our wholesale department. When you see this great big lot you will begin to think
Root & Company
—IS THE—
Handkerchief House
And we are going to
Sell Them Cheap.
There is spice in the Handkerkerchief trade: 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 8c, 10c and up. Come to
Root & Company
Saturday Sure.

FLOWERS!
T. E. COVINGTON
FLORIST,
35 W. Washington St.

Persons expecting to order flowers for Christmas should leave orders at once, in order that they may be promptly filled. Christmas Trees, Holly, Princess Pines on hand.

FLORAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY

C. E. COVINGTON.
6-1mo.

Don't overlook the liberal offer made by the Nickel Plate for the holidays.

DAS IST AUSGEZEICHNET.
That is what everyone says about our magnificent display of
Common Sense Gifts.
"Pat" for the season of joy and pleasure now approaching.
Sam, Pete & Max.
Strictly one price clothers and outfitters.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1887.

THE CITY NEWS.

Dr. McOscar is suffering with a lame arm.

Read Peter Perkin's dream the night before Christmas.

Mrs. Judge Hanna is recovering from her recent illness.

The school boy is happy. He is now enjoying his holiday vacation.

Boys only have one week more to meditate upon the great question of swearing off.

J. S. McCurdy, who has been attending college at Indianapolis, is at home, spending the holidays with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilding pleasantly entertained a number of friends last evening at their home, on Fairfield avenue.

Wednesday evening the store owned by W. H. Baker, at Dixon, O., was destroyed by fire, together with the entire stock of goods therein. Loss is estimated at $3,000; partially insured.

Mr. John Trainor, formerly of the Fort Wayne Organ company, is now in Cana'a and has a position that will pay him $5,000 a year. Mr. Trainor is the patentee of several important parts of the Fort Wayne organ.

The Warsaw *Times* says: "Mrs. J. H. Lones left this morning for her old home at Fort Wayne, where she will remain until after Christmas. In the meantime J. H. will have to dispose of tickets over the P., Ft. W. & C. R. R. wholly by himself."

As a portion of the compensation for defending Arendsdorff, the Iowa murderer, Mr. G. W. Argo, a brother of ex-Auditor M. E. Argo, got a half interest in Mr. Arendorff's brewery. Then came the courts and closed the brewery under the Iowa prohibition law.

The state industrial associations are announced to meet at Indianapolis as follows: State board on January 3, poultry breeders on the 18th, bee keepers on the 19th, Jersey breeders on the 23d, wool growers on the 24th, shorthorn breeders on the 25th, and swine breeders on the 26th.

The handsome French plate mirrors which decorate each end of the G. R. & I. coaches are often the innocent cause of some ludricous mistakes. To one setting at the rear and looking forward the first impression is that he is viewing the passengers in the coach ahead, when it is really but the reflection of those in his own car.

The great Yankee comedy, "Human Nature," will be given at the Temple on Monday Dec. 26th (Christmas day) by Richard O'Gorman, the superb dialect comedian, and his finely chosen company. The well known managerial firm of Litt and Davis are the directors of the enterprise. A brass band, arrayed in the uniform of 1776, will be a pleasing feature of the entertainment.

There is nothing more elegant for little boys' wear than the Boucle and Stockinet suit which Sam, Pete & Max are selling at $5.00, worth fully $8.50.

The city council will meet next Tuesday evening.

The hardware stores have agreed to close Monday next.

Mrs. J. F. Beegan left for Wabash today to spend the holidays.

Mayor Mubler sent a stranger to jail this morning for drunkenness.

McDermut & Whiteleather's Business college has closed for the holidays.

Judge O'Rourke this morning divorced Jonas Farrell from Mary S. Farrell.

Mrs. Day, of 166 Lafayette street, left to day for Danville, Ill., to be absent ten days.

H. Niebergal, the baker, distributed a handsome Christmas present among his patrons.

Mrs. C. Wilkins and daughter, of Broadway, went to Ohio this morning to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Potter will leave to-morrow for Renova, Pa., to spend the holidays.

County Treasurer Isaac Mowrer and his family are spending Christmas at Orrville, Ohio

The Fruit house will be closed Monday, in order that the employes may have a holiday.

Mr. Marsh Wines, of the government survey department, Washington, D. C., is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Reichert are in New York, spending the holidays with relatives and friends.

John Karn, the Fairfield avenue butcher, objects to having his dog shot and will have a trial.

Miss Grace Harrison left on Thursday with Mrs. James A. Graham, to spend the holidays at Pittsburg.

Morris Haines and Jennie Gorsline, John A. Wright and Barbaran Tegeder have been licensed to wed.

Mrs. John Ervin left for Grand Crossing, Ill., last evening, to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kamm.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Whitlock and daughter, Miss Blanche, of Cleveland, are guests of Captain and Mrs. F. F. Boltz.

Mr. Nicholas Brown, who is studying for priesthood, is in the city visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary Brown, of this city.

H. W. Rockhill, of Etna Green; and Misses Belle Rousseau and Hattie Jones, of Warsaw, in attendance at the Business college, will spend the holidays at their respective homes.

Mrs. Ed. Challenger and her mother will leave for Chicago next week to spend the holidays, and will be joined on New Year's day by Mr. Challenger, who will return with them.

Mr. John Hance, remembered as a popular deputy sheriff, has been sick for six months at the home of his mother in Carroll county. Yesterday his friends, and they are too numerous to specify, made up a $75 purse and sent it to him with their Christmas greetings.

Doc. Waterhouse went to his blacksmith shop last night and took from a desk some books. Frank Levanway sleeps above the shop and this morning he entertained Mr. Waterhouse with the story of how he pursued and assaulted a burglar. Mr. Waterhouse explained and Mr. Levanway is doing honors to hush the matter up.

"The tree of deepest root, is found least willing to quit the ground." So friends and citizens, don't let neuralgia and rheumatism get rooted in the system, but kill them with Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain. For sale by all druggists at twenty-five cents a bottle.

J. D. Gumper has sold to Florentine Keller, lots 164 and 165, Archer's addition, for $250; Edwin Evans to Hattie Friend, lot $10, Ewing's addition, for $4,000.

The superb chamber set of magnificent furniture will be presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, to one of their patrons, February 1st.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

And James G. Blaine May Differ on the Tariff, But the Public Irrespective of Party, Creed or Station is United in the Opinion

That Sam, Pete and Max are the "Boss" Clothiers, as for Their Enterprise and Liberality—Read Read! Read!

Mr. John Bothner, residing at No. 130 Calhoun street, held ticket 16, and will be presented by Messrs Sam, Pete and Max, with a Grand Piano. Mr. Bothner was about purchasing a piano for his daughter, when in steps Santa Sam, Pete, and Max, with the above Magnificent piano as a present.

John E. Small, formerly of Marion township, now residing in Archer's addition, on St. Mary's avenue, held ticket 4,197, and was presented by Sam, Pete and Max, the Peoples' popular clothiers, with a valuable city lot, corner of Spring street and St. Mary's avenue.

H. Huff, Brandriff street; Mrs. S. Bickness, 254 East Jefferson street; Jno. Goshorn, Pleasant township; Jas. Mc Manigal, North Webster street; Mrs. Sarah Fleming, Paper Mill, were each made happy with one of America's best watches.

J. H. Corbill, Hoagland, Ind.; E. Burten, Stony Island, Ind.; Max Rubin, of Julius Nathan & Co.; L. N. Romey, 64 Elm street; Fred Koehel, 212 Broadway; L. Rastetter, 246 Broadway; were each presented with a fine mantel clock.

Eli Summers, Maysville, Ind.; F. W. Homeyer, 57 High street; Henry Rapp, Wayne township; William Dennis, 40 Wells street; Edward Evans, 135 East Jefferson street; J. Walters, Williams county, Ohio; Rev. J. A. Werdein, Arcola, Ind.; Jos. Racht, South Calhoun street; N. P. Brown, Decatur, Ind.; Oscar Judy, 248 Calhoun street, John Metcalf, Perry township, were each presented with an elegant Silver and Crystal fruit epergne.

Frank Kime, 40 Allen street; Dave Murphy, Huntington, Ind.; V. R. Hutchinson, 225 Calhoun street, were each presented with a superb chasel silver table castor.

Fred J. Meyer, Milan township; Jos. Delegrange, Washington township will eat butter hereafter from an elaborate English silver butter bowl.

If you are looking for the larget stock; the best styles; the lowest prices of Custom made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, etc., call on Sam, Pete and Max, strictly one price.

Our stock is larger than ever. Our styles and makes are better then ever. Our prices are lower than ever. Our strict rule—"One Price Only."

Five thousand valuable presents including five capital gifts, to be given our patrons.

SAM, PETE & MAX,
The People's Clothiers.

Silver spoons, knives and fine silver plated carving sets, at F. J. Voirol. 22-3t

No limit to your speed on rollers at the Princess Rink. Good music will be in attendance, and every thing will be in readiness to make the occasion enjoyable. 22-3t

Chasky & Benda have opened their new store, 381 East Washington street, with a full line of groceries, provisions, cigars, tobaccos, fruit, candies, etc., and are selling as low as the lowest. 22-3t

Endless variety of nice jewelry at F. J. Voirol's, 244 Calhoun street. 22-3t

The Princess Rink opens Saturday, week days and evenings, for one week. All lovers of skating please bear in mind. 22-2t

For an appropriate Christmas present buy a pair of those handsome dado window curtains, at L. O. Hull's, 90 Calhoun street. 20-5t

We are giving away Meerschaum goods at the Drummer cigar store, 81 Calhoun street. 22-3t

Sirloin steak, ham and eggs or oyster stew only 20 cents at the English Kitchen. 22-3t

Free Lunch.

Charles Aufrecht offers a rabbit stew for free lunch this and to-morrow evenings. Give him a call corner Harrison and Main streets. 23-2t

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, shortens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. F. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. DARRINGTON, 120 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Some ships must have very long pennants—they go clear round Cape Horn

How a Dying Child
Was Saved!

CHICAGO, HAMILTON CO., IND., Sept. 19, 1887.—The following is a true account of what your S. S. S. has done for our little daughter, Hazel, now four years old. When 12 months old a fungo appeared on her head, which slowly grew larger. The family physician thought it was caused by a piece of broken glass or needle, but failed to bring anything to light. The child became feeble all the time, seeming to lose the use of her leg, and finally quit walking entirely. The middle finger and thumb of either hand became enlarged, the flesh becoming hard. The hip joints became involved, so that when seventeen months old she could not stand, having lost the use of leg and arm. Partial curvature of the spine also followed. The nervous system was wrecked, muscles contracted, and there was general wasting of flesh and muscle. At eighteen months of age she was placed under the treatment of a prominent physician of Boston, Mass., but at the end of ten months she had declined to such a degree that she was in a dying condition. This was in April, 1886. We took the child away not knowing what to do. In this dreadful dilemma we were over persuaded by friends to try "one bottle" of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC, which we did, and before it had all been taken we saw a change for the better in her symptoms. We kept it up, and have done so to this day, and will keep it up, if the Lord wills, for many days to come, for it has brought our dying Hazel to life, to vigor, to strength and health again. The sallow hue of her cheeks has changed to a rosy tint. She is able to walk anywhere, her languor and melancholy have passed away, and she is now a lithe, cheerful, happy romping child. Should you wish to increase your testimonials of proof of the virtue of S. S. S., our names and what we have said is but a portion of what we owe to you, should you wish to use them.

Kindly yours,
ESQ. F. SWIFT.
GERTRUDE E. SWIFT.

P. O. Box 66.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Use KLEIN'S SILVER AGE.

The Best stimulant in the world. Endorsed by physicians and druggists.



Used in leading hospitals. Max Klein, sole proprietor, Pittsburg, Pa. Sold wholesale and retail by

John Christen, 100 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne.

THIS WEEK
Children's Overcoats
$1 to $10.
Worth $1.75 to $15
A SENSIBLE
PRESENT!
A. S. Lauferty & Co.
Capturing the Clothing Trade.

Boston T Store.

We extend to the trading public an invitation to visit us and we will show a choice line of fruits, nuts, raisins, confections, etc., for the holiday trade. We have without a doubt as fine an assortment of Jams, Preserves and Canned goods as you will find. Our Teas and Coffees, as always, are the best the market affords. Dressed poultry a specialty.

A. J. Dittoe & Co.,
20 West Berry Street.

HOLIDAY GOODS
In Endless Variety at
Young's Jewelry Store,
No. 80 Calhoun Street.

Fine Gold Watches, Diamonds, Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Gold Headed Canes, Clocks and a complete line of Novelties in Jewelry.

No Extra Charges for Engraving

M. F. KAAG,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
China, Glass,
—AND—
Queensware,
Library Lamps, Dinner, Tea and Chamber Sets.

Also an Elegant Line of Christmas Presents.

WE REMOVE MARCH 15th NEXT
TO
No. 58 Calhoun Street,
Between Eckert's Meat Market & Keils Book Store,

We are determined not to remove any of our present stock, invoicing fully $50,000, so we have

Cut and Reduced Prices on the Entire Stock!

WE ARE BOUND TO SELL IT.

OVERCOATS, SUITS, HOLIDAY NOVELTIES, Etc., Etc.

All will be sold before removal, if low prices are an inducement.

We mean business; it is to your interest to call and be convinced.

SAM, PETE & MAX.